

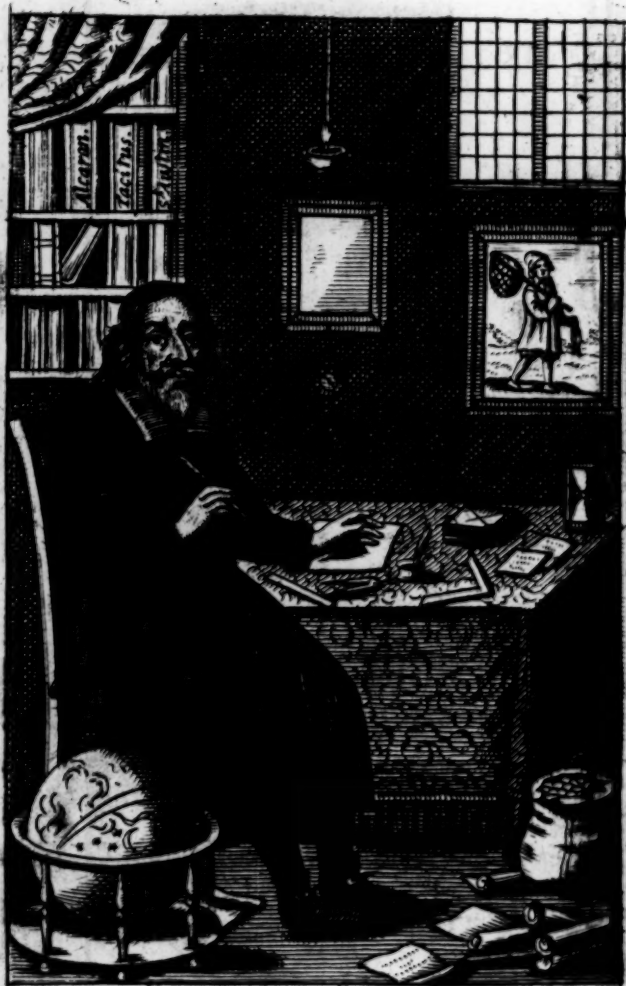
THE
Fourth Volume
OF
LETTERS

Writ by a
Turkish Spy,
Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscover'd, at
PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the
Divan at Constantinople, of the most Re-
markable Transactions of *Europe*; And dis-
covering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the
Christian Courts (especially of that of
France) continued from the Year 1649, to
the Year 1682.

*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into
Italian, and from thence into English, by the
Translator of the First Volume.*

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Leake, for Henry Rhodes,
near Bride-lane, in Fleet-street, 1692.



*Mahmut The. Turkish spy. Aetatis suae 72.
F. H. van. Hove. sculp:*

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TO THE
READER.

EXPECT no more Commendations of our *Arabian Author*; or Apologies for any Thing that may seem liable to Censure in his *Letters*. There is no End of answering the Cavils of those, who to gain the Character of *Criticks*, will create *Faults* where they find none; and impute the very *Oversights* of the *Press*, to the *Ignorance* of the *Author*, rather than a *Book* shall escape free from *Censure*.

What is wanting in the *Style*, where it may be suppos'd to come short of the *Original*, must be laid to the *Italian's* Charge, who undertook the *First Version* of so *Remote* a *Language*. For, the *English Translator* has endeavour'd to follow him, as close as the difference of *Idioms* will admit. And all the World knows, That the *English Tongue* is none

To the Reader.

of the most Copious and Significant. But, if this shall seem an Invidious Reflection, substituted in the Room of a Passable Excuse; the *English Translator*, in Honour both of the *Foreign Copies*, and his own *Native Language* (for he is a true *English-Man* both by *Blood* and *Affection*) is willing to take the Blame of all Defects on himself. Assuring you, That whatsoever Roughness or Want of Elegance; Whatsoever Carelessness of Expression is to be found in the *English Translation*, though it may be a Fault indeed, yet 'tis purely owing to the Candor of him who has committed it. Since, the Chief Reason of such Neglect is, because he was loath the *Reader* should lose the *Original* Sence, for the sake of a Sweet-Period, or a Delicate Cadence.

If in other Places he seems affected, as in retaining the *Turkish* or *Arabick* Words, where they might as well have been rendered *English*; this also was out of Respect to his *Copy*, where those Words are left, as, we may suppose, they were found in the *Original Arabick*.

This is address'd to such *Gentlemen*, as have procur'd the *Italian Copies* of these *Letters*. For, we are inform'd, That they are in the Hands of some *English Travellers*,

To the Reader.

Travellers, who had a Curiosity to compare the different *Translations* together.

However, to Evidence that this is not spoken in Partiality to our selves, but with Equal Regard to that Learned *Foreigner*, who first brought these *Letters* to Light; It will not be amiss to exhibit such Probable Reasons, as might induce him to leave *Some Arabick Words* untranslated rather than *Others*, though they had both the same Sence.

The best Method of clearing up this Point, will be by producing Instances, such as that, Page 53, at the Bottom: Where the Word [*Vizirs*] is retained by the *English Translator*, because it was not chang'd by the *Italian*. Doubtless, it had been as easie to say [*The Seven Chief Spirits, Angels, Chancellors or Ministers Above*] as [*The Seven Vizirs.*] But since the *Italian Copy* has not alter'd the Word [*Vizirs*] the *English Translator* thought fit to let it stand. And he conceives, 'tis proper enough in both *Versions*; because it better expresses the Thought of the *Turkish Author*, than any *Italian* or *English Word* can do, being a Title of Dignity peculiar to the *Ottoman Empire*: Where the Credulous People

To the Reader.

are made to believe, That their *Monarchy*, with all its *Officers of State*, is exactly Modell'd according to the *Pattern of the Celestial Court and Kingdom*. Therefore, it appears very Natural in a *Turk*, to call the *Ministers of Heaven* by the Title of *Vizirs, Beglerbegs, Bassa's*, or whatsoever other Appellatives are us'd by them, to express the Dignity of their *Grandeess on Earth*. And who would go to spoil his Sence, for the sake of a Word?

Besides, not to let this Passage fall, without due Remarks; Is it not Common in our *Bible* to call God, [*Lord of Lords?*] And how can this be otherwise expressed in *Arabick*, but by the Title which is appropriated to the *Principal Governours of Provinces*, whom in their *Language* they call *Beglerbegs*? It is equally usual in *Scripture*, to style God [*King of kings*] a Title frequently assum'd by the *Eastern Monarchs*. Nay, in our Common Discourse, herein *England*, it is Customary to give to God, the Title of [*The King of Heaven.*] And why may we not as well give to the *Arch-Angels* and *Angels*, &c. the Titles which are ordinarily apply'd to the *Princes* and *Nobles on Earth*?

But however, if this will not appear allowable in a *Christian*, yet no Man can wonder

To the Reader.

wonder at a *Turk*, when he hears him use his *Native Dialect*, speaking of the *Potentates Above*. And if this be granted, I hope, neither the *Italian* will be blam'd for preserving the *Peculiar Phrase* of an *Eastern Author*; nor the *English Translator* be accus'd, for following so Polite a *Pattern*.

This Instance had not been press'd so far, but in Hopes that what is already said, may serve as a Plea for several other Examples of like Nature in this *Volume*: Where it is impossible for any *European*, to express the Full Meaning of an *Oriental Author*, without reserving some Words of his very *Language*. And in this, the *Italian Translator* is chiefly vindicated; from whose Copy, the *English* in such Cases, had no reason to swerve. And thus much may suffice to answer all Objections about the *Style*.

As to the *Matter*, it self, it appears full of Instruction, in *Historical*, *Moral* and *Political* Affairs. Nor need any Man wonder, if he encounters some Passages which may be found in other *Writers*, both *Gentile* and *Christian*; since the *Author* of these *Letters* professes, That he has taken much Pains to peruse the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*, both whilst he

To the Reader.

study'd in the *Academies*, and during his Residence at *Paris*, he often frequented the *Libraries* in that City; whereof there is no Scarcity. He spent a great Deal of Time, in reading *Modern* as well as *Ancient Authors*. By which Means, he not only improv'd his Knowledge in the Universal *History* of *Former Time*, but grew Familiar with the most Remarkable Occurrences in *Europe*, during these *Later Centuries*. So that in some of his *Letters*, one would swear, he had read *Sabellius*, *Petrus Justinianus*, *Philip de Comines*, and other *European Writers*. For, he seems to come very near them, in relating some *Particular Stories*. And it may be suppos'd, that he took this Advantage to oblige the *Turkish Grandees* to whom he writ, by inserting in his *Letters*, such Passages as they were wholly Strangers to.

There need no more be said, but that you may expect another *Volume* of these *Letters* very speedily. Farewell.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. IV.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut. *the Arabian, and Indefatigable Slave to the Grand Signior, to Mahomet, the Most Illustrious Vizir Azem, at the Port.*

I Congratulate thy Ascent to that Top of Honour, the *First Dignity* in the *Empire Ever Victorious*. 'Tis thy Turn to be now Exalted in the *Orb of Fortune*: Let not this High Station make thee forget, That that Wheel is always in Motion. But
B con-

consider, That since the Advance thou hast made, was not but by the Fall of thy *Predecessor*, thou hast the less Reason to think thy own State secure.

I am no *Fortune-Teller*; nor would I be so rude, as to Prognosticate Ill Luck to my *Superiors*. But, Men in Eminent Dignity, have Need of a *Monitor*: And, it is Recorded of a *Great Monarch*, That he Commanded One of his *Pages*, every Morning to salute him, when he first awaked, with these Words, *Remember, O King, that thou art a Mortal*.

Let this Example, Supreme *Minister*, plead my Excuse, and incline thee to pardon the Freedom which *Mahmut* takes; who by this, thou seest, is no Flatterer.

Certainly, all Sublunary Things, Ebb and Flow like the Waters. And, though Men may sometimes enjoy a *Spring-Tide* of Felicity; yet *Fate* has Hidden Sluces, which in a Moment, shall convey the Mighty Torrent to some other Channel.

I my self have in some Measure experienc'd this, who am but a Puny in Comparison with thee. Yet *Destiny* and *Chance*, are allotted to the *Little*, as well as to the *Great*. The *Worm* encounters as many cross Contingencies, in her humble reptile State, as does the Towing *Eagle*, in all her lofty Flights and Ranges, through the wide stretch'd Air.

In my *Infancy* I was snatch'd from the Cradle, and from the Arms of my Mournful Mother: Mournful on Two Accounts, the Death of a Husband, and the Necessity of parting

Vol. IV. *a Spy at* P A R I S. 3

parting with her Child. Yet this Early Separation, turn'd to my Advantage, and her Comfort. The Sequel of my Good Fortune, invited her to forsake her *Solitudes*, and follow me to the *Imperial City*; where she exchang'd her Melancholy Widow-Hood, for the Society and Love of a Merry *Greek*: Whilst *Fate* had another Game to play with me; it being the Will of *Heaven*, That from the Delights of the *Seraglio*, and the Honour of serving the *Greatest Sovereign* in the *World*, I should fall into a Cruel *Captivity*, and be compelled Ignominiously to drudge for a *Barbarous Infidel*. Afterwards, I gain'd my *Liberty*, and apply'd my self to study in the *Academies*. I will not boast of the Proficiency I made: But, at my Return to *Constantinople*, thou knowest, my *Superiors* thought me capable, of doing the *Port Service* in this Place. Thus *Providence* sports with *Mortals*, and by an Unaccountable Clew of Discipline, leads them through the Mazes of this Life.

How I have discharged my Trust here, I dare Appeal to All; yet can please None. Every Man will be my *Judge*, to give *Sentence* against me; and some, I believe, would willingly be my *Executioners*: Which, at certain Times, carries me into so deep a Melancholy, that I even join with my Enemies, and condemn my self, though I know not for what. Surely, say I, so many perspicacious Men cannot be all in the Wrong, and I only in the Right: they must needs see some Faults in me, which I cannot discern

in my self: doubtless I'm Partial, and never chang'd the Order of *Æsop's* Wallet. Then I reflect on these Thoughts, as the mere Product of Melancholy: For, after the strictest Examination of my Conduct, I find my self Innocent of those Things, whereof I'm accus'd. Yet, whilst I am justifying my Integrity towards my *Great Master*, my Sadness returns again, and tells me, That without Doubt, I have some Ways offended *God* and his *Prophet*, who, for that Reason, suffer the Envious to persecute me; and drive me into a more intimate and familiar Converse with my self, that so by making a frequent Scrutiny after the Cause of my Outward Misfortunes, I may discover the Secret Crimes, which I may have committed against *Heaven*, and which lie hid under my Inadvertence and Oblivion.

Then I'm fill'd with a Thousand Scruples about my telling Lyes, and taking False Oaths; though I'm dispens'd with for all these Immoralities, by the *Sovereign Arbitrer* of the *Law*. In a Word, I know not sometimes what to think. And, were it not, that my *Agency* in these *Parts*, meets with some Success, I should often conclude, That I either lie under some *Curse* of *God*, or *Charms* of *Men*; That either *Heaven* or *Hell*, have a *Peculiar Hand* in Afflicting me.

But, all this may be only the Fumes of my own Distemper'd Spleen. And, the *Indulgent Judge* of *Men*, may pass a Milder Sentence on me, than either I do my self, or my

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my Fellow-Mortals. He is Transcendently Benign and Merciful: And, our Sins of Frailty, appear in his Eyes, but as small *Atomes* in the Rays of a Morning's Sun; which, though they be Innumerable, yet the least Breath of Wind, blows them all out of Sight.

By what I have said, 'tis apparent, that I have Regard both to thee and my self: To thee, as the *Supreme Disposer* of *Life* and *Death*, under the *Grand Signior*; to my self, as one cull'd out for a *Victim* by the Malicious, and lying at the Feet of thy Noble Nature, begging thy Protection. My Enemies are Industrious to ruine me, and lay hold on all Opportunities to accomplish it. The *Sentence* which they could not procure from thy *Predecessor*, they may hope to draw from thee by their False Informations. This makes me use Pre-Caution in my own Defence; hoping to forestall their Malice, by this Humble Address.

Imitate thou the *Divine Nature*; and be not severe, in remarking the *Peccadillo's* and small Delinquencies of thy *Slave*. If I turn *Infidel* or *Traytor*, I crave no Favour.

That *Supremely Merciful* and *Gracious*, the *First* and the *Last* of the *World*, and *Lord* of *Paradise*, heap on thee as many Blessings every Day, as would employ my swiftest Wishes a Thousand Years; and grant, That thou mayst find Admittance into the *Place* full of *Rivers*, whose *Springs* take
B 3
their.

their *Rise*, from the *Bottom* of the *Rock* of *Eternity*.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.
according to the Christian Style.

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Troubles of this Kingdom, which a while ago seem'd to be compos'd, are now again broke out afresh. The Private Grudges of Some, and the Ambition of Others of the *Nobility*, have once more put all in Arms. This City is Block'd up by the *Prince* of *Conde's* Army, who has not been long return'd from *Flanders*. The King, the Queen, with *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole Court, are at *St. Germain's en Lay*, whither they went by Night. This abrupt Departure, gave fresh Courage to the *Seditious*, and at the same Time, furnish'd them with new Matter of Accusation against *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, they say, has stole away their *Sovereign* from them. The *Parliament* have declar'd him, an *Enemy* to the *Government*. They are levying Soldiers as fast as they can; and Provisions are laid in, as if they were to sustain

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sustain a long Siege. Several *Princes* and *Grandeess*, are come over to the *Citizens*, having deserted the *Court*; among whom, is the *Prince of Conty*, Brother to the *Prince of Conde*. Yet the *Parisians* are distrustful of him, and have Confin'd his Sister, as a Hostage for his Fidelity; not knowing, that his Desertion is Real, being occasion'd by some Quarrel between him and his Elder Brother.

'Tis said, That *Cardinal Mazarini* has taken a Resolution to depart the *Kingdom*, that so he may avoid the Tempest that threatens him from all Hands.

The *Queen* has sent Orders to the *Colonels*, that serve under *Mareschal Turenne* in *Germany*, commanding them to abandon that *General*, who, they say, has declared for the *Parliament*, and sent to offer them his Service.

On the other Side, the *Citizens* endeavour to strengthen their *Party*, by sending to all the *Parliaments* of *France*, to desire their Conjunction, in espousing the Quarrel of this of *Paris*.

The Companies which the *Burghers* of this City have rais'd, wear this *Motto* in their *Ensigns*, WE SEEK OUR KING.

In the mean while, the *Arch-Duke of Austria*, keeps near the Frontiers of this *Kingdom*, with an Army of Twenty Thousand Men; and sends frequent Proposals to the *Parliament*, in Order to a *Peace*.

Whilst I was writing the last Word,

News was brought me, That *Eliachim* the Jew is seiz'd, and clapt in Prison at St. *Denis*, which Place is in the King's Hands. I cannot learn the Reason of his Confinement, but am apt to suspect, 'tis on the Score of his late appearing among the Rabble of *Paris*, whereof I gave an Account in a Letter to the *Aga* of the *Fanizaries*.

The Surprize I am in at this Unfortunate Accident, puts me upon a Thousand Thoughts. I know not what Course to take for my own Safety. If *Eliachim's* Papers should be search'd, *Mahmut* must be discover'd; and then, if I tarry in the City, I cannot escape a Prison: For, tho' at this Juncture, one would think this Place, a sufficient Protection from the Court; yet the Hatred they bear to the *True Believers*, and the Discovery of so Important a *Commission* as mine, would supersede their Intestine Animosities. I should infallibly be either deliver'd up to the Court, or sent to the *Bastile*. If I go out of the City, my Danger is yet greater; all the Passes of the Country, being narrowly watch'd, and strongly guarded by the King's Soldiers. This made me at first, resolve to deferr the Conclusion of this Letter to another Time, whilst I provided for my own Safety; as thinking it impossible, to convey any Intelligence out of *France* undiscover'd. But being inform'd of a *Courier*, that was just going from the *Parliament*, to the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*; and fearing lest I should never have the Privilege of Pen, Ink and Paper.

Paper again, I have ravish'd a few Moments, from that little Time I have left to shift for my self, that so I might give thee Notice of this Accident.

I have written also to *Nathan Ben Saddi* at *Vienna*, to prevent any *Dispatches* from him, till farther Order. Both these Letters I venture in the Hands of a faithful Messenger, who has caused them to be sew'd up in the Heels of his Shooes, to prevent Discovery. He travels under the Protection of the *Conrier*.

I have not a Minute left to say more, than that I am at this Instant parting from my Lodging; my Books and other Things being packt up, and Porters ready to carry 'em away. If I get safe out of the House, I must change my Habit and Name; and so lay the Foundation of a New Concealment, till the Issue of this Adventure, shall direct me what to do.

Adieu, Illustrious *Kaimacham*, and expect to hear more in my Next; or, let my Silence convince thee, that *Mahmut* is no longer at Liberty.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

IF thou hast any *Dispatches* coming for me, and it be yet in thy Power to stop them, use Wings in doing it : for, I fear, we are discover'd in this Place. Thy Brother *Eliachim*, is arrested by the King's Orders. What is laid to his Charge, I know not for certain : Neither is it necessary for thee, to be inform'd in that Point. But, if his Confinement be owing to some Services he has lately done me, we are all lost. His Papers will be search'd, which must of Necessity betray our Secrets : And then, we have Nothing to expect, but the severest Execution of the *Christians* Fury and Revenge. I am in no small Confusion at this Accident, having scarce Time to provide for my Concealment. Send no more to *Paris*, till thou receivest farther Advice. We are all in Arms, this City being block'd up by the *Queen's* Troops ; so that I know not well which way to shift for my self, and escape a Thousand Scrutinies, which they will every where make into the Affairs of a Stranger. But, that *Fate* which over-rules Humane Contingencies, will, I hope, rescue me out of this Danger : To which I commend both thee and me ; bidding thee Farewel, as if

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if I were never to write to thee again: For, so the Issue may prove.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IV.

To Adonai, a Jew, at Venice.

I Have something more Respite now, than when I wrote last to thy Brother *Nathan* at *Vienna*, to inform him of *Eliachim's* being made a Prisoner. I was in a greater Hurry at that Time, than the Ninth *Sphere*. All my Motions were swift. I went Backward and Forward, like the *Planets*; but had no Leisure to stand still, as they do sometimes. In a Word, I have run over the whole *Zodiack of Policy*, to seek for a New House; that wherein I Lodg'd, being like to prove too hot for me. At Length I have found one, wherein I hope to meet with no *Malevolent Aspects*, but to remain as before, in a *Friendly Conjunction* with the *Moon*; behind whose Splendors, I may lie cover'd, from the Inquisitions of peering Mortals.

To speak more Intelligibly, I am for the Present, remov'd to other Lodgings in this City, the better to shelter my self from the Storm which seems to hang over my Head,
since

since *Eliachim* was seiz'd. Yesterday, I wrote to the *Kaimacham*, and to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, to give them an Account of this Accident. This goes along with the same Messenger; for, I durst not confide in the *Posts*, during the Present Disorders of this *Kingdom*.

I receiv'd a Letter from thee, wherein thou informest me, of an Attempt that has been lately made, to rob the *Treasury of Venice*: Which, according to thy Description, is very Rich and Magnificent; not to be match'd in *Europe*. Perhaps, if thou hadst seen the Wealth that is preserv'd in the *Church of St. Denis*, a City not far from *Paris*, thou wouldst be of another Mind. But neither of us can make proper Comparisons, having not seen both Places. The *French* extol the Latter, and say, it far exceeds that of *Venice*. But, they may speak Partially; it being the Humour of all People, to magnify the Grandeur of their own Nation: And, the *French* come not short of the Rest of the World in Vain-Glory. However it be, it was a vast Attempt, and full of Infinite Difficulties and Perils, to Rob the Vaults of a *Church*, in the Heart of that Great and Populous City, where all the Riches of the *Seigniory* were Reposited. It is an Argument of the Greatness of their Souls, who durst undertake so hazardous an Enterprize.

But, this is not the First Time the *Venetians* have been in Danger, to lose that Prodigious Mass of Wealth. A Poor *Grecian* once found a Way, through Marble Barricado's under-Ground,

Ground, to enter those Golden Cells; from whence he carried away, to the Value of Twenty Hundred Thousand *Zechins* in Jewels. But, making one of his Countrymen acquainted with it, the Villain betray'd him to the *Doge*, who caused him to be Hang'd.

That *Commonwealth*, has been all along very Happy in Discovery of *Plots*, and other Mischiefs intended against Her. I know not whether thou hast heard, of the Famous *Conspiracy* of *Tiepoli*; who not content with the Life and Estate of a *Private Gentleman*, sought to render himself *Sovereign of Venice*. And, to this End, insinuated into the Affections of many Thousands of the Citizens; whom he kept in constant Pension for above Nine Years together, under the Notion of assisting him, to revenge certain Injuries he had receiv'd from a *Roman Gentleman*. They were all to run with their Arms into the Streets, when they should hear the Name *Tiepoli* utter'd aloud, and often repeated.

But, when the Day was come, whereon he was to put his Designs in Execution, and the Alarm was given in the Streets, an Old Woman made such Haste to look out at her Chamber-Window, to see what was the Occasion of the Tumult, that she threw down an Earthen Vessel; which falling directly on the Head of *Tiepoli*, Kill'd him, and so put an End to the *Rebellion*. For which happy Accident, the *Senate* settled a Yearly Pension of a Thousand *Zechins*, on the Old Woman during her Life, and the same to be paid
to

to her Heirs and Posterity for ever.

Send me no *Dispatches*, till thou hast receiv'd another Letter from me, which will direct thee what to do.

Paris, 27th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER V.

To Mahummed, Hadgia, Dervise,
Eremit, *Inhabitant of the Prophe-*
tick Cave, in Arabia the Happy.

THE *Franks* (who are more ready to find Faults in others, than to amend their own) censure the *Mussulmans*, for extending their Charity to Beasts, Birds and Fishes. They laugh at the Alms we bestow to feed Dogs, Cats and other Living Creatures; and ridicule the Tenderness of such, as go into the Markets, and buy the Birds that are there sold, on Purpose to restore them to their Native Liberty. They say, 'tis a sufficient Demonstration of Piety, to relieve the Necessities of Men; and, that it is but a Fruitless Hypocrisy, to shew Kindness to the Brutes, who, in their Opinion, have neither Souls nor Reason, and consequently are Insensible of our Good Offices toward them.

These

These are the Charges of *Western* Raillery, the Scoffs of the Obdurate, with which they load the Generous *Orientals*, the Hearts transfix'd with Universal Love. What would they say, if they had heard of thy Heroick Piety, who not only affordest Protection and Relief to those Creatures whereof we have no Need, but even abstainest from the Flesh of all Animals, though the *Prophet* himself has indulg'd us the Use of some, for our Necessary Food, and without which many plead, that we cannot sustain Life? Oh! excellent Man, born for the Reproof and Light of the Age, how is the Soul of our *Great Law-giver* exhilarated, when he beholds thy Innocent and Unblemish'd Life? The *Treasury of Heaven*, is enrich'd with thy *Good Works*, the Fertile Harvest of Vertues, the First-Fruits of the Purity of thy Nature! From thy first Descent into that *Holy Cave*, the *Angels* who Register the Words of Men, never heard thee utter a Syllable that could be reprehended. Thy Thoughts ravish the Heart of *God* himself with Joy. The *Universal Spirit* full of Eyes, *Watcher* of the *Universe*, would fall Asleep, were it not Rowz'd by the strong Vibrations of thy sublime Soul. Thy Contemplations, are Themes for the *College* of Those, who were Assistant in Forming of All Things. Were it not for such as thee, the *Angel* of the *First Motion*, would cease to Whirl the *Globes* of *Light* through the *Heavens*: The Orbs Above would grow *Rusty*, and all the *Wheels* and *Springs* of Nature,

ture, would stand still. Oh Elect Idea, before whose Purify'd Essence, the Sun himself appears full of Blemishes! Humane Wit cannot find thy Equal on Earth: Thou art the Impress on the SEAL OF THE PROPHETS, the Soul of the Soul of Mahomet!

In thus celebrating thy High Perfections, if I have offended thy Modesty, thou hast the Goodness to ascribe it to the Excess of my Affection, which carries me beyond Human Regards. I would fain be an Imitator of thy Incorrupt Life. For, let the Christians say what they please, I will ever esteem Abstinence a Divine Vertue. I have consulted the Sages of Old, that I might learn what was the Practice of Former Times, whilst Human Nature was yet in its Infancy, before the Manners of Men were Debauch'd. I have perused the Select Writings of the Ancients, the Records of Truth, and void of Fables. And, believing that such Memoirs will not be unwelcome to thee, I presume to lay them at thy Feet, as a Mark of that Profound Veneration, I owe to the Tenant of the Darling of God.

These Historians say, That the First Inhabitants of the Earth, for above Two Thousand Years, liv'd altogether on the Vegetable Products; of which they Offer'd the First-Fruits to God: It being esteem'd an Inexpiable Wickedness, to shed the Blood of any Animal, though it were in Sacrifice, much more to Eat of their Flesh. To this End, they

they relate the First Slaughter of a *Bull*, to have been made at *Athens*, on this Occasion. The *Priest* of the *Town*, whose Name was *Diomus*, as he was making the Accustomed Oblation of *Fruits* on an *Altar* in the *Open Field* (for, as yet they had no *Temples*) a *Bull* came running from the Herd, which was grazing hard by, and eat of the Consecrated Herbage. Upon which, *Diomus* the *Priest*, mov'd with Zeal at the Reputed *Sacrilege*, and snatching a Sword from one of those that were present, kill'd the *Bull*. But, when his Passion was over, and he consider'd, what a heinous Crime he had committed; fearing also the Rage of the People, he persuaded them, That a *God* had appear'd to him, and commanded him to Offer that *Bull* in *Sacrifice*, by Burning his Flesh with Fire on the *Altar*, as an Atonement for his devouring the *Consecrated Fruits*. The Devout Multitude, acquiesc'd to the Words of their *Priest*, as to an *Oracle*. And, the *Bull* being fle'd, and Fire laid on the *Altar*, they all assisted at the New *Sacrifice*. From which Time, the Custom was Yearly observ'd among the *Athenians*, to *Sacrifice* a *Bull*. And by them, this Method of *Religious Cruelty*, was taught not only to all *Greece*, but to the Rest of the World. In Process of Time, a certain *Priest*, in the Midst of his Bloody *Sacrifice*, taking up a Piece of the Broiled Flesh, which had fall'n from the *Altar* on the Ground, and burning his Fingers therewith, suddainly clapt them to his Mouth, to mitigate the Pain. But,
when

when he had once tasted the Sweetness of the Fat, not only long'd for more of it, but gave a Piece to his Assistant, and he to others: Who all pleas'd with the new-found Dainties, fell to Eating of Flesh greedily. And hence this *Species* of *Gluttony*, was taught to other *Mortals*. Neither is it Material, what the *Hebrew Doctors* object against these Testimonies, when they introduce the Son of *Adam*, *Sacrificing* Living Creatures, in the *Infancy* of the *World*; since, thou knowest, many Errors are Inserted in the *Written Law*, from whence they take this Story.

They say also, That the First *Goat* that fell by the Hands of Men, was kill'd in Revenge for the Injuries it had done the Owner of a Vineyard, in browsing on his Vines; such an Impious Deed, having never been heard of before.

This is certain, That the *Egyptians*, the Wisest and most Ancient People in the World, having receiv'd from the First Inhabitants of the Earth a *Tradition*, forbidding Men, To Kill any Living Creature; to give the greater Force to this *Primitive Law* of Nature, they Form'd the *Images* of their Gods, in the *Similitude* of *Beasts*: That so the Vulgar, struck with Reverence at the *Sacred Symbols*, might learn to abstain from Killing, or so much as *Hurting* the *Dumb Animals*; under whose *Forms*, they Represented whatsoever among them was esteem'd Adorable.

Yet, lest any in his Life-Time, should by Accident, or otherwise, have transgress'd the

Law

Law of Abstinence, they used a kind of *Expiation* for the *Dead*, after this Manner. The *Priests* took the Bowels out of the Belly of the Deceased, and putting them in an Earthen Vessel, they held it toward the Sun; and calling Witnesses, they made the following *Speech*, in Behalf of the *Dead*: "O thou
 " *Sun*, whose *Empire* is *Universal*, and all ye
 " Other *Powers*, who give *Life* to *Men*, re-
 " ceive me into the Society of the *Immortal*
 " *Gods*. For, so long as I lived in this World,
 " I Religiously persevered in the *Worship* of
 " those *Deities*, which were made known to
 " me by my *Ancestors*. I always *Honour'd* my
 " *Parents*, who begat my *Body*. I never *Kill'd*
 " any *Man* or *Beast*, nor have been Guilty
 " of any Black Crime. But, if whilst I liv'd
 " I have trespass'd, in *Tasting* any of those
 " *Things* which are *Forbidden*; it was not my
 " Sin, but the Fault of these Entrails, which
 " are here separated from the rest of my *Body*.
 And having said this, they cast the Vessel into the River, on the Banks of which, the *Ceremony* was perform'd; Embalming the Rest of the *Body*, as Pure and free from Sin.

After the same Manner, the *Persian Magi*, or *Wise Men*, practis'd *Abstinence*. And, to imprint in their *Disciples*, a *Tenderness* and *Friendship* toward the *Beasts*, they call'd them, according to their different Stations, either *Lyons*, *Hyæna's*, *Crows*, *Eagles*, *Hawks*, &c. And, their *Garments* were *Painted* all over, with the *Various Figures* of
Animals;

Animals; thereby insinuating, the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*; and inculcating this *Mystery*, That the *Spirit of Man*, enters successively into all *Sorts of Bodies*: Which, thou knowest, is not remote from the *Faith of True Believers*.

It would not be amiss, as a *Testimony* of the *Practice* of the *Ancients*, to insert a *Memorable Address*, which the *Reformed Priests* of *Crete*, were wont to make before the *Altar of Jupiter*. "O *Divine Governor* of the *Hundred Cities*, we have led a *Holy Life*, from the *Time* that we were *Initiated* in thy *Mysteries*, and forsook the *Nocturnal Rites*, and *Bloody Feasts* of *Bacchus*: We are now *Purified*, and *Clothe* our selves in *White Vestments*, the *Emblems* of our *Innocence*: We shun the *Society* of *polluted Mortals*; neither approach we to the *Sepulchres* of the *Dead*, nor *Taste* of the *Flesh* of any *Thing*, which has been *endued* with *Life*.

Such also was of *Old*, and to this *Day* is, the *Abstinence* of the *Indians*; among whom, the *Brachmans* perform the *Office* of *Priesthood*. These, the *Ancient Grecians* called *Gymnosophists*. They are all of one *Race*, neither will they admit a *Stranger* into their *Order*. They live for the most *Part* near to *Ganges*, or some other *River*, for the *Sake* of their frequent *Purifications*. Their *Diet* consists, of *Milk* *Curdl'd* with *sowre Herbs*. They feed also on *Apples*, *Rice*, and other *Fruits* of the *Earth*; esteeming it the
Height

Height of Impiety, to taste of any Thing that has Life. They live in little Hutts or Cottages, every one by himself, avoiding Company and Discourse; employing all their Time in Contemplation, and the Service of the *Temple*. They esteem this Life, but a Necessary Dispensation of *Nature*, which they Voluntarily undergo as a Penance; ardently thirsting, after the Dissolution of their Bodies; and firmly believing, That the *Soul* by Death, is released from its Prison, and launches forth into Immense Liberty and Happiness. Therefore they are always chearfully disposed to Die, bewailing those that are Alive, and Celebrating the Funerals of the Dead, with joyful Solemnities and Triumphs. Among their Good Works, it is accounted an Act of great Reputation and Virtue, to build *Hospitals* for *Beasts* as well as *Men*: And, in every City, there are great Numbers of such, as spend all their Life, in tending on Sick and Wounded Animals, or such as have no Sustenance elsewhere. And, this is no *Novel Institution*, but deliver'd down to them by *Tradition*, from Immemorable Ages.

The *Precepts* also of *Triptolemus* and *Draco*, the most Ancient *Lawgivers* of the *Athenians*, are a Testimony of the Innocence and Sincerity of the *First Ages*: For, they comprehended all the whole *System* of *Piety* and *Virtue*, in Practising these few Rules :

“ Let it be an Eternal Sanction to the *Athenians*,
 “ To Adore the *Immortal Gods* :
 “ To Reverence the Departed *Hero's* ; to
 “ Celebrate

“ Celebrate their Praises with Songs, and the
“ *First Fruits* of the *Earth*; To Honour
“ their *Parents*; And neither to Kill *Man* or
“ *Beast*.

I could relate to thee, Examples of *Abstinence* in the Ancient *Lacedemonians*, *Spartans*, *Jews*, and almost all *Nations* of the *East*: Nor are there wanting some Testimonies of it, in these *Western* Parts. This Kingdom of *France*, was in *Old Times* Instructed by a Kind of *Prophets* or *Philosophers*, whom they called *Druids*; who took up their Usual Residence under *Oaks*. These taught, the *Transmigration* of *Souls*; and therefore, prescribed *Abstinence* from *Flesh*; and shew'd to Men, the Method of Worshipping God with the *First-Fruits* of the *Earth*. From hence they sail'd over into *Britain*, and planted themselves in that *Island*, propagating the same *Doctrines*; and were Reverenc'd by the People, as *Sacred Oracles*.

By all which it is Evident, That the tender Regard which the *True Faithful* have for the *Brutes*, is no *Innovation*, or singular *Caprice* of *Superstition*, but the *Primitive Practice* of the *Ancients*, the *Universal Tradition* of the *Whole Earth*. Nay, the *Eastern Christians*, for the most Part, live an *Abstemious Life*; such as the *Grecians*, *Armenians*, *Georgians*, *Mingrelians*, and others that are scatter'd up and down in divers Parts of *Asia*. These following the *Examples* and *Traditions*, of the *Apostles* and *Primitive Fathers* of their *Churches*, either taste not at all, or very sparingly,

ringly, the *Flesh* of *Beasts*, *Birds* and *Fishes*. But, the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, boast of I know not what *Liberty* they have, to Eat, without *Scruple*, of all Things; having the *Dispensation* of the *Roman Musti*, whom they call the *Vicar* of *God*. Hence it is, that these *Religious Libertines*, are not afraid to gorge themselves, even with the *Blood* of *Slaughter'd Beasts*, which their own *Law* forbids 'em to taste. And they prop themselves up in their *Impiety*, by saying, That the *Pope* has *Power*, to *Change* the *Traditions* and *Ordinances* of the *Apostles*, and even of *Jesus* the *Messiah* himself. Hence proceeds their *Derision* of those, who shew any *Tenderness* to the *Brutes*; for, they are harden'd in their *Gluttonous Cruelty*, and are but one *Remove*, from the most *Salvage Cannibals*.

But thou, *Holy Man* of *God*, pity these *Infidels*, and pray that *Mahmut*, may be a sincere *Disciple* of thy *Purity*.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am return'd to my former Lodging again, the Case of *Eliachim*, being not so bad as my Fears. The Occasion of his Confinement, were certain Words he spoke against the Proceedings of *Cardinal Mazarini* and the Court, in Company of such as were Officious to oblige that *Minister*. This was done at *St. Denis*, not far from *Paris*; where they immediately caused him to be taken into Custody by the King's *Guards*, who quarter'd in that Town. It has cost him a considerable Sum of Money, to purchase his Liberty; which he now enjoys, as before. I had other Thoughts, when I first heard the News of his being seized; and that it was, for some Seditious Expressions: For then I call'd to Mind, how he had Acted last Year by my Order, during the *Tumults* of *Paris*; and concluded, That some Unlucky Accident had now betray'd him. Which if it were so, would infallibly bring me into the same Danger. This made me so suddainly change my Habitation, and put a Stop to the *Dispatches* of the *Sublime Port*. I thought no Caution too much, to preserve the Affairs of my *Commission* Indemnified; and, that it were better to offend, in being too Wary, than too Secure. If I have taken wrong Measures

Measures in thus absconding, 'tis for want of fuller Instruction from my *Superiors*. I wish they would honour me with Particular Rules, in Case of such Emergencies: Then I should steer my Course, without running the Hazard of Rocks or Sands. I have often desir'd to know, Whether, if I were discover'd, I should own my self an *Agent* for the *Grand Signior*. But none of the *Ministers* have vouchsafed to direct me in this Point: Whereby, I may commit an irreparable Mistake, if such a Thing should happen.

Adonai the Jew, informs me of an Attempt lately made to rob the *Treasury* of *Venice*; which, according to his Description, is very Rich and Magnificent. He says, there are Twelve *Crowns* of pure Gold, and an equal Number of Breast-plates of the same Metal, set with all Sorts of precious Stones of Inestimable Value: A Hundred Vessels of Agat: Threescore *Services* for the *Altar*, all of pure Gold, enrich'd with Diamonds, Sapphires, Emeralds, and other Stones of Price. There is also an *Unicorn's Horn*, above the Purchase of Money. There are Fourteen Unpolish'd Pearls, as large as a Man's Fist. The *Ducal Cap*, is valued at a Hundred Thousand *Zechins*: With many other Rareties and Costly Ornaments, too tedious to be inserted in a Letter.

Certainly, so much Wealth, was never destin'd to fall into the Hands of Little Private Thieves: It is a Booty, fit for *Kings* and great *Generals*, the Licens'd *Bandits* of the Earth.

Earth. So many Glittering Jewels, would tempt the Honesty of an *Angel*: And, he would be glad to adorn the Apartments of his *Heaven*, with these Radiant Drops of the Sun, which he sees on Earth.

I have met with some pretty Relations of the Boldness of *Robbers*, but none that ever match'd the Bravery of this Enterprize; which was no less, than to Rob one of the most Potent *States* in the World, of her Chiefest Treasure.

He wanted not for Impudence, who, when the *Emperor Charles V.* was removing his *Court*, and all the *Officers* were busy in packing up the Goods, enter'd the Chamber where the *Emperor* was; and having made his Obedience, fell roundly to pulling down the rich Hangings of *Tissue*, which by the Help of his Confederates, he carried away, with Abundance of Plate: No Body ever suspecting, but that he was one of the *Emperor's* Servants, till the Person came, whose Office it was to remove those Goods, and then the other was known to be a Thief.

I have heard of a *Spaniard*, who, on a Great *Festival*, when the *Priests* had finish'd the *Service* of the *Altar*, and were retir'd to their Lodgings, went very boldly and took the Golden Vessels off the *Altar*, and carry'd them away under his Cloak, as though he had been the *Steward* of that *Church*, no Body suspecting any other.

I kiss the Hem of thy Vest, *Illustrious Kaimacham*, and pray, that thou may'st monopolize

polize the Choicest Blessings of *Heaven*, and have thy Share of the Riches of the Earth, without Danger of losing them to Great or Small *Thieves*.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

NOW thou may'st continue thy *Dispatches* as before. Our Fears are vanish'd: *Eliachim* is releas'd, and all Things are in Safety. Thou hast no Reason to tax me with Timorousness, in so abruptly forsaking my Habitation, on the bare Foresight of far-fetch'd Possibilities; when thou shalt consider, that there is no arming against Contingencies in the Moment they arrive, and that he who trusts all Things to *Chance*, makes a Lottery of his Life, wherein, for One Happy Event, he shall meet with Ten Unlucky Ones. To what Use serves that *Apprehensive Faculty*, which *Nature* has posted as the *Corps de Guard* of our Lives and Fortunes, allowing it the Sences for Scouts and Sentinells? To what End, I say, serves this *Watchful Faculty*, but to take the Alarm at

doubtful Emergencies; to rouse our Caution, that so we may make Provision, and be in a Posture of Defence, against whatsoever may happen?

News came, that *Eliachim* was seiz'd, for Seditious Words against the Government. I was conscious, that both he and I, had been Guilty of more than bare Words in that Kind. Therefore, what had happen'd to him, I look'd upon as due to my self also; and, that my Confinement would soon follow, if I took not speedy Care to prevent it, by seasonably absconding. This was the Reason of my sudden Departure, which cannot justly be ascrib'd to Cowardise, since 'twas the Effect of Common Prudence.

Now I'm return'd to my Old Lodging again, where the Joy they are in for the Birth of a Son, will not give them Leisure to reflect on my Affairs: So that I am receiv'd by my *Host*, without the least Jealousie or suspicious Animadversions. Brim-full of Mirth and Jovial Thoughts, the Good Man Compliments me, and proclaims his better Fortune: Invites me to sit down with his Friends, and partake of the Gifts of *Ceres* and *Bacchus*. This thou knowest, is the Custom of the whole Earth, at the Birth of Mortals. They make merry over one, that is born to the same Miseries as themselves; who, the first Moment he draws the *Breath of Life*, is enrolled in the *Register of Death*; and from the *Womb*, makes swift and direct Advances to the *Grave*.

However, I sat down with the Rest, to comply

comply with the exhilarated Humour of my *Host*: I eat, drank, and seem'd Merry with the Company. Yet, at the same Time, I could not but nauseate my Entertainment, and disdain the extravagant Profusion of Spirit, which appear'd in every one of this vain Assembly: They all talk'd eagerly; and, one Man's Words, drown'd those of another: Whilst an Universal Laughter, confounded the Sense of all. Then I prais'd in my self, the Modesty and Order observ'd in our *Eastern* Banquets and Feasts, where no uncomely Gestures or Actions, escape the well-nurtur'd Guests; no loud talking or Braying like Asses, but every one strives to suppress the Motions and Appearances of a too forward and Indulgent Mirth, and contain themselves within the Bounds of a decent and civil Reserve. Such were the Feasts instituted by *Lycurgus*, among the Ancient *Lacedaemonians*; where, such as were Friends and Acquaintance, met together and refresh'd themselves, without Riot and Luxury. They convers'd together interchangeably, after the Manner of *Philosophers*, or Men of the *Law*: Discouraging soberly either of *Natural* Things, or *Civil* Affairs: Mixing facetious and witty Jest, with their more serious Talk, without Clamour, Scurrility or giving any Offence. But, these *Western* People, think themselves not Merry till they are Drunk, nor Witty unless they be Rude. They play a Thousand Wanton Tricks, like Apes; and, the greatest Buffoon, is the best Company.

Wherefore, sick to see Men so much degenerate from themselves, I made my Excuses, and retir'd to my Chamber, where I presently set Pen to Paper, to give thee an Account of my Return.

If thou continuest thy former Resolution, of following the *Dictates* of Reason, in *Matters* of Religion, thou wilt quickly find, that thy *Rabbi's* have taught thee to believe in *Fables*, which accord neither with Reason, nor *Common Sense*. Follow the best Guide, and be Happy.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER VIII.

To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.

THY Pen is now free again: Write as soon and as often as thou wilt; our Fears are dissipated, and all goes well. If thou canst inform me of any more Remarkable Passages and Adventures, spare not to oblige me with frequent Letters. And, to encourage thee, I will relate to thee a Story, which is Recorded in the *Histories* of Naples.

In former Times, there was a *Statue* of *Marble*, standing on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this *Inscription* on the Head, which was of *Brass*, ON MAY-DAY AT
SUN.

SUN-RISING, I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all those Parts could be found, who was able to unrid-
dle this Myſterious Expreſſion; and therefore,
it was not regarded for many Ages. But at
length, in the Reign of a certain *Prince*, there
was a *Saracen*, who having ſeen and conſi-
der'd the *Statue*, with the *Inſcription*, pro-
poſ'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The
Prince hearing of this, and being greedy of the
Novelty, ſent for the *Saracen*; and bargain'd
with him for a Thouſand Crowns, to unfold
this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came,
and watching the *Image* that Morning Early,
he obſerv'd the Place where the *Head* caſt its
Shadow, juſt as the Sun roſe. There he or-
der'd certain Men to dig: Which when they
had done, and were got pretty deep in the
Earth, they encounter'd a Prodigious Trea-
ſure of Silver, Gold, and Jewels. With which
the *Prince* was ſo well ſatisfy'd, that he
doubl'd the *Saracens* Reward, and ſent him
Home into his own Country, laden with
rich Preſents. Doubtleſs, there is much
Wealth bury'd by Men in the Earth. For,
in Former Times, they were of Opinion,
That if they ſhould die ſuddainly, in the
Wars or otherwiſe, ſuch Riches as they had
hidden in the Earth, would ſerve them in the
Other World. And this is the Praëctice of the
Indians to this Day; as my Brother informs
me, who has been among them.

Strange Blindneſs! that Men ſhould think
the *Immortal Soul*, needed the Aſſiſtance of

Silver, Gold, or any Material Substance, after she herself is divested of the *Body*, and become a *Naked Spirit*.

Let thou and I have a Nobler *Idea* of our Selves, than to phancy we shall be in Want of the Glittering Dross, in that *Invisible State*, whither we are all hastening. There are no *Money-Changers* in that *World of Spirits*. If thou hast Superfluity, hide it not in the Earth, but give it to the Poor, and thou shalt receive it again, transform'd into a Substance more refin'd and radiant than the Stars.

Paris, 16th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Chief Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE *Intestine Quarrels* of the French, seem to be like those of *Lovers*; whose Cholerick Intervals, serve but to give a new Edge to the Returns of their Affection. As if *One* of these *Passions*, was made to whet the *Other*, and make it more sprightly: Or, as if Love would grow dull and feculent, were it not sometimes rowz'd and fermented by *Anger*.

But,

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But, I believe, there is a greater Mystery, in the Reconciliation between the *French-Court* and the *Parliament of Paris*. Some Ends of Policy, have hasten'd both *Parties* to clap up a *Peace*, while the secret Rancour remains unpurg'd.

Perhaps the Union of so many *Princes* and *Nobles* with the *Parliament*, might incline the *Queen* to milder Counsels, than her own *Spanish Genius*. Besides, the Conjunction of the other *Parliaments* of the *Kingdom*, the Revolt of *Normandy*, *Gascoigne* and *Provence*, with many Eminent Cities, were very prevailing Motives. But, that which was of greatest Force, was the Want of Money and Men to carry on the War, which could not be rais'd without vast Difficulty, during these Publick Alienations.

Whatever were the Inducements, a *Peace* was concluded about the latter End of the Third *Moon*, at a Place call'd *Ruel*, not far from *Paris*, where the King has a *House of Pleasure*, seated in the Midst of a little *Paradise*. In one of my Letters to the *Kadma-cham*, I formerly describ'd the King's *House and Garden*, at *St. German en Lay*. This is but a little *Chiosc* or Bower, in Comparison of that Stately *Palace*. Yet what is wanting in the Grandeur of the Fabrick, is supply'd in its elegant Contrivance, and the Richness of its Ornaments. And, as for the *Garden*, it comes not far short of the other; there being in it all Manner of curious Water-works, Groves, Solitudes, Fountains, Statues, and whatsoe-

ver the Ingenuity of these *Western* Artists could suggest, as proper to render this Place agreeable to the Melancholy Humour of the late Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, to whom it belong'd during her Life.

When you enter this delicious *Eden*, your Eyes and Ears are presently deceiv'd, by the Counterfeit Notes and Motions of all kinds of Birds, which perpetually Sing, as the Water tunes their Throats. A little farther, you see several old Gentile Statues, adorning Two Fountains: And, among the rest, a *Crocodile*, big as the Life; who by the Harmony he makes, seems to have a Consort of Musick in his Belly, as Regular and Sweet, as that of the *Italian* Society at *Constantinople*, which thou hast often heard.

As we depart from this, full of Complacency and Admiration at the Exquisite Imitation of *Nature* in these Contrivances, we fall insensibly into a Place exactly like what the *Poets* describe when they speak of *Elysium*. It is a Grove, the Tops of whose Trees are so thick interwoven, that the Sun appears no otherwise through them, than as if he were behind a Cloud or in an *Eclipse*. So that the Darkness of this Place, and solemn Murmur the Winds make on high among the Tops of the Trees, fills it with a Kind of *Sacred* Horror. Which has often made me think this *Wilderness*, something like that which *Historians* describe, when they speak of the *Avenues* to the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon* in *Egypt*. For, in the very Center of this Grove,
stands

stands the *House*. A Place, one would think, fitter for a *Convent* than a *Prince's Court*. At best, it appears but like a *Royal Hermitage*, a *Cell* consecrated to *Kingly Melancholy*.

I could not forbear making this Digression, when I mention'd *Ruel* to be the Place where the *Peace* was concluded, between the *Court* and the *Parliament*. This *Encomium*, is a Tribute which I ow'd, for the Satisfaction and Pleasure I have often receiv'd in this Retirement. Besides, I thought an *Idea* of such a *Garden*, would not be unwelcom to thee, who art a Lover of *Solitude*.

The *Coadjutor* of *Paris*, who is an *Arch-Bishop*, is highly affronted, that this *Peace* was concluded without him, who had a chief Hand in beginning the War. He labours to inflame the People again, and reduce all to the old Confusion, being an Irreconcilable Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*. So that we expect another Insurrection in a short Time: For the *French* cannot be long Idle.

Happy *Minister*, I leave thee under the Wings of that *Spirit* which guards the *Elect*, and bid thee Farewel.

Paris 15th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LE T.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I tell thee, I mourn for the Death of our Friend *Egry Boinou*, whom thou sayest, a *Fever* snatch'd from us the First Day of the *Moon Regib*? That *Fever*, it seems, was the Effect of his continual and excessive Grief for the Loss of his Eyes; so that we may say, he has been dying ever since the Hour that Fatal Sentence was put in Execution. And, shall we grudge our Friend a Release from so lingering a Death? At best, it was but the *Winter* of Life, wrapt up in Clouds and Darkness: Now like the *Serpent*, he has cast his Slough, lifts up his Head with new Vigor, sports himself in the Meadows of *Paradise*, and basks in the Warmth of an *Eternal Spring*.

'Twill not therefore be a Mark of our Affection to him, but only a Discovery of our Self-Love, to condole the Occasion of His Happinets, because it has lessen'd Ours, by robbing us of his beloved Company and Friendship. Besides, we know not, but that he may still continue to be our Friend, even in that *Invisible State*; and either manage our Interests *Above*, or at least protect us from Dangers here *Below*. We are ignorant of the *Laws*, and *Constitution* of that King-
dom

dom of *Spirits*; and, for ought we know, the *Souls* of just Men after Death, may become the *Tutelar Genii*, or *Guardian Angels* of their Surviving Friends and Relations. Let it be how it will, doubtless *Egry* is Immortal and Happy; and, 'twill be Envy in us, to repine at it. Rather let us congratulate the Time of his Decease, as the Day of his Nativity; and leave *Mourning*, to the Crowd of Mortals, who do a Thousand Things, without ever thinking what they are about. They tread in the Steps of their Fathers, never examining, whether they be Right or Wrong: Custom and Education have almost banish'd Reason from the Earth. Is it not a pleasant Spectacle, to see the Kindred of an Old Rich *Miser* (for whose Death they had long waited, like *Harpies* for their Prey) now flock about his Lifeless Carcase, howling out a Thousand forc'd Lamentations; whilst in the mean Time, their Blood dances in their Veins for Joy? Yet however, this carries a Shew of Civiliz'd Manners, and is better than the Barbarous Custom of the *Scythians* and *Massagetes*, who when their Old Men grew Useless and Troublesome, were wont to Sacrifice them, and make a Banquet with their Flesh; or the *Thebarenaes*, who threw their Aged Friends alive down Precipices. These were Salvages: But, much more so were the *Hircanians* and *Bactrians*, who cast their Aged Parents yet living, to be devour'd by Dogs: Which Inhumanity when *Stasanor*, the Deputy of *Alexander the Great*, endeavour'd

your'd to suppress, they had like to have Depos'd him from the *Government*: So prevalent is the Force of a Receiv'd Custom, on the Minds of the Unthinking Herd.

Let thou and I therefore, not supinely take up with Common Practices; but, like Men of Reason, let us adjust the Last Offices we owe to our Friend, whilst we pour forth some Devout *Oraisons* for the Health of his Soul, without disturbing his and our own Repose, with fruitless Lamentations. And, since we are bereav'd of his Society on Earth, let us prepare to follow him, and render our selves agreeable Company at our next Rendezvous in *Heaven*.

It was an Unjustifiable Rigor in *Sultan Ibrahim*, to deprive him of his Eyes, because he had only cast 'em unhappily on one of the *Sultana's*, as she enter'd the Garden. This Jealousy, is the peculiar Vice of the *East*. Yet they are more severe in *Persia*, where 'tis present Death, to be within Two Leagues of the *King's* Women, when they travel the Road. But, I never knew, that *Eunuchs* were thus punish'd. Or, is there such a Difference between a *White* and a *Black Eunuch*, That the *One* deserves to lose his Eyes for beholding that by Chance, which the *Other* is honourably rewarded for having Access to, and seldom being out of their Sight?

This was the worst Punishment that *Seleucus*, the *Law-Giver* of the *Locrians*, impos'd on them that were Actually caught in Adultery. Which puts me in Mind of a Notable

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table Instance of this Man's Justice: For, when his own Son was accus'd, and prov'd Guilty of this Crime; at once to shew the *Tenderness* of a *Father*, and the *Incorruptible Severity* of a *Judge*, he first caus'd One of his own Eyes to be put out, and then One of his Sons: Thus taking on himself, *Half* the Penalty; that so, the *Law* might be satisfy'd in the *Whole*, and yet his Son not be Totally depriv'd of his Sight.

Thou tellest me no News of our Armies, nor what Alterations have been made amongst the *Ministers* of the *Port*, since the Death of *Sultan Ibrahim*. We have various Reports here; and some say, that the New *Vizir Azem* will be no long-liv'd Man. I desire thee, to write often to me, and send me what Intelligence thou can'st.

Let nothing slip the Knot, which has fast'ned us so many Years together, in an entire Friendship: But, let us carry that *Magnet* with us to our Graves; that, at what Distance soever we may be buried, our *Souls* may by the Force of that Attractive, find one another out, and converse together, in that *Region of Silence and Shadows*.

Paris, 9th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Captain Bassa.

I Know not where this Letter will find thee; on the Shore, or at Sea. If thou art in the *Watry Wilderuess*, I have no Art to trace thee. There are no certain Roads in that *Inconstant* Element. It is a mighty Plain, without Path or Track. And though there be certain Stages in it, yet thy Arrival at them, is tim'd at the Pleasure of the Winds and Waves, which will not obey even the *Orders* thou hast received from the *Grand Signior*, Lord of the *Four Seas*. Perhaps, thou art in pursuit of some *Venetian* Ships, or other *Christian* Vessels, the *Corfsairs* of the *Mediterranean*. Or, thou may'st be Careening thy Fleet, in the securer Retreats of the *Archipelago*. Thou may'st be within a Minute of a Wreck, or just entring a Harbor. Wherever thou art, may *Heaven* preserve thee from the Dangers, which always threaten such, as trust their Lives to a piece of Wood: For, there will be great Need of thee, if our Intelligence be true in these *Parts*.

It is reported here, That the *Cossacks*, *Circassians*, *Mingrelians*, and other People who Border on the *Black Sea*, and Obey not the *Law* brought down from *Heaven*, are entred into a *League* against the *Blessed Port*, and have covered those Seas with a Mighty Fleet; while

while the *Prince of Georgia*, rushes down from his Mountains, with an Army of Forty Thousand *Armenians*, *Persians*, and Borderers of *Mount Caucasus*: That the Former have taken a Thousand of our Trading *Saicks*, and are advanc'd as far as the *Ferry* of the *Bull*, which thou knowest, is but Six Hours Sail from the *Imperial City*: That the Latter, have made Incurfions into the *Territories* of the *Grand Signior*; put all to the Sword who resisted 'em, as they march'd along; burnt and laid waste the Country: And, that all the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, flock to them, threatning an Universal Defection from the *Ottoman Empire*.

As to the Truth of these Reports, I can ascertain Nothing; but am inclin'd to believe, the *Cossacks* are troublesome at Sea, and that they may have drawn some of their Neighbours into a *League*, those *Pilfering Nations*, who live by Rapine and Spoil, on both Elements. Our small Vessels trading on the *Black Sea*, full of Riches and empty of Arms, must needs be a Temptation to those *Pirates*, who are the most dextrous at a Robbery, and the boldest Fellows in the World. The *Merchants* of these *Parts*, who have had some Traffick at *Caffa*, and other Towns on the Banks of the *Black Sea*, give a frightful Description of those Tempestuous Waters, and no Good Character of the *People* that Border on them. The *Cossacks*, they say, are Valiant and Mercenary; the *Circassians* Hardy and Bold; the *Mingrelians* Sly and Crafty;
and

and the *Georgians*, of an *Astral* Complexion, capable of all Virtues and Vices. The *First* seldom act, unless encourag'd by the *King of Poland*, or the *Czar of Moscow*; and then they are content with their Pay, and the Lawful Plunder of War. The *Second* are never Idle, when there is hope of Prey, whether they fight their own Cause, or are employ'd by others; and fear neither Hunger, Cold, nor any other Extremity, for the Sake of a Prize. The *Third* are Good at a Stratagem, and would steal a Man's Teeth out of his Gums, if he be not wary; Great Cowards, yet desperate in their own Defence, when they see no *Medium* between Fighting and Death. As for the *Fourth*, they seem to be a kind of Mungrels, a Medly Race, whose Character is compounded of the Other Three.

They are Stout and Witty, Dext'rous at a Cheat, and no Bunglers at an Ingenious Theft; Great Liars; full of Compliments and External Civilities, but Perfidious and Implacable in their Revenges.

Yet, after all, I cannot believe the *Prince* of this Country, who is a *Tributary* to the *King of Persia*, would venture his *Government* at Two such desperate Stakes, by breaking the *Peace*, concluded by his *Sovereign* with the *Grand Signior*, and so drawing upon himself the Vengeance of them both. Therefore, he is either secretly abetted by that *Monarch*, or else the News is false.

Wouldst

Wouldst thou know, how this Country came to be Subject to the *Crown of Persia*? It was Conquer'd by *Ismael Sophi*, to whom the *Persian Historians*, in Flattery, give the *Epithet of Great*. He was the *First* of that *Name*, and of the *Persian Kings*, that refus'd to obey the *Orthodox Successors* of the *Sent of God*. This *Prince*, was Valliant in the Field; and no Coward at Wine, if we may believe one of his *Courtiers*, who wrote *Memoirs* of his *Life*. He Records Sixteen Battles, wherein he always got the Victory; and Twice that Number of *Royal Debauches*, when he shew'd the Strength of his Brain, in the Company of Foreign *Ambassadors*; with whom he would always Carouse, before they departed his *Court*, that he might sound the Depth of their Instructions; for, none were able to cope with him, at the Juice of the Grape. And he always esteem'd that *Liquor*, a Friend to *Truth*.

If he suspected his *Ministers of State*, or any of the *Governors of Provinces*, he us'd to invite them to a *Banquet*; where, in the Midst of his Drinking, he unravell'd their Secret Inclinations and Counsels; being the most dextrous at picking the Locks of a Man's Heart, of any one living. They never went Alive from his Presence, if by one false Step in their Carriage, though it were but a Word too passionate, or a Look less compos'd to Resignation, he could discover or frame to himself the Grounds of a just Jealousy. It being ever his *Maxim*, That
Credulity,

Credulity, was the only Vice, could ruin a Happy Prince. He had another Saying also, That Persia was Fertile of Men, but Barren of Faithful Officers.

I cannot admire these Cruel Strains of *Policy*. Yet *Kings* have Reasons for their Actions and Words, which we cannot comprehend. The *Philosophers* say, *That Wine was given Us by the Gods, to mitigate our Cares; and, for a Time, to make Us Equal to their Divinities, in the free Enjoyment of Our Selves.* And, tho' as a *Mussulman*, I am not bound to subscribe to the *Principles of Pagans*; yet as a Man, Partaker of Flesh and Blood, I think he doubly mis-uses that Liquor, who perverts it to the Ends of Cruelty.

But, this *Monarch* had other Thoughts, when by the Assistance of the *Georgian Forces*, having subdu'd the *Regions* Bordering on the *Caspian Sea*, at that Time in the Hands of the *Ottomans*, he invited the *King of Georgia* to his *Tent*, under Pretence of a *Festival Joy* for their mutual Success. The *Unwary Prince*, trusting to his own Merit, and the Faith of his Neighbour, ventures himself with a Small Guard to the *Camp of Ismael*. The *Persian* entertain'd him, with all the Outward Demonstrations of Affection and Gratitude, for his repeated Aids: But, in the End of the *Feast*, taking Exceptions at some Words the *King of Georgia* spoke, in Praise of his own Soldiers, he commanded his *Eunuchs* to seize on him, and carry him to the *Tent of the Unfortunate* (so they call'd

call'd the *Pavilion*, or *Cage* of the *Grandeas* fallen into Disgrace.) Then he gave swift Orders, for the *Georgian* Soldiers to be Manacled. And, having thus done, he bestow'd the *Government* of *Georgia*, on one *Luarzab*; on Condition, that he and his Successors, would embrace the *Faith* of *Hali*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Crown* of *Persia*.

From this *Luarzab*, has the *Government* of *Georgia* descended, not in a *Line* of *Blood*, but at the *Pleasure* of the *Persian* Kings, to him who now holds it, *Shanavas-Can*; Who, I believe, has more Wit, than to hazard his *Possessions*, tor the *Sake* of a *Chimara*.

In thus roving from my first Point; thou canst not blame me, since thou thy self actest by the *Rules* of *Navigation*, which vary according to the *Byals* of the *Needle*. Thou followest one *Magnet*, and I another: Yet, let us both meet in the *Center* of *Duty*, we owe the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

THou wilt say, 'tis an unmannerly Way of Congratulating thy New Advance, to begin my Address with Complaints. Yet, Friendship overlooks *Punctilio's*. 'Tis not the first Time, I have trespass'd on thy Generous Temper. I am indispos'd, and cannot act the *Courtier*, though I am ravish'd to hear the News. It is some Support to my Languishing Spirits, that whilst I am crumbling and dwindling away into the *Little Principles* of which I was made, thou my Friend art growing in the *Bulk* of *Mortal Greatness*, in the Favour of our *Glorious Sultan*.

However, I cannot but suspect the pretended Kindness of him who rais'd thee. I mean the *New Vizir*. Neither hast thou much Reason, to take this suddain Reconciliation for any other, than a Masque of his Old Malice. He cannot forget the Quarrel between thy Father and him, on the Account of *Dara Meseck*, the *Lieutenant General* of the *Fanizaries*; when the brave Old *Cheik*, put a Stop to the designed Revenge of this Inhumane Upstart.

Assure

Assure thy self, that he who has made his Steps, to the Grandeur he now possesses, o'er the Neck of his *Master*, will not spare any, from whose Wit or Power he may fear a Shock: And, he knows both thy Experience and Interest too great, not to mistrust the Son of his Enemy.

Besides, the eminent Command thy Brother has over the *Spahis*, must needs be an Additional Caution to the Man, whose Name sounds no where so sweetly, as in the *Chamber of the Janizaries*.

Thou art sensible, that the newly reviv'd Animosity, between these *Military Orders*, threatens a Calamity to the *Ottoman Empire*, which cannot be diverted, without a Sacrifice on one Side or other. And, since the *Spahis* have engag'd so many Potent *Bassas* in their Quarrels; who can expect to fall, but the Mighty Favourite of the *Infantry*?

He knows this very well; and, to prevent his own Ruin, he resolves on Thine and thy Brothers: Thine, under the Masque of Friendship, till by his Wheadle, he has drawn thy Brother to *Constantinople*; where he will not fail to be strangled, that so a Creature of the *Vizir*, may be promoted in his Room. And, what will become of thee after this, I leave to thy own Judgment.

Perhaps, thou wilt despise the Advice of a Sick Man, and impute my Fears to an Excess of *Melancholy*; from which Distemper, thou knowest, I am seldom free. But, I tell thee, my *Reason* labours under no *Hypochondriac* Disorders,

Disorders, though my *Body* may. I am no *Enthusiast*, when I counsel my Friend to avoid an Apparent Danger. However, if thou thinkest it needless for me to busy my self in such Cases, I have done. But I shall never cease to pray for thy Prosperity, as often as I comply with the *Law*, in Kissing the Floor *Five Times* a-Day, and Repeating the appointed *Oraisons* of Faith.

Methinks, when I write to thee now, my Pen is at a Loss. I am puzzl'd for a Style suitable to thy *New* Honour, and our *Old* Friendship.

But, if I take too much Liberty, ascribe it to the Sincerity of my Affection, which knows not how to be reserv'd or strange to a Person, whom once I could call my *Other* self: For, no Wider is the Distance between Friends.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Chiurgi Muhammet, Bassa.

I Know not, whether what I am going to relate, will be News to thee, or to any of the *Ministers* Residing at the *Sublime Port*. However, 'tis so to me; and I am commanded, to conceal nothing of Moment that comes to my Ears.

Mahomet, Eldest Son of *Achmet*, the *Dey* of *Tunis*, is now at *Rome*, having embraced the *Christian Religion*. People relate variously, the Motives that induced him to this Change. Some say, 'twas Interest; he having held a Private Correspondence with the *Viceroy* of *Sicily*, who promised him, in the King of *Spain's* Name, to make him *Lord* of several large Territories in the *West-Indies*.

Others say, 'twas Discontent at his Father's Government, and Austere Carriage towards him; the Old Man, having forced him to marry the *Bassa* of *Tripoli's* Daughter against his Inclination.

But the greatest Part, ascribe this Change in Religion, to the Force of his Conscience; which, they say, was convinced by a *Miracle*, of the Truth of the *Christian Faith*. For, as they relate, being once at Sea in a *Vessel*, wherein were many *Christians*, and a Dreadful Tempest arising, the Mariners, who were all *Mussulmans*, seeing the Havock that the Winds and

D

Waves

Waves had made of the Ship-Tackle, gave over all for lost; and fainting under so much Labour, Watching and Terroure as they had undergone, lay down, and let the Ship drive where-ever the Storm would carry her. But, there being a *Christian Priest* aboard, Esteemed a very Holy and Blameless Man, he excited the *Christians*, to appease the Wrath of *God* by some extraordinary Acts of *Devotion*. Then they all made a solemn *Procession* on the Decks of the *Ship*, the *Priest* carrying before them, that which they call the *Sacrament*, Imploring the Mercy of *God*, and often calling on *Jesus* and *Mary*. When behold, as the *Priest* stood aloft on the *Poop*, reading aloud Part of the *Gospel*, the Storm suddenly ceas'd, the Clouds were dispers'd, the Air grew Serene and Calm, and the Vessel got safe into Harbour. Upon this, they say, *Mahomet*, when he came ashore, took that *Priest* along with him, desiring to be instructed in the *Christian Belief*; making a Vow also, That he would renounce the *Law* of the *Mussulmans*, and embrace that of *Jesus*.

This is what such, as are Zealous for the Honour of the *Christian Faith*, relate concerning this *Princes* Conversion. However it be, it is certain, That he privately made his Escape from *Tunis* by Sea, and bent his Course directly for *Sicily*; where, in a few Days he landed, and was receiv'd by the *Vice-Roy*, according to the *Dignity* of a *Prince*. A while after, he was baptized by an *Arch-Bishop*, who

who gave him the Name of *Don Philippo*, by which he is called in all Places.

They say, he was a little scandalized at first, when he saw with what Freedom, the *Sicilian* Women appeared abroad in the Streets, and convers'd with Men; but, that afterwards, he took a great Delight in their Company, especially those that could sing well, or play on any Instrument of Musick, to which he is much addicted. And therefore, he chuses to frequent those *Temples*, where their *Service* is perform'd with Variety of excellent *Musick*, as it is in all great Cities. And for ought we know, the Character which the *Christian Priest* gave him, of this *Harmonious* Manner of *Worshipping God*, might have no small Influence, on a Man naturally affected with that *Science*. Certainly, Musick has a mighty Force on our Affections; and, it is a Proverb here in the *West*, *That he who does not love Musick, has no Soul*. One of the *Ancient Philosophers*, defined the *Soul* it self, to be a *Harmony*. And another, was so sensible of the various Effects of this *Science*, in raising Different Passions in Men, that he left it as an *Aphorism*, *Such as the Musick is, such are the People of a Commonwealth*. Whence, it was the Great Care of such, as took upon them to form the Manners of *Youth*, That no Tunes should be played in their Hearing, which Naturally provoked to Levity and Wantonness; but Grave and Martial Strains, such as prompted Heroick Thoughts, and disposed them to Vertue. The *Italians*, are

great *Masters* of this *Science*; and the *Airs* which they compose for their *Church-Service*, are very deep and ravishing. Which causes their *New Profelyte*, *Don Philipppo*, to pass his *Time* very attentively, during the *Celebration* of their *High-Mass*, and their *Even-Song*. They report, that he will turn *Je-suit*.

He went from *Sicily*, loaded with *Gifts* and *Presents*, and came to *Rome*, the *Seat* of the *Christians Chief Musti*, whom they call the *Pope*. He is much honoured and carested by the *Holy Father*, and all the *Cardinals*, who have told him so many fair *Things* of the *Nazarene Faith*, and shew'd him so many *Sacred Reliques* of *Antiquity*, that he thinks himself already within the *Verge* of *Heaven*, and that *Rome* is no other, than the *Suburbs* of *Paradise*. There is something very charming and sweet, in the *Conversation* of the *Christian Prelates*, if they be *Men of Learning*, as most generally they are. And, 'tis no wonder that such *Polite Company*, should prevail much on the *flexible Temper* of a young *Prince*, who is as a *Pilgrim* in a strange *Country*, where he can hear Nothing, but perpetual *Eulogies* of the *Christian Religion*; nor see any Thing, but *Objects*, which serve only to confirm in his *Mind*, a *Venerable Idea* of that *Faith* he has embraced. Besides, they say, he is fallen deeply in *Love* with a young *Roman Lady*. So that there is no *Hope*, of rescuing him from the *Power* of so many *Enchantments*.

Therefore,

Therefore, giving him over as lost, let us pray the *Omnipotent*, to establish *Us* in his *Truth*; That neither Interest, Passion, nor an Erroneous Conscience, may ever be able to make us swerve from the *Law* written in *Heaven*; but, that we may adhere to *God* and his *Prophet*, with a Thousand Souls.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

L E T T E R. XIV.

To Sala, Tircheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

WE are all alarm'd here, with the News of I know not what boisterous Adventures of the *Cossacks*, and their Neighbours, that possess the Ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*. Had I not a firm Faith in the *Alcoran*, 'twould fill me with Panick Fears. But, no Attempts can prevail, against the Men fighting under the Shadow of the Prophet. He descended with a Consummate Authority, from the Monarch who commands all Things. The Mandate of Heaven, will disperse the Infidels. The Seven Vizirs Above, were Witnesses to the Words, whose *Eccho's* caus'd

Thunder, when the *Prophet* retir'd from the *Steps* of the *Throne*. Had not *Moses* given him warning (who remembred the Noise in the *Mount*) the *Apostle* had lost his *Address*, and been confounded before the *Angels*. But, encourag'd with the Whisper of the *Man* with *Horns*, he made no Default in his *Congè*: And, with little Loss of Time, arriv'd to the *Ninth Sphere*, where he proclaim'd the *Nefraim*; and, all the *Inhabitants* of that *Orb*, resorted to the *Banner* which he had in his *Hands*. The *Prophet* told 'em, 'Twas only for a *Tryal* of their *Fidelity*. They made Obeisance, and retir'd. From that Place, he made no Scruple, but that the *Elect* in *Heaven* and *Earth*, would obey the *Divine Patent*. He finish'd his Descent Triumphantly, and pitch'd his Feet on *Mount Uriel*. Those that believe *Hali*, say, 'Twas on the Top of the *Ragged Rock*. But let *Hereticks* alone in their *Infidelity*. Be it where it pleas'd God, he spoke the *Words* that shall ne'er be Revers'd, when he display'd the *Heavenly Silk*, and said, *Whoever takes up Arms against this Banner, shall be reputed an Infidel; He shall be exterminated from the Earth.*

I often think on these Passages in the *Holy Memoirs*, the *Collections* of the *Life* full of *Wonders*. Then I comfort my self with this Thought, That if all the *Uncircumcis'd* in the *World*, should enter into a Combination, they would not succeed against the *Men*, fighting under the *Commission* with the *Seal*.

I have

I have sent a Letter to the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, acquainting him with the News of this *Expedition* of the *Cossacks*. Since which I am informed, that these *People* are Headed by a famous *Pirate* in those *Parts*, a Man of a daring Spirit, and capable of the boldest Undertakings. The *French* Merchants, who have traded in the *Black Sea*, give him a High Character; and portend great Injuries to the *Ottoman Empire*, from the Success of his Arms: For, they say, he is a Good *Captain*, both by *Sea* and *Land*. I have heard several different Stories of his Birth and Education: But, this I am going to relate, comes from the best Hands, and seems most probable.

His Name is *Pachicour*, a *Circassian* by Birth, but bred up in a *Sea-Town* of the *Ukraine*, near the *Mouth* of the *Niester*. He left his *Native Country*, at the Age of Twelve Years, out of a Desire to see *Foreign Parts*; Embarking himself, unknown to his Parents, in a *Vessel* of *Podolia*, which then was ready to set sail from *Bala-Clag*. He carry'd with him a small Sum of Money, which he had purloyn'd from his Father, and serv'd as a Fund of his future Fortune: For, arriving at a certain Town in *Podolia*, he frequented the *Keys*, and offer'd his Service to several *Merchants*; one of which, observing in his Face the Marks of a Promising *Genius*, entertain'd him in his House. He liv'd with him Seven Years, and perform'd his Office so well, that he made him his *Factor* to *Constantinople*.

Pachicour discharg'd his Trust there, with much Profit to his Master, and Honour to himself. So that at his Return, several Merchants entrusted him with their Goods; and sent him to trade at *Cassa*, and other Towns on the *Black Sea*. His Judgment and Reputation encreasing with his Years, he became in Time famous in all the Trading Towns. And, such was his Credit in the *Ukrain*, that all the Merchants put their Vessels and Goods into his Hands: So that he sail'd many Times with a Fleet of Twenty Ships, having the Disposal of all the Goods, committed to his Management. He grew so Rich in Time by his Dealings, that he was able to drive a Considerable Trade for himself. And then it was, he began to lay the Foundation of a Design, which he has since executed. His Genius was too Active, always to be confin'd to this slow Way of growing Great: Therefore he was resolv'd at one Blow, to raise his Fortune to the Pitch he aim'd at. He was the only Broker, Banquier and Merchant, where-ever he came.

It was no difficult Thing, for a Man of so vast a Credit, to raise an extraordinary Stock; and *Pachicour* could easily silence the Alarms of Conscience. There happen'd also a Juncture, very proper for his Design. For, while he was at *Isfaou*, a Port of *Circassia*, Day and Night projecting how to exalt himself, a War broke out between his Countrymen and the *Mingrelians*. The Latter appear'd with a Navy at Sea, which alarm'd all the Maritime

time Parts of Circassia. Pachicour whose Invention was always busy, took a Hint from this, to accomplish his Plot. Expedition was his chiefest Game. Therefore he speedily made the utmost Use of his Credit, among the *Podolian Merchants*, and other *Foreigners* residing at *Isgaon*. And, when he had amass'd together prodigious Sums of Gold, for which he only gave them *Bills of Exchange*, he privately sends away this huge Treasure, with all his Jewels, Tissues, and other Rich Merchandise, to his Fathers House, who liv'd not many Leagues from this Town.

Within Two Days after this, the *Mingrelian Fleet* made a Descent at *Isgaon*, sack'd it, carry'd away Two Thousand Captives, and went to their Vessels again.

Pachicour, who knew how to make an Advantage of this Opportunity, privately fled after his Wealth, as soon as the *Mingrelian Fleet* appear'd before the Place. And it happen'd, that most of his Creditors were made Slaves, and transported to *Mingrelia*. He had no Need to take any farther Care, but how to secure his Riches from his Pilfering Neighbours: For, the *Circassians*, are all *Profess'd Thieves*. He therefore makes haste to his Father; and having gratified him for his Trouble, he in a short Time purchas'd Four *Men of War*, with which he sets up for a *Pirate*, infesting those Seas, and Robbing all the *Merchants*, except those who had formerly entrusted him. His Bounty and Valour, charm'd all that serv'd him. And,

his Fame spreading with his wonderful Success, many *Circassians* put out to Sea, and join'd with him: So that in a little Time, he made no small Figure in the Kingdom of *Neptune*. Seeing himself Commander of a Powerful Navy, he found out quickly the *Mingrelian* Fleet, and engaging with them, got a Glorious Victory.

Soon after, a Peace was concluded, and *Pachicour* was declar'd Admiral of all the *Circassian* Sea-Forces: To whom the *Mingrelians* were oblig'd by Treaty to join theirs, and to obey *Pachicour's* Orders. In a little Time, this fortunate General became so famous, that the *Cossacks* sent to him an Agent, and enter'd into a League; furnish'd out Three Hundred Vessels, and join'd the *Circassian* and *Mingrelian* Fleets.

This is the Bottom of the New Expedition, which makes so loud a Noise in these Parts.

Thou who art Master of the Arsenal, wilt know what Measures are fittest to be taken, against this bold *Insidel*, if he persists to break the Peace of the most Serene Empire. Yet, though he is an Enemy, let us not envy him the Praises, that are due to his Wit and Courage. He seems to surpass the Sneaking Thieves of his own Nation; and undertakes Nothing but Sovereign Cheats, and Noble Thefts, such as would pass for Vertuous Actions, in a Man of a Higher Birth.

I do.

I do not plead for *Robbery*, nor take the Part of an *Infidel*; but, if I had Time to tell thee, some *Heroick* Passages of this *Pirate*, thou wouldst say, he is worthy of a Generous and Favourable Usage, should he become a Captive. In another Letter, I will oblige thee with a Relation, which will not be unwelcome to a Man, who gives not Sentence with the Vulgar. I had more to say on another Subject, but I am interrupted. Pardon the Effect of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 19th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XV.

To Melec Amet, Bassa.

There is News arrived here lately, of the Murder of the *English* Ambassador at the Hague. His Name was *Doriflaus*. He was sent by the *New* Governors in England, to make an Alliance with the States of Holland, and to satisfy them in Reference to their late Proceedings against their Sovereign. 'Tis said, his Negotiation would have had but little Success, in Regard the Prince of Orange, who is President or Chief over the States, and who married the Daughter of the *English* King,

King, takes to Heart the untimely Death of his *Father-in-Law*, and cannot be reconciled to his Murderers. Yet, 'tis to be thought, that *Princes* are no farther touch'd with one anothers Misfortunes, than concerns their Interest.

However, on the 3d. Day of the 5th. *Moon*, some *Scots* enter'd into the Lodgings of the *Embassador*, and having dispatch'd him with several Wounds, made their Escape. It is not certainly known, who set these *Assassins* at Work. People descant variously, as their Affections byass them. Some reflect on it, as a Judgment *Justly* inflicted by *God*, though by an *Unjust* Act of Men, on one who had been a Notorious Promoter of his *Sovereign's* Death. Others censure it, as a most Impious *Sacrilege*, in Regard the Persons of *Embassadors*, are by the *Law* of *Nations*, esteem'd Sacred and Inviolable; and the Injuries which they suffer, are interpreted, not only as done to their *Masters* who send them, but to all Mankind: As if *Human Nature* it self were wrong'd, in the Persons of *Publick-Ministers*.

Indeed, there is no Method of establishing or conserving Friendships and *Alliances* between different *Nations*, if their *Agents* be not secured with an Immunity from Affronts and Violences.

The *French* relate a pretty Passage of one of their *Kings*, who before he came to the *Crown*, being *Duke* of *Orleans*, had receiv'd very ill Usage in his Travels from a certain *Italian Lord*, call'd the *Baron* of *Benevento*. After this Prince was possess'd of the *Kingdom*,

dom, the same Italian Lord was sent *Embassador* from the *Viceroy* of *Naples*, to congratulate his *Accession* to the *Throne* of his *Ancestors*. Some *French Courtiers*, who had been *Witnesses* of the *Injuries* this *Lord* had formerly done to their *Master*, now perswaded the *King* to *Revenge* himself, by causing some gross *Indignities* to be done him, whilst he had him in his *Power*. To whom the *Wise Monarch* reply'd, *It becomes not the King of France, to revenge on the Embassador of Naples, the Injuries which the Duke of Orleans receiv'd from the Baron of Benevento.*

'Tis said, the *English Nation* have demanded *Satisfaction* of the *Hollanders*, for the *Murder* of their *Embassador*; but were answer'd, *That they themselves, ought first to Expiate the Murther of their King.*

The *Scots* have *Revolted* from the *New Government* in *England*, and are yet in *Suspence*, Whether they shall set up the *Son* of the *Late King*, or *Form* themselves into an *Independent Republick*. The *Irish* are *stedfast* to the *Interests* of the *Crown*. And many *Islands* in *America*, subject to the *Kings* of *England*, have now deny'd all *Obedience* to the *New English Government*, which seems to tend towards a *Democracy*.

There is much *Talk* of one *Cromwel*, the *General* of the *English Forces* in *Ireland*. This *Man* from a *Private* and *Obscure Estate*, is ascended to the *Dignity* of a *General*, having purchas'd this *Command*, by his *Conduct* and *Valour*. The *French* extol him,
for

for the Greatest *Souldier* of this Age: And, if Fame be true, he is no less *Statesman*.

As a Mark of the Respect I owe thee, thou wilt receive with this Letter, a Pistol of Curious Workmanship, which being once charg'd, will deliver Six Bullets, one after another. If thou acceptest this small Present, it will be an Argument of thy Friendship.

Paris, 19th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVI.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have often wondred at the *Lethargy*, wherein the *Nazarenes* seem to be drown'd. They forget what they read in their own *Bibles*: They there encounter with Expressions, which savour of the *East*. Every Page of the *Written Law*, relishes of the *Dialect* which is Pure and Lively; though the *Translators*, have cropt the Flower of the Sence. I have read their *Bible* in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*; but none of these *Languages*, express to the Life the *Original Hebrew*: Nor can it be expected. It is impossible to screw up the Dull *Phrases* of *Europe*, to the Significant *Idioms* of *Asia*. We may as well expect *Dates* to spring from a *Reed*: And for that Reason, it is forbidden

forbidden the *True faithful*, to Translate the *Volume of Light* from the *Original Arabick*: Which is no other, than *Hebrew* in its *Ancient Purity*.

This is the *Language* of those, who dwell above the *Seventh Orb*. 'Tis the *Dialect*, wherein *God* converses with the *Pages* of his *Divine Seraglio*: Wherein all the *Records* of the *Celestial Empire* are writ. And when he issues out *Orders* to the *Ministers* and *Bassa's* of *Heaven*, *Hasmariel* the *Secretary* of the *Immortal Divan*, uses no other *Character* or *Speech*, but that which is peculiar on *Earth*, to the *Sons of Ismael*, the *Inhabitants* of the *Region* on the *East* of the *Red Sea*. In fine, this is the *Language*, wherein the *Omnipotent* thought fit to discover his *Pleasure* to *Mortals*.

Believe *Mahmut*, when he tells thee with profound *Submission*, that he has taken some *Pains* to pry into those *Languages*, which have been the *Channels* of *Divine Knowledge*. I have been peculiarly ambitious, to study the *Anatomy* of *Oriental Words*: And it would be no *Hyperbole* to say, I have learn'd to dissect even the very *Syllables*: Wherein the various placing of *Points* and *Letters*, alters the *Sence*, or at least makes it *Ambiguous*. So *Significant* and *Mysterious*, are Our *Sacred Characters*.

I speak not this in *Peevishness*, or to vindicate my self, from the *Contempt* which *I-chingi Cap' Oglani* has put upon me. I have no *Emulation* in that *Point*. Nor can any
little

little Spur of Pedantick Ambition, make me forward to contend with a Man, whose whole Talent consists, in knowing and remembering other Mens Works; as if he had studied at *Athens*, only for this End, to learn the facetious Art, of turning his Brains into a Catalogue of Books: But I reflect on the Learned among the *Nazarenes*, who are chiefly to blame, having the Custody of the Book delivered to 'em from the *Jews*. And among them, the *Translators* of that Volume; are past Excuse; for, they have deflowr'd the Original, and robb'd the *Virgin Language*, of its Beauty and Honour: While the Rest are Witnesses, and silent Abettors of the Rape, in concealing the Indignity has been done to the Letters Form'd by the Finger of God, and full of *Divine Mysteries*.

In thus accusing the *Christian Interpreters* of the Bible, I do not patronize the Critical Whimsies of the *Jewish Caballists*. They are exploded by all Men of Sence. Yet there is a Medium, between the Excess of that affected Niceness, which has rendred the One Ridiculous, and of that study'd Carelessness, to which the Obscurity of the Other is owing. As the *Hebrews*, by pressing the Letters too close, have squeez'd out *Divine Chimera's*; so the *Christians*, in using too slack a Hand, have scarce gain'd a gross Draught of Common Human Sence, leaving the Genuine Elixir of the Writer's Meaning behind.

I will not lay much to the Charge of the *Translators*, employ'd by *Ptolomy Philadelphus*,

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phus, King of *Agypt*. These were no *Christians*; nor yet in the Number of those, who *Adored* the *Celestial Bodies* and *Elements*: Nor did any of them, pay their *Devotions* at the same *Altar* with that *Agyptian Monarch*, who was a *Worshipper* of the God *Serapis*: But they were *Jews*, Seventy, or Two more in Number, as the *Tradition* goes. And, being every one Commanded *severally* to *Translate* those *Manuscripts*, which the *Jews* esteem'd the *Oracles* of God, without conversing with, or seeing each other; 'tis said, their *Versions* all agree'd to a *Syllable*.

This is the Story of the *Jews*, and seems to be Credited by the *Christians*: Yet some have found many Errors and Incongruities, in that *Celebrated Copy*. And, 'tis easy for an Impartial Eye, especially in the Head of an *Oriental*, to spy many more.

But the *Latin*, which they call the *Vulgar Translation*, is full of Mistakes. And the Pretended *Saint* who made it, should have gone farther than *Palestine*, for his Intelligence in *Ancient Hebrew*. His Name (if I mistake not) was *Hieronimus*. He pass'd many Years, in a *Cell* near the suppos'd *Tomb* of the *Christians Messiah*, in the *Holy Land*: Where, they say, he was *Inspir'd* with the *Knowledge* of *Hebrew*; and from thence, ventur'd upon a *Translation* of the *Old Testament*.

Thou wilt not expect a *Certificate* of these Things from *Mahmut*, who only tells thee what he has read in *Christian Authors*, whom they call the *Historians* of their *Church*.

But,

But, I can assure thee, 'twas no *Spirit* of the *East*, assisted this *Ecclesiastick* in his *Version*. For, he comes far short of rightly rendering the *Lofty Hyperboles*, *Apposite Similitudes*, *Elegant Figures*, and other *Ornaments* of *Speech*, peculiar to the *Writings* of those, who first see the *Rising Sun*. Such are all those, penn'd in the *East*: From which we must not exclude the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and the *Rest* of the *Hebrew Prophets*, *Poets*, *Historians* and *Philosophers*. Of these does the *Old Testament* consist; except one *Book*, writ by my *Coutryman Job*, who *Five Times* foil'd the *Devil*, in so many *set Combats* before *God*.

What shall I say then, of the *Translations* that have been made of their *Bible* in other *Languages*, not so *Copious* and *Significant* as the *Latin*?

Since the *Division* arose, between the *Roman-Catholicks* and *Protestants*, their *Bible* has been taught to speak the *Dialect* of all or most *Nations* in *Europe*. Yet, such is the *Unhappiness* of the *Franks*, that the more they tamper with the *Language* of *Great Purity*, the worse they succeed. Which has occasion'd some *Learned Men*, as I am inform'd, to mark above a *Thousand Faults*, in the *Last French Version* of that *Mysterious Book*.

What *Room* will they leave for the *Censures* of the *Mussulmans*, if the *Christians* themselves are thus *Critical*, upon the *Grand Patent* of their *Salvation*?

It would be an *endless Task*, to recount
all

all the Errors that may be discern'd in the Various *Traducts* of the *Bible*, by any Man that has Convers'd in the *East*. Neither will I entrench on thy Patience, to gain the *Character* of a *Critic*.

Permit me to glance only on the *Psalter*, or the *Odes* of *Sultan David*. How flat and dull are the *Measures* of the *Christian Translators*? How low have they sunk the Sence of that *Royal Poet*? He never begun to warble forth any of those *Divine Songs*, till first Inspired by a *Seraph*, whom he had lur'd down from *Paradise*, by the Melody of his *Harp*. That *Seraph*, was *Master* of the *Musick* Above, as the *Hebrew Doctors* teach. Every Time *David* play'd on his *Instrument*, *Ariel* (for so was the *Spirit* call'd) made his Descent, and sung with a Grace which cannot be express'd. The *Docile Poet*, soon learn'd both his Notes and Words. Seven Hundred Times, *David* touch'd his Harmonious Strings, and so often the *Angel* stood by him with the *Book* of the *Quire*. He taught him Seven Hundred *Sonnets*, that are Chanted by the *Lovers* in *Paradise*. But the *Devil* stole 'em from the *King*, whilst he was gazing on another Man's Wife, bathing her self in an adjoining Garden.

Yet there are above a Hundred *Hymns* remaining, which *David* compos'd by Memory out of the Former. But, some *Sects* among the *Christians*, have turn'd 'em to the *Ballads* of the *Vulgar*.

So have they dealt by that surpassing *Poem* of *Solyman*, taught him by the *Etherial Tu-*

tor of his *Father*. For *Ariel* was enamour'd of One of the *Virgins* of *Paradise*, at the same Time, that *Solyman* enjoy'd *Pharaoh's* Daughter, and had newly built for her a *Seraglio* of *Cedar*. The *Heavenly Lover* therefore, to accommodate himself to the *Passion* of the *Mortal*, taught him One of the *Pastorals* of *Eden*, a *Song* peculiar to his *Own Amour*.

But the *Nazarenes*, have turn'd it to a dry and Insignificant *Allegory*, by their *Glosses*: Putting an *Affront* also upon *Rhetorick* and *Poetry*, in *Wording* their *Translation*.

If I should go on, and number the *Mistakes* they have made in the *Writings* of the *Prophets*, and other *Books* of the *Old Testament*, though it were but in this *General Manner*, I should tire thee out: But to recount the *Particulars*, would be a *Thirteenth Task* for *Hercules*.

Yet after all these *Defaults* of the *Learned*, neither *they* nor the *Ignorant* can be excus'd from *Wilful Blindness*, in shutting their *Eyes* against the *Twilight*, which appears in the *Worst Translation*, and is sufficient to direct any *Man* to the *East*, where *Wisdom* shines in her *Perfect Splendor*.

There are *Expressions* all over the *Scriptures*, which point to the *Laws*, *Customs*, *Habits*, *Diet* and *Manner of Life*, us'd in the *Regions* First Visited by the *Morning-Sun*. These are the same *Now*, as they were of *Old*. And the *Mussulmans* of this *Age*, observe no other *Rule of Life*, but what was practis'd by the *Patriarch Ibrahim*, above *Three Thousand*

land Years ago, and by all the *Faithful* of those *Times*. Our *Marriages*, *Circumcisions*, *Funerals*, *Prayers*, *Washings*, and all other *Ceremonies*, of *Religion* or *Civility*, are the same *Now* as *Then*. There is Nothing added or diminished, save the *Faith* and *Obedience* we owe to *Mahomet*, the *Ambassador* of *God*, and to the *Volume* put into his Hands by *Gabriel*, *Prince of the Divine Messengers*.

Our very *Habits*, and the *Manner* of our *Building*; our *Salutations*, and whole *Address*, are the same at this Day, as the *Scripture* tells us, were in Use in those *Ages* next after the *Flood*, among the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, and among all the *True Believers*, the *Posterity* of *Ibrahim*: Especially the *Descendants* by the *Right Line*, the *Stem* of *Ismael*, the *Eldest Son* of him, who entertain'd *Three Angels* at Once in his *Tent*.

Yet the *Infidels* will not consider it: But persuade themselves, they are the *Only Children* of the *Faithful Ibrahim*; pretending to practise, in I know not what *Figurative Sense*, the *Life* we lead in *Truth*: Cheating themselves with *Empty Symbols*, while we enjoy the *Substance*.

But thou, *Great Successor* of *Ibrahim* and the *Prophets*, vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, That whilst his *Duty* to the *Grand Signior* obliges him to dwell here in the *West*, and to converse with none but *Infidels*, he may still retain the *Faith* of the *East*, the *Devotion* of an *Ismaelite*, and the *Purity* of a *True Believer*. Still crying in his *Heart*, even in the
Temples

Temples of the Infidels; There is but One God, and Mahomet his Messenger.

Paris, 5th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XVII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE Peace agreed on last Year between the Germans and Suedes, is not yet fully establish'd and confirm'd. There has been a Cessation of Arms since that Time. And now the Duke Amalfe, on the Emperor's Side, the Duke of Vandort for the King of France, and he of Ersken for the Crown of Suedeland, are met at Norimbergh, to conclude a Final Ratification of the Articles.

During this Consult, the Swedish Army, are permitted by the Emperour's Agreement, to Quarter up and down in Seven Circles of the Empire, and not to be discharg'd, till all their Arrears are paid at the Cost of the Germans. 'Tis said, it will amount to Three Millions of Sequins. This War has lasted near Thirty Years; in which, above Three Hundred Thousand Men have lost their Lives.

As to the English Affairs, the Prevailing Party there, have declar'd that Ancient Kingdom to be a Free State, and the Monarchy is Abolish'd

Abolish'd by a *Publick Act*. Nevertheless, after *Charles* was beheaded, his Eldest Son was Proclaimed *King*, both in *England* and *Ireland*, by some of the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, that were Friends to that *Royal Family*. And in *Ireland*, a certain great *Duke* appear'd at the Head of a Numerous Army, in Behalf of the Young *King's* Interest, having laid Siege to the *Metropolis* of that *Kingdom*; which, with one other Town, were the only strong Holds, that resisted the *King's* Party. But in the 8th. Moon, the Army which the *English States* had newly sent over to that *Island*, engag'd with the *Forces* of this *Duke*, entirely routed them, killing Two Thousand Men on the Spot, and taking many Thousand Prisoners, with all their Ammunition and Baggage. This being seconded with other Victories, in a short Time, reduc'd that *Kingdom*, under the Obedience of the *English States*.

In the mean Time, I hear no pleasing News from the *Levant*. Vessels daily arrive in the *Havens* of *France*, who confirm each other's Relations, of a Dreadful *Naval Combat*, between Our *Fleet* and that of the *Venetians*; wherein they say, we have lost Seventy Two Gallies, Threescore Merchant-Vessels, and Eighteen Ships of War: That in this Fight, Six Thousand Five Hundred *Mussulmans* have lost their Lives, and near Ten Thousand were taken Prisoners.

I tell thee, these are great Breaches in the *Navy*, which, belonging to the Lord of the *Sea* and *Land*, has assum'd to it self the Epithet

thet of *INVINCIBLE*. These are Blemishes in the Ensigns of high Renown; Reproaches to the *Empire*, which we believe is to subdue All *Nations*. I reflect not on the Courage, or Conduct, of the *Captain Bassa*. Neither am I willing to help forward the Ruine of a Man, who cannot expect to be honour'd with a Vest, a Sword, or any other Marks of the *Sultan's* Favour for his Service in this *Sea-Campagne*. I am Naturally compassionate. 'Tis not in my Praise I speak it; for, I believe this Tendernefs, to be rather a *Vice* of my *Constitution*, than to have any Rank in the *Morals*, much less to be of Kin to the *Family of Vertues*. I pity a Man falling into Disgrace, on whom the *Weather* of the *Seraglio* changes, from which he must expect Nothing but Clouds and Storms. Those Tempests will prove more Fatal to him, than any that ever toss'd his *Fleet* on the *Ruffled Ocean*. In all Probability, he will suffer a Shipwreck of his Fortune, if not of his Life. Therefore, 'tis with extreme Regret, I must say that which may hasten his Fall.

But I am commanded; not to conceal any Intelligence that relates to the Interest of the *Sublime Port*; nor to spare the Son of my Mother, if I know him Guilty of Criminal Practices.

All that I have to lay to the Charge of the *Bassa* of the *Sea*, is, a Private Correspondence which he holds with *Cardinal Mazarini*. This I discover'd by the Assistance of a *Dwarf*; whom I have often mention'd in my

my Letters to the *Grandeess* of the *Port*. I need not repeat to thee, what I have said already to them, of the Birth, Education and *Genius* of *Osmin*, (for, so is the little Spark call'd) nor of the Method I have put him upon, to wind himself into the Secrets of the *Publick Ministers*. Onely thou mayst report to the *Divan*, That this diminutive Man, continues to pursue his Advantages of Access to the Closets of the *French Ministers*, whereof I gave an Account last Year, in a Letter to *Chirurgi Muhammed Bassa*.

Thou mayst assure them also, that when he was Yesterday in the Chamber of *Cardinal Mazarini*, he cast his Eye on a Letter, which lay open on the Table; whilst the *Cardinal* was in earnest Discourse, with an Extraordinary *Courier* from *Rome*. He had not Opportunity to read more than the *Superscription*, and a Line or two of the Matter; which contain'd these Words:

The Mild Commander, The humble Shadow of the Bright Star of the Sea, Bilal Captain Bassa.

To the most *Illustrious Prince* of the *Kingdom* of the *Messiah*, Eminent among the *High Lords* of Holy Honour, the *Sublime Directors* of the *People* of *Jesus*, Assistant to the Chair of *Sovereign Dignity*, the Seat of the *Roman Caliph*, *Julio Mazarini*, *Cardinal*, and our Friend.

E

May

May whose later Days, encrease in
Happiness.

THIS affectionate Letter and Presents,
were deliver'd safe to me, as I lay at
Anchor with the Fleet under my Command,
not far from the Island of Chios. And as
a Mark of my Acknowledgment, and good
Will to thee, and all the Nazarenes; I em-
brac'd in my Arms, the Noble Captain, Sig-
nior Antonio Maratelli, who had the Ho-
nour to be trusted with this Negotiation. I
immediately disrob'd my self, and caus'd
that brave Italian, thy Messenger, to be
vested with my own Garment, as a Pledge
of ———

Before *Osmin* cou'd read farther, the Car-
dinal approach'd the Table, and took up the
Letter, letting fall some Words to the Com-
rier, by which the Dwarf was confirmed in his
Suspicion of the *Bassa's* Perfidiousness, and that
this Letter newly came from him. He posted
immediately to give me an Account of this
Passage; believing it to be, as it is, of great
Import. For, he has a singular Regard for
the Family, which first exterminated the
Greeks from *Constantinople*.

Thou know'st what Use to make of this In-
telligence. I am not Cruelly inclin'd, but
I must do my Duty. The Rest I refer to
thy Prudence.

I will

I will only advertise thee of One farther Remark of *Osmin*; who by comparing what he has seen now, with a Discourse he once before over-heard between *Mazarini* and a French Nobleman, whilst he lay under the Cardinal's Table, (which I have inserted in one of my Letters) concludes, That the *Bassa* there mention'd by the Cardinal, was this same *Bilat Bassa*, who was at the Instance of the *Janizaries*, made *Bassa* of the Sea.

I could not without making my self an Accomplice, conceal so foul an Ingratitude to the *Grand Signior*, and so Villainous a Treason against the *Empire*, which holds the First Rank, among all the *Dominions* on Earth.

Paris, 24th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

E 2 LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

WE have had a violent hot Summer in these Parts, with much Thunder and Lightning; which has done considerable Damage to the Farmers, in burning their Hay and Corn in their Granaries. Complaints arrive here daily from all the Provinces, That Heaven has consum'd their Harvests.

This the Court-Party interpret, as a Judgment on them for their Rebellions; causing it to be iudustriously spread about in all Companies, That Heaven is Angry with the Inhabitants of Guyenne, Bourdeaux, and other Provinces, for taking up Arms this Year against their Sovereign. I know not how far this Censure is Justifiable: But, 'tis observ'd, That the People of these Rebellious Provinces, have received more Apparent and Irreparable Injuries by the Lightning, than those of other Parts. Several Members of the Parliament of Aix, were found dead in their Beds, after a Tempestuous Night of Lightning. And, next Day, the Roof of the House where they Asssembled, fell down and kill'd several.

In the Great Church of Bourdeaux, as they were Celebrating their Mass, a Ball of Fire broke in from behind the Altar, smote down several

several *Images*, and filling the *Church* with an Intolerable Stink, flew out at a Window, without doing any farther Harm. And a great Bank of Money, rais'd by this City to pay their Soldiers, was all melted down by *Lightning*, to the Astonishment of those who saw it; for, it was done in the Day-Time; the *Grandeess* of *Bourdeaux* being present. It would be endless, to recount all the Mischiefs that have been done in those *Parts*. We had no great Harm here, save that almost all the *Wine* in the City, was turn'd to a Kind of *Vinegar* in one Night. Which the *Philosophers* attribute to the Peculiar Energy of *Lightning*; which plays the *Chymist* with this Liqueur, and in a Moment separates and drinks up its Vital Spirits, leaving only a *Mortuum Caput* behind.

The *Season* has been so hot during the *Dog-Days*, that the Air it self seem'd Combustible; and the very Winds, from whence we look'd for Refreshment, were like the Breath of a Stove: All Things seem'd ready to take Fire, as if the *Elements* waited for the *Grand Conflagration*. Heat was the Cry every where. Men's Bodies were scalded with Internal Flames; the Shade of Trees afforded no Relief; the Fountains could not allay their Thirst. All *Nature* seem'd to be in a *Fever*, ready to expire.

Now those Fervors are abated, and we begin to have Frosty Mornings. The Nitrous Air, restores Mens Appetites; Abundance of Rain, has new-moulded the gaping parch'd

Earth, and produc'd a *Second Spring*. The Husbandman comforts himself with the Hopes of *Another Crop* of Hay, to repair the Loss of the *Former*, which the *Lightning* robb'd him of. In the mean Time, the Winds are very busy, in disrobing the Trees, and scattering not only their Leaves, but also the Fruit that is not gather'd, on the Ground; whereby a *Banquet* is prepar'd for the *Hogs* in every *Orchard*, who claim as much Right to feed on what lies on the *Common Table*, as their *Owners*. And 'tis no Unpleasant *Musick*, to hear a Herd of *Swine*, set their Teeth at Work on the Wind-fallen Apples. At least, this Spectacle and Noise, is delightful to me, who have been without Appetite these Three *Moons*, and but just begin to recover my Stomach. I often ride out of *Paris*, on Purpose to take the Country Air, where my Bread tastes more favourily, than in the City. There appears something so Harmless and Innocent in the Faces and Behaviour of the *Rusticks*, as Effectually relieves my *Melancholy*. I cannot discern in them, any Signatures of *Court-Craft* and Villainy. Their Conversation, cheers my Spirits. I love to hear them talk of their *Rural Affairs*. My Eye follows the Ploughmen with Envy. Then I could wish it had been my Lot, to have been bred up in some homely Cottage, where I might have tended Oxen, Sheep or Asses; all which, act Regularly according to their *Nature*: Whereas,
he

he that is the *Servant* of *Princes*, is compell'd to do many Things contrary to his *Reason*; which is the greatest Unhappiness can befall a Man. How sweet is the sleep of the Husbandman by Night, and how void is his Mind of embittering Cares by Day? He rises with the *Lark*, and is as cheerful as that pretty Bird, saluting *Aurora* with a *Song* or a *Lesson* on his *Pipe*. He snuffs up the wholesome and fragrant Dew of the Morning, as he walks over his Lands. He beholds with Admiration and Pleasure, the Gilded Clouds and Tops of Mountains, when the *Sun* comes forth of his *Bed-Chamber* in the *East*. He spurs himself on to his daily Labour, by the Example of that Active *Planet*, following his Work with Content and Joy. His Food is Pleasant both in his Mouth and his Belly; he feels no after-Pangs through Satiety; but well refresh'd and nourish'd with his Homely Diet, he lies down with the Lamb, and sleeps in Peace, never dreaming of *State-Intrigues*, or the *Plots* of the *Mighty*. Thus he passes his Life, in a Circle of Delights.

Tell me, Dear *Hali*, are not these proper Objects of Envy, to a Man in my Circumstances? Or, can't thou blame *Adamant*, who has neither Health of Body, nor Peace of Mind, for wishing himself in a Condition, which would entitle him to both? I am entangled in a Thousand Snares: My Employment is a Perfect Riddle. I must say and unsay the same Things, as often

as Occasion requires. I must tell an Hundred Lyes, swear and forswear my self every Hour, if the Interest of the *Grand Signior* be at Stake. I must be a *Mahometan*, *Christian*, *Jew* or any Thing that will serve a Turn; Dissemble with God and Man, Blaspheme the *Prophets*, Curse the *True Believers*, and my self too, rather than baulk the Cause I am engag'd in. And yet, all this while they will perswade me, I am a Good Man, and shall go to *Paradise*. As if the *Musti's* Dispensation, were available to cancel the Express, Positive Law of God! Do they think to amuse me with such Umbrages, and send me muzzl'd to *Hell* with my Eyes open? I tell thee, I have a *Conscience*, and such a *Conscience*, as will not let me be at Rest in this Manner of Life. It were better to die, than to live stain'd with so many Prevarications. I know not what to do, amidst so many Terrors: I feel my Body decay apace, and hastening towards its Dissolution; What will become of me, if I should die under the Burthen of so many Sins? What Answer shall I be able to make, to the *Two Inquisitors* of the *Grave*, the *Angels* who shall Examine me, Who is my God? and, Who is my Prophet? and, What is my Faith? The Darkness of that *Region of Shadows*, will not be sufficient to hide my Blushes, and the Confusion I shall be in at so pressing a Tryal.

All my Comfort is, that I have yet Friends left, to whom I may freely vent my Thoughts, and ask their Counsel.

If

If thou hast any Remains, of that Friendship that has been between us, weigh my Case thoroughly, and tell me, Whether I am not lost for Ever, without a Change of Life? Flatter me not, neither use the Artifices of Civility, in palliating my Crimes. But, search my Wounds, and give me thy Advice without a Veil; and *Mahmut* shall esteem thee, the *Physician* of his *Soul*.

Paris, 24th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XIX.

To Kenan Bassa, Chief Treasurer to
his Highness at Constantinople.

IF I have not addressed to thee before, attribute it to my Ignorance of thy *Quality* and *Person*. As soon as I heard of thy Advancement to this *Important Trust*, I resolv'd to salute thee, as becomes a *Slave* in my Post, and to wish thee all the Happiness thou canst desire. Yet, when I congratulate thy *Rise*, remember, I do but welcome thee to a *Precipice*, a meer *Pinnacle of Fortune*, where thou hast no Reason to expect secure Footing. The Blast of an Envious Mouth, will make thee totter. Thou breathest in an *Element*, full of *Tempests*. The sly Practices of a *Ri-*

ual, may undermine thee; or, the more open
Crowns of thy *Sovereign*, may cast thee down.
Thou art ever liable to the Malice of the Vulgar,
and not a little in Danger of thy own Weakness,
the Inseparable Companion of Humanity. If
thou shouldst once look with Disdain on
those that are beneath thee, the vast Distance
and Height of the Prospect, may make thee
Giddy. Therefore, it will be good for thee,
to have thy Eyes always fixt on thy self. That
will prove the best *Chart*, by which to steer
thy Course, through the Rocks and Sands,
which on all Hands threaten the Life of a
Courtier. It will not be amiss also, to place
before thee, the Examples of Wise Men, thy
Predecessors. There is a greater Force in these,
than in the best Counsels; because, Matter
of Fact, leaves no Room for Distrust: Where-
as, Men are Naturally jealous of those who
pretend to instruct them. We are all fond
of our own Reason and Judgment; and are
apt to suspect him of some Design, who seeks
to persuade us, though to our Good. Be-
sides, there is a *Species of Pride*, a *Punctilio*
of Honour in *Mortals*, which will hardly per-
mit us to yield our selves in a Condition, to
need anothers Advice: Whence comes the
Arabian Proverb, which says, *A Man pro-
fits more by the Sight of an Idiot, than by the
Orations of the Learned*. We all love to
make our own Experiments, and sooner trust
any Sence than our Ears. Therefore, the
Lacedemonians caused their *Slaves* to be made
drunk in the Presence of their Children; that
from

from the *Squalidness* of the *Spectacle*, they might conceive a Hatred against that Vice, which by all the *Instructions* in the World, they would never learn to abhor.

The Crimes of some in thy *Station*, have more of Sobriety in them, but less Honesty. Wonder not at the Expression, nor accuse me of Impudence. I reflect only on the *Wicked*: Number not thy self among them.

Thou knowest, it has been an Ancient Custom for our Renowned *Emperors*, to divert themselves at certain Times, with the Sight of their *Inestimable Treasury*. I am no Stranger to the Ceremonies used at such Times. One would think it impossible, amidst so much Caution, that the *Grand Signior* should be defrauded of the least Part of his Wealth. I do not speak of the *Chamber of Arms*, or those others which make up the *Imperial Wardrobe*. The Bulk and Weight of those Rich Velvet *Broccades*, and other Furniture of Gold and Silver, discourages the Theft. But who can number the *Robberies* that have been committed among the *Jewels*, and *Invaluable Rarities* of the *Mysterious Closet*? It has been found easy to conceal and transport from thence, whole Beds of Diamonds and Chains of Pearl, undiscovered, I will not say unsuspected, at the Times when *Anakdar-Agash* gives *Three Knocks*, on the Cabinet of the *Key*.

These are Hours of Munificence and Royal Bounty, when the *August Lord* of the *Mines*, is pleas'd to gratifie his *Slaves* with Gifts, and
make

make them sensible they serve Him, who commands this *Upper World*, and that *Underneath*.

No Prince can discommend this Domestick Sport of our *Sovereign*, when he makes his *Pages* scramble for *Diamonds* and *Rubies*; since it gives him a Taste of his own *Humanity*. Nothing being more agreeable, in Cases on this Side of *Amorous Jealousy*, than to let others partake of our Pleasures. And, 'tis the peculiar Delight of *Kings*, sometimes to lay aside their State and Grandeur, to be familiar with their Attendants; making them their Companions, or at least, their *Proxies* in many Enjoyments.

But, 'tis Pity this Favour should be abused, as it has been in the Instance I mention'd. Thou art no Stranger to the *Records* of the *Hafna*, which tell us, That when *Selep Chian-Bassa*, was made *Chief Treasurer* in the Reign of *Sultan Mustapha*, the Lucre of the Glittering Jewels had tempted him to defraud his Master, to the Value of Five Hundred Thousand *Sequins*. Which, upon the Information of Three *Pages*, and a diligent Search, were found in his Trunks.

It has been whisper'd also, That few have enjoyed that Office, who have not purloyn'd Something from the *Imperial Coffers*. They say, 'tis an Hereditary Theft, deliver'd by Tradition from one to another. Every *Hafnadarbassi* being advanc'd to that Honour, by the Recommendation of his *Predecessor*, for the Service he has done him in conniving

at

at these Practices, which cannot be hid from any of the *Sixty* who Guard the *Royal Wealth*.

Thou canst not blame me, for putting thee in Mind of these Things; in Regard I am commanded, to write with all Freedom to the *Sublime Ministers*, whatever concerns the Interest of Our *Great Master*.

I have no more to say, but to desire thee, in transmitting what Money is appointed for me, to be Timely and Punctual; to send *Duplicates* by different *Posts*, that it one should miscarry, I may not be at a Loss: For, there is no Credit for a *Mussulman* in *Paris*. *Eliachim* would supply me with what may suffice a *Dervich*; but, it belongs to thee to take Care, that I want not what is requisite for an *Agent* of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 22d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Unwillingly Concluded my last Letter, before I had vented Half my Thoughts on those *Oriental* Subjects, so full of Instruction and Pleasure. Thy *Journal* is become my Pocket-Companion. I carry it with me to the *Gardens* and *Solitudes*, and even to the *Libraries*, and *Churches*: To which Last, I am obliged to go sometimes, That I may avoid Suspicion.

The *Christians*, when they enter the most Delightful *Gardens* of *Paris*, spend their Time, and weary themselves, in walking forward and backward. They will measure Several Leagues, in traversing one *Alley*: Which vain Custom, thou knowest, is contrary to the Practice of the *Eastern* People, who love to solace themselves, in sitting still under the cool Shades, and feeding their Eyes with the Grateful Verdure of Trees, their Noses with the frequent Smell of Herbs and Flowers, and their Ears with the pretty Melody of the Birds: All which, serve as Helps to their Contemplation.

After this Manner, I many Times pass away some Hours in the *Gardens* of this City, whereof there are great Plenty. And, when I am cloy'd with the forementioned Pleasures, then I take out thy *Journal*, and fall to Reading;

ing ; which winds up my Thoughts afresh, like a Watch that is down. Nay, it opens new Sources of Contemplation, and serves as a Miraculous *Talisman*, to bring *China*, *India*, and all the *East*, into the Place where I am ; so Lively and Natural, are thy Discourses of those *Parts*.

When I am in the *Churches*, it serves me instead of a *Prayer-Book* : And, whilst Others are babbling over they know not what, or, at least, they care not what ; I offer up to God the *First Fruit* of my Reason and Knowledge, which he has given me to distinguish me from all Sorts of Beasts ; whether in Humane Shape, or not.

When I go to the *Libraries*, I compare thy *Journal* with the *Writings* of Others who treat of the same Matters ; and find, that thou agreeest with some, correctest the Mistakes of others, and in all, shewest a *Genius* elevated above all others of the Common *Historians* and *Travellers*, who seek rather to amuse the Reader with uncouth Stories and Adventures, than to Instruct him with what is really Useful and Profitable.

Thus thy *Journal*, is become the Companion of my Solitudes, the Object of my Studies, and the Help to my Devotions Abroad ; and, it is no less, the Diversion of my Retirement and Melancholy at Home. I am a great Admirer of *Antiquity* : And therefore an old Craggy Rock, o'er-grown with Moss, and full of gaping *Chasms*, is a more agreeable Sight to me, than the Flow'ry Meadows or Verdant

Verdant Groves; because the *Former*, looks like a *Relique* of the *Primitive Chaos*; whereas, I know the *Latter*, to be only the Product of the *Last Spring*. 'Tis for this Reason, thy *Narrative* affords me so vast a Delight, because it treats of the most Ancient *Kingdoms* and *Governments*, in the *World*: And is not stuffed, with *Chimera's* and *Fables*, as most *Relations* of those Countries are; but, gives a sincere and true Account of whatever is Considerable, without touching on Impertinencies.

But, above all, I am delighted with that Part, which relates thy *Travels* in *China*: That Country, being of so vast an Extent, so Rich, so Populous; the People so Industrious, Learned and Politick (besides the *Antiquity* of their *Empire*, which cannot in that Point be matched by any *Government* under the *Heavens*;) that the exact Knowledge of these Things, seems to me of greater Moment, than any other Discoveries whatsoever.

What thou sayest of the *Chinese* Letters and Words, shews, that thou hast made some Inspection into that *Language*. And, thy Remarks on the long *Succession* and *Series* of their *Kings*, is an Argument, That thou art no Stranger to their *Chronology*, which takes in many Thousands of Years before *Nah's Flood*. Thou art very exact in enumerating their Publick *Tribunals* and *Courts* of *Justice*; as also, in describing some Remarkable *Bridges*, *Temples*, *Palaces*, and other Structures:

Structures: Which serves to give the Reader a true *Idea*, of the Magnificence and Grandeur of the *Chinese Emperors*; and of the Ingenuity of the *People*, who seem to excel all others in *Arts and Sciences*. In a Word, it is evident, That thou didst not pass thy Time with thy Arms folded, whilst thou wert in that *Kingdom*. And, I know not how better to express the Esteem I have for thee, on the Account of the Pains thou hast taken, to Inform both thy self and me in Matters of so great Importance, than by giving thee an Account of what Progress the *Tartars* have made in the Conquest of that *Empire*, since thy Return to *Constantinople*. In my Last, I acquainted thee, with the Coronation of the *Tartar-King* at *Pekin*. Since which, Other Vessels are arrived from those *Parts*, which bring an Account, that the Young *Tartarian Conquerour*, soon pushed forward his Victories. And marching with an Army into *Corea*, (which *Kingdom*, thou knowest, borders on *China*) the King of that *Country*, made his Submissions; and entering into a League with *Zunchi*, held his *Crown* in Fee of that Victorious *Emperour*.

Afterwards, he hastened to subdue the *Provinces* which remained Unconquered. His Method in accomplishing this Great Work, was by swift Marches, like another *Alexander the Great*; and by laying Siege to the Principal City of a *Province*, which he never failed, either to take by Force, or compelled to surrender, that so they might escape Fa-
mine.

mine. And when this was done, he took Possession, both of it and the whole *Province*, summoning the Cities of Lesser Note to surrender; which they seldom refused, after they had beheld the *Fate* of the First. Thus in a little Time, he became *Master* of all that spacious *Empire*.

The Fame of his Success, quickly brought Innumerable *Tartars* out of their *Native Country*, to follow the Fortune of their *Emperor*. To these he gave the *Chief Offices* of his *Army*, and continued the *Chineses* in the Administration of *Civil Affairs*. And, as a Token of their Subjection, he commanded all the *Chineses*, to cut their Hair short, and to Cloath themselves after the Fashion of the *Tartars*.

They give a High Character of this Young *Prince*, who amidst so many Successes and Triumphs, discovers not the least vain Glory, but contains himself within the Bounds of a vertuous Moderation, ascribes all to the *Decrees* of *Destiny*, and, is not in the least puffed up, with any of his Glorious Actions; which is an Argument, of a Spirit truly Heroick. And yet, this *Prince* is an *Idolater*, as are all the *Tartars* of that Nation; or rather, they are Men of no *Religion*, which makes their *Morals* the more admirable. For, according to the Relation of those who came last from *China*, the *Tartars* are a very Temperate and Continent People, abhorring those Vices, which are but too common in other Parts of the World, and from which the *True Believers*

Believers them selves are not Free. They are Rigorously Just also, and punish all Manner of Fraud and Deceit, with Immediate Death. As for their Conduct and Courage in the Wars, there is no *Nation* surpasses them, Few are their equals. They are Passionate Lovers of an Active Life, spending most of their Time on Horse-back, either in Hunting Wild Beasts, or fighting with their Enemies. And their Horses are the best and most Courageous in the World. There is Nothing the *Tartars* so much despise, as the Sedentary Life of *Students* and Learned Men; accounting them, the Burden of a *Common-Wealth*, Lazy Drones, -fit only to be sold for Slaves. But Men of Service and Merit in the Wars, they have in great Esteem; never failing, to reward such with Dignities and Commands, proportionable to their Deserts and Capacities. Nay, such is the Martial *Genius* of this Nation, That the very Women Ride to the Wars with the Men, and perform Exploits above what is expected from that soft and delicate Sex. Both Men and Women, are habituated from their Infancy, to live in Tents or Waggon, there being very few Cities in all *Tartary*. There they are inur'd to Hunger, Cold, Thirst, and all the Methods of a Frugal and Hardy Life. This is that, which renders them Excellent Souldiers, and a Terroure to all the Nations round about them. This is that, which so soon Reduced all *China* to their Obedience; the *Chineses*, among all their Vertues and Accomplishments, being the most Effeminate

Effeminate People on Earth. This, no doubt, thou hast observed.

Brother, I advise thee, to go to *Kerker Hassan, Bassa*, our Countryman, and present to him these Observations on the *Tartars*; which thou mayst easily do, by transcribing what is for thy turn, out of this Letter. He Inherits his Fathers *Genius*; who, thou knowest, was one of the Greatest *Hunters* in all *Arabia*, and had a Character, not much different from what I have here given thee of the *Tartars*. That *Bassa*, will take great Delight in these *Memoirs*, and will think himself obliged, to make thee some proper Acknowledgment. He is Generous and Great, and it lies in his Power to promote thee. I have writ to him already, and have given him an *Encomium* of thy Ability. I will second it with another Letter, in Answer to one I lately receiv'd from him, wherein he desires a farther Account of *China*. I will inform him therefore, of several Passages out of thy *Journal*. He, no doubt, to make a farther Tryal of thy Knowledge, will ask thee several Questions, relating to these Matters. So shalt thou have a fair Opportunity, of rendering thy self Conspicuous, and of gaining his Esteem. Follow my Advice; take Time by the Fore-Lock, and the Event shall prove Happy.

Paris, 8th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LET

LETTER XXI.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

I Received thy Commands, and am proud of the Honour thou hast done me, in requiring the smallest Service at my Hands; especially, one of this Nature: Which is an Argument, that my Former Relation of *China*, was acceptable to thee. This I account my Honour and Happiness, that I have a Brother, who has made such considerable Improvements in his *Travels*: For, 'tis to him, I owe the Knowledge I have of that Country, and the other *Parts* of the *East*. As for my Cousin *Isof*, he would never vouchsafe to send me a Syllable, relating to his *Travels*, though he had rambled through-out all *Asia*.

I desired this Favour of him in several Letters, but have receiv'd no Answer; so that I know not, whether he be Dead or Alive. My Friends are very backward in writing to me: And, unless it be some of the *Ministers* of *State*, who sometimes honour me with a *Dispatch*, though very rarely, I hardly receive a Letter from my familiar Friends and Relations in Twenty *Moons*. Which makes me conclude, that Absence of so long a Date, has quite blotted me out of their Minds.

As to what thou desirest farther to know concerning *China*, my Brother says, That
Empire

Empire contains 4400 wall'd Towns and Cities; 3000 Castles and Towers of Defence on the Frontiers, wherein are always Garrisoned a Million of Souldiers, who are relieved at due Times, by others of equal Number. There are a Million also constantly kept in Pay, to guard the *Governours* of *Provinces*, *Embassadors*, and other *Officers* of *State*. The *Emperour* of *China*, maintaining Five Hundred Thousand Horse, to attend his Person. All this is, in Time of *Peace*. But, upon any *Revolt* or *Invasion*, the Forces are Innumerable. There are in *China* 331 Bridges, Remarkable for their Strength and Magnificence, beyond all others in the World. 2099 Mountains; Lakes and Medicinal Fountains 1472; 1159 Triumphant Arches and other Monuments, erected in Honour of Valiant and Learned Men; 272 Libraries, abounding with all Manner of Excellent Books. *Temples* 300000, and as many *Priests*, besides the *Convents* of their *Religions*. They reverence 3036 Male-Saints, and 208 Female. All which have *Temples* dedicated to their Honour, besides those which are consecrated to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, and to the *Heavens* which comprehend All, and to the *Celestial Gods* who rule All, and to the *Supreme God*, Creator of the *Worlds*. In these *Temples*, they celebrate the Prailes of their *Gods* and *Heroes*, with Musick and Songs, Incense and Sacrifices; believing, that all Things which are conspicuous for the Excellency of their Nature, or from which

which Mankind receives any General or Extraordinary Benefit, ought to be worshipped with *Divine Honours*. In this, they differ not from the Ancient *Pagans of Greece and Rome*, who had almost as Many Gods and Goddesses, as there were several Creatures in the World; so that there was no Beginning nor Ending of their Superstitions: And, the most Learned, and Contemplative of their *Priests*, found the *Ceremonies* of their Religion, to be an Inextricable Labyrinth, where they were often lost. Certainly, happy are the *Faithful Mussulmans*, who Adore but One God, the Fountain of the Universe, without entangling themselves, in the Absurdities of *Infidels*.

The *Chinenses*, are great Admirers of Themselves, and their Own Nation; believing, that no People can stand in Competition with them, for Learning, Wisdom and Riches. They have a very contemptible Idea of all other Countries, with their Inhabitants; Esteeming them, either as *Idiots*, or *Monsters*.

This Conceitedness, is owing to their Ignorance of the Rest of the World; for, they seldom or never, travel beyond the Limits of their own Empire.

I could say a great Deal more of this People; but, it will be better for thee, to hear it from my Brother, who has been there, and can give thee ample Satisfaction in all Things, relating to that Empire. I have wrote to him, to go and kiss the Dust before thy Feet. If thou makest Tryal of his Abilities, thou wilt

wilt find him improved by his Travels, a Man fit for Business, and one in whom thou mayst confide; Which is a Vertue, never enough to be prized in these corrupt Times.

In these Things however, mingle thy own Discretion, with the Kindness of a Country-Man, and the Affection of a Friend.

Paris, 8th of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1649.

LETTER XXII.

To Chornezan Bassa.

WERE *Ovid* alive, the Events of this Year, wou'd afford him Matter for *New Fictions*. He would either tell us, that the Goddess of Love had set a Spell upon *Mars*, and charm'd him into Good Nature; or, that he had drank so large a Draught of *Nepenthe*, as had made him forget his Old Trade, of embroiling *Mortals* in Wars. However it be, *Hymen* seems to have the greatest Share in this Years Actions. For, instead of Battels and Sieges, the *Nazarena Princes* have been engaged in Encounters of a Softer Character, the Gentle Affairs of Love and Marriage.

In the First Moon, the New King of Poland, whom they call *John Casimir*, Married the Widow of his Deceased Brother. In the Ninth

Ninth, the Prince of Hanault, Espous'd the Duke of Hesse's Daughter. And the last Moon was Remarkable for Two Matches; One of the King of Spain with *Anna Maria*, the German Emperor's Daughter; the Other, of the Duke of Mantua, with *Isabella Clara of Austria*.

These are all brushing forward in the Crowd of the Living; they are busy in augmenting the Generations of Men: Whilst others of as High Blood, are gone to encrease the Number of the Dead; being enroll'd amongst the Ghosts, and made Denizens in the Region of Shadows.

The Empress of Germany, died in the Fifth Moon. The Duke of Braganza, in the Ninth. The Dutchess of Modena, in the Eighth. And a certain German Prince, whose Name I have forgot, died in the Moon of October. Besides these, Death has also Arrested *Ossalmiski*, the Great Chancellor of Poland; *Wrangel*, General of the Swedish Army; *Frederick*, the German Ambassador at Rome; *Ferdinand*, Elector of Cologne; and the Vice-Roy of Bohemia, who was by his Enemies thrown out of a Window, and had his Brains dash'd out. So that tho' *Mars* may have seem'd to lie Dormant this Year, yet his Companion in Mischief, Old *Saturn*, has been very Active, as the *Astrologers* say, who attribute all Events, to the Influence of the Stars. Some are also of Opinion, that the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon this Year, were Prefages of the Death of these Great Persons. They might as well plead,

F

That

That the Daily *Rising* and *Setting* of those *Luminaries*, Portended all the Tragical Events that happen'd on Earth; since it is not more *Natural* for them, to continue Unalterably Moving from *East* to *West*, than it is for them to be Obscur'd, at certain determin'd Stations, in their Journey, by *Interpositions* which happen of Course.

We are Strangers to the *Chronologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indian Gentiles*. Neither can any good Account be now given, of the Ancient *Egyptian* and *Assyrian Records*. They run many *Ages* back, beyond the Common *Epocha*, of the *Beginning* of the *World*.

But the whole *System* of *Known History*, relates but Two *Extraordinary* or *Preternatural* Changes in the *Course* of the *Sun*, during these Six Thousand Years.

One, when that *Luminary* stood still in the Time of *Jehoshua*, General of the *Israelites*, to serve the *Ends* of *Destiny*, and prolong the *Light* of the *Day* to a double *Proportion*, till the *Opposite Army* was quite destroy'd, and not one of the *Uncircumcis'd* could escape the *Swords* of the *Victorious Sons* of *Jacob*.

That *Day* prov'd a long *Night* to their *Antipodes*. They turn'd themselves in their *Beds*, when they had out-slept the *Usual Hours* of *Night*, and said in their *Hearts*, Surely the *Sun* is fall'n *Asleep*, or is *Banqueting* with the *Gods* of the *Sea*. Perhaps *Thetis* detains him in her *Embraces*, whilst the *Tritons* fasten his *Slumbers* with their softest *Musick*: Or *Neptune*
regales

regales him in the Palaces of the Deep. Thus the Disconsolate Nations argue in their Chambers. They were alarm'd with Fears of Unknown Events.

Such as dwelt on the Borders of the Earth, and were accustom'd to mark the constant Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea, admir'd the Delay of the Usual Tides, and ask'd, *What what was become of the Moon?* for, that Planet also, stood still with the Sun.

The Light of their Souls was Eclips'd, and their Reason labour'd under a greater Darkeness, than that which troubl'd their Eyes. They were Ignorant of the Works of God; and knew not, that the Celestial Orbs stood still at the Command of the Spirit which formed them; even at the Word of the Prophet Inspir'd from Above.

So in the Days of Hezekiah, King of the Jews, the Sun went back in his Circuit, and all the Frame of Heaven was Retrograde, to confirm the Prophet's Good News, when he told the Sick King, *That Fate had prolong'd his Life for Fifteen Years.* This was in the Days of Merodach Baladan, the King of Babylon, who sent Ambassadors to congratulate Hezekiah's Miraculous Recovery.

Besides these, nothing has happen'd to the Sun, or any of the Heavenly Bodies, beyond the Ordinary Course of Nature. A Man may as well Prognosticate from Cloudy Weather, the Calamities of Emperors and Meaner Men, as from the Eclipses of the Sun and Moon: Since, the One as well as the Other, obscures the Light

or those *Heavenly Bodies*: And the *Former*, quite hides them from Us; which is the greater Eclipse of the Two.

Let us pray *Heaven*, to grant us the continual Use of our *Senses*, and not to Eclipse the Light of our *Reason*; and we need fear no *Disasters*, from the Common *Appearances* of *Nature*.

Paris, 7th. of the Moon Chaban,
of the Year 1649.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. IV.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

*To Muhammed Eremit, Inhabitant
of the Prophetick Cave, in Arabia
the Happy.*

Pardon my Importunity, if I this once
trouble thee with an Address of Scrup-
les, begging thy Counsel in the Af-
fairs of my *Soul*. I seem to my self
as a Traveller lost in a Wilderness of Doubts
and Uncertainties, without Guide or Conduct.
Not that I question the Truth of our *Holy Re-*
ligion,

ligion, or mistrust the *Authority* of the *Sent* of *God*. Certainly, I revere the *Book* of *Glory*, whose *Sacred Versicles*, are transcribed on my Heart. But, there is wanting to every Man, a particular Conduct in the Intricacies of this Life. I have not the Art of applying the General Precepts of the *Law*, to my Own Personal Occasions and Necessities. Infinite Difficulties arise from my daily Affairs. My Conversation with *Infidels*, and the Duty I owe my *Great Master*, entangle my Conscience. I am embarrassed on all Hands; and whilst I study to conserve Purity, I find my self still defiled.

I am no *Heretick*, nor in the Number of those who are *Predestinated* to be *Damned*, for the Injurious Love they bear to *Hali*; Injurious, I say, because it derogates from the Honour they owe to *Omar*, *Osman* and *Ebu-becher*, the True Successors of the *Apostle* of *God*.

As I firmly believe the *Alcoran*, so I give an entire Faith to the *Book* of *Assonab*, or the *Agreement* of the *Wise*; with the *Writings* of the Four Principal *Imaums*, *Haniff*, *Schafi*, *Melechi* and *Hambeli*. And I am resigned to the *Sentence* of the *Musli*, as our *Fathers* were of *Old*, to the *Oraculous* Determinations of the *Babylonion Califfs*. I Curse the *Kyzil-baschi* with as much Devotion, as I pray for the Health and Felicity of *True Believers*. I spit at the Naming of them, who deny the *Chapter* of the *Covering*, and the *Versicles* brought down by the *Squire* of *Gabriel*, in Honour

Honour of the *Prophet's* Wife. I never lifted up my Hand against any who descended from the *Divine Messenger*. And if in my Passion, I have ever Curs'd a *Mussulman*, I took of the Dust under his Feet, and laid it on my Lips, before the Shadow of the Sun had advanc'd a Hairs-Breadth; and so I hindred the swift *Recorder* of our Words, from Registering the Imprecation. For, that Dust, I believe, has Power to blot out the Memorials, of our Evil Words and Works.

When I meet a *Santone*, or one of those Divinely Mad, I put in Practice the Lesson of *Orchanes*; and honouring the *Holy Frantick*, I fall down and Adore *Vertue*, in that Contemptible Disguise.

I neglect none of the *Purifications*, Com-manded by Our *Holy Lawgiver*; but rather add those, that we *Arabians* have received by Tradition from our *Fathers*, the Sons of *Is-mael*: Yet, I hope, in Case of Neglect, some Indulgence is allowable to a *Mussulman*, in a Country of *Infidels*. I use the *Washing* of *Abdest* at all Times in my Chamber, where no Curious Eye can observe my Cleanliness; or Suspicious Apprehension, draw Conclusions of my being a *Mahometan*. But I cannot thus practise the *Washing* of *Taharet*; there being not such Conveniences for that Purpose in *Paris*, as in *Constantinople*. Yet, I am careful to supply this Want, by other Methods of Purity; otherwise, I should be an Abomination to my self. There is no Necessity, that I should frequent the *Bath*, who never touch-

ed a Woman: Yet, I often go into the River, taking a Boat with me for that End, and causing my self to be rowed half a League from the City, where in a little Bay or Creek, I wash my whole Body, that I may do something beyond the Obligations of the *Law*, to expiate the Involuntary Breaches of my Duty. Yet, after all this, I cannot call my self *Clean*.

I Pray at the Appointed Hours; Or, at least, if the Affairs of my *Commission* hinder me from complying with the *Law*, as to the exact Times of the Day, I atone for that Neglect, by *Watching* the greatest Part of the Night. And, to the *Oraisons* appointed by *Authority*, I add *Supernumerary Prayers* of my own, to evidence the *Sincerity* of my *Devotion*.

I Fast, and give *Alms*, according to my Ability. I bestow much Time, in Reading and Meditating on the *Alcoran*. In a word, I do all that my Reason tells me is Necessary, to render me a Good *Mussulman*; and yet, I have no Peace in my Mind. Methinks, I see Our *Holy Prophet* frowning his Brows at me, and darting angry Looks from his *Paradise*. He seems to reproach me with Uncleannefs and Infidelity. By Day my Imagination troubles me; and at Night, I am Terrify'd with Fearful Dreams. Which makes me conclude, That notwithstanding all my Obedience to the *Law*, and the strictest Care I take, to acquit my self a *True Believer*, yet I am far short of my Aim; and therefore, I number my self with those, with whom God is displeased.

It

It is impossible to express the Horror, which this Thought creates in me. I am overwhelmed sometimes, with Melancholy and Despair. And, because I am forc'd to keep my Grief to my self, without having the Privilege of Venting it to a Bosom Friend, it is ready to burst my Heart.

This is my Condition at Certain Seasons; which I esteem as bad, or worse, than those who are Doom'd to *Aaraf*. For as they cannot enjoy the Felicities of *Paradise*, so they are secured from the Torments of the Damn'd: Whereas, for ought I know, my Portion may be in *Hell*. Wilt thou know how I redress this Evil Temper of Mind, and what Method I take to cure my Melancholy? Receive it not as Flattery, when I tell thee, Thou art my Physician, and the *Idea* of thy Innocent Life, my Medicine. When I have rowl'd over Ten Thousand Thoughts, which afford me no Ease or Relief, no sooner do I fix my Contemplation on the *Solitary* of Mount *Uriel*, but a sudden Beam of Light and Comfort, glances through my Soul. I promise my self greater Satisfaction from thy Advice, than from all the *Imams* and *Mollahs* of the *Empire*.

Tell me therefore, O *Holy* and *Pious* *Eremit*, how I shall dissipate these Mists of Grief and Sadness, which envelop my Mind, and threaten to suffocate my Intellect.

If in this Darkness and Confusion, I should apply my self to the *Disciples* of *Albazan* for Instruction, they will puzzle me with Intri-

cate Niceties, about the *Essence* and *Unity* of *God*: Whereas, I am too much troubled already, with distracting *Speculations*. I seek not to dive into that which is *Incomprehensible*, but to be Instructed in the Plain and Intelligible Way to *Happiness*. What Imports it, Whether *God* be *Good* by his *Goodness*, or by his *Essence*? This is, to throw *Metaphysical* Dust in my Eyes, and so leave me in a worse Condition than they found me.

No better Light, must I expect from the *Mossconderan*: For, if they are strict Observers of the *Law*, so am I, where the *Precepts* are applicable to my Condition and Circumstances. But, I want a Direction in many Emergencies, for which the *Alcoran* seems to have made no Provision, but leaves every Man, to the Conduct of his own Prudence. And, I must confess, I dare not trust mine, in all Cases of this Nature. Besides, instead of Interpreting to me in a plain Style the *Statutes* of the *Law*, they will Confound me with High and Unintelligible Notions of the *Divine Attributes*, which are sufficient to dazle the Intellect of the Brightest *Seraphim*. And, if they could once perswade me to be zealous for their *Speculations*, I might in Time turn such another Religious Fool, as was one of their *Followers*, the Poet *Namisi*, who being wrapt in his profound *Speculations* of the *Divine Unity*, and hearing an *Imam* pronounce the *Sacred Sentence*, *God is One*, gave him the Lye, and told him, That he multiply'd the *Divinity*, in assigning it any *Attribute*, though
it

it were onely that which expressed his *Unity*. For which Impudent Assertion, he was fled Alive.

In as bad a Condition should I be, if I ask'd the Advice of the *Muserin*, those *Infidels* in Masquerade, who under the Disguise of *Mus-sulmans*, deny the *Being* of a *God*, assert all Things to come by Chance, and live without Hope or Faith of Another Life. For, if this were true, that there were no Reward or Punishment of Good or Bad Works, I would either soon make my Way to Earthly Happiness, by not boggling at any Vice that would conduce to that End; Or, if I fail'd in that Attempt, I would not tamely wait for a *Martyrdom* from Men, but bravely rid my self of a Life, which was attended with Nothing but Misery.

Almost as bad as these, are the *Hairer*, those *Mahometan Scepticks*, who dare not trust their own Reason, but are ever Wavering and Irresolute. If I should seek for Instruction at their Hands, they would answer me, *God knows best what I ought to do*, and so leave me in the same Suspence as I was before.

Much Worse are the *Gnaid*, those Morose Interpreters of the *Law of Mercy*, who damn a Man Irrecoverably to *Hell*, for committing one Mortal Sin. This is enough to drive all Mankind to Despair.

Indeed, the *Morals* of the *Sabin* please me, who seem to be perfect *Mahometan Stoicks*, ascribing all Events to *Destiny*, and the *Influence* of the *Stars*. I could willingly embrace the

the Advice of *Philosophers*, who appear so void of Passion; but I could never join with them, in Adoring the Sun, Moon and Constellations of *Heaven*, because the *Alcoran* has expressly forbidden it. And, were there no such Prohibition, my own Reason would convince me, that I ought as well to Adore the Fire for warming me and serving my other Necessities, or the Water for quenching my Thirst and Purifying me, or my own Hands for feeding me, as to pay these Divine Honours to the *Celestial* Bodies; since the one, as well as the other, Act according to their Nature.

In a Word, of all the Innumerable *Sects*, into which the *Mussulman Empire* is divided, I cannot expect entire Satisfaction from any; for, if they appear Orthodox in Some *Tenets*, in Others they are manifestly *Heretical*. Yet, I cannot but set a higher Value on Some, than Others, as their Doctrines and Practices approach nearer to Reason and Truth. For, I am not yet such an *Academick*, as to ask that Mock-Question, *What is Truth*.

Doubtless, our *Fathers* knew it, and the *Messenger of God* was sent to Divulge it on Earth. But, if Ignorance, Superstition and Error have banished it from *Courts* and *Cities*, let us seek it in the *Desarts*. Perhaps we may find this Wanderer among the Rocks and Woods; or, 'tis possible She has sheltered her self in some Den or Cave, as hoping for greater Favour from the Wild Beasts, than from the Society of Men.

If *Truth* be no where to be found Entire, but has divided her self among the Different Religions and *Sects* in the World, then, rather than miss of this *Divine Jewel*, I will search for it in Fragments; and whatsoever is Rational and Pious in any *Sect*, I will embrace, without concerning my self in their Follies and Vices.

After all, the *Munafshi* seem to me, the onely Orthodox and Illuminated of *God*, who declining the private By-Ways of *Schismatics*, walk in the High Road of Pristine Justice and Piety, following the Steps of the *Ancients*, and obeying the Traditions which know no Origin. Among these, thou appearest as another *Pythagoras*; confirming them by thy Example in an Innocent Life; enduring the utmost Severities of Abstinence, rather than be Guilty of shedding the Blood of those Creatures, which the *Great Lord* of All Things Created, to enjoy the Herbage of the Field, and to partake of the Common Blessings of *Nature*, as well as We.

To thee therefore I have Recourse, as to an Oracle. Tell me, O *Sacred Sylvan*, am I not obliged to obey the Inspirations of my *Nature*, or *Better Genius*, which tells me, 'Tis a Butcherly and Inhuman Life, to feed on slaughtered Animals? Did not all those who aim'd at Perfection, among the *Primitive Disciples* of the *Prophet*, abstain from Murdering the Brutes? 'Tis true, the *Messenger of God*, did not positively enjoin Abstinence from *Flesh*; yet he recommended it, as a *Divine Counsel*.
And,

And, those to whom he Indulged the Liberty of Eating it, he ty'd up to certain Conditions. Do not all the *Religious Orders* Preach up *Abstinence*, both in their *Sermons* and *Lives*? I make no longer Doubt, but the Corruption of Manners, and Voluptuousness of Men, are the Causes, that this *Ancient Sobriety* is now disus'd and slighted. My own Experience confirms me in this Opinion, who have often attempted to live in *Abstinence*; but, by the Force of a Voracious Appetite, suffered my self to be carry'd back to my Old Intemperance.

Yet, in Eating Flesh, I have been precisely careful, to observe the Prohibitions of our *Holy Prophet*, so long as it was in my Power. I never *Knowingly* tasted of *Blood*, nor of any Thing *Strangled* or *knocked down*. But, it is Impossible for me to *Assure* my self of this; or that all the Flesh I Eat, was *kill'd*, in Pronouncing that *Tremendous Name* which gave it *Life*. Neither could I Once escape a Necessity, of Eating *Swines Flesh*.

But, I abominate my self for this Involuntary Crime. And, to obviate the like Temptation for the Future, I will taste of Nothing, that has Breath'd the Common Air; being inclined to believe the *Metempsychosis*: Which, if it be true, I wish for no greater Happiness, than that in my Next Change, my *Soul* may pass into the Body of the *Camel*, which shall carry thee to *Mecha*.

Paris, 14th. of the 1st. Mon,
of the Year 1650.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa.

MY Intelligence from the *Imperial Port*, sometimes arrives late; either through the Neglect of *Kisur Dramelec*, to whom that Care is committed, or through the Badness of the Roads, which many Times are Impassable. Besides the frequent Stops and Interceptions of the *Posts*, in this Time of *War*. Which is the Reason, I do not always hear of the *Alterations* at the *Seraglio*, and the *Changes* that are made in the *Governments* of the *Shining Empire*, till many *Moons* are pass'd. Who is exalted, or who made *Mansoul*, are Things to which *Mahmut* is for a Time a great Stranger.

Therefore, thou hast no Reason to be offended, that I am thus late in sending to thee my Congratulatory Address. But rest confident, that I wish thee encrease of Happiness, like the *Sprouting* of the *Palm*.

As a Mark of my Duty and Affection, I shall now acquaint thee with News, which though it may seem of small Import to the *Divan*, yet has startl'd all *Europe*.

It is the Imprisonment of Three of the *French Princes*; not those of the *Ordinary Rank*, but *Branches* of the *Royal Stem*, whose Names are not unknown in the *Seraglio*, the *Residence* of *Fame*. They are, the *Princes* of
Conde

Conde and *Conti*, Brothers, and the *Duke of Longueville*, Husband to their Sister. They are the Principal Subjects in this Nation; all Three, having the *Majestick Blood* of the *Kings of France*, running in their Veins.

They owe their Confinement to *Cardinal Mazarini*, or rather to their own Inartificial Conduct. The *Prince of Conde*, is a *Passionate Man*; and has never learn'd, how to conceal his Resentments. When he first return'd from the Battel of *Lens* in *Flanders*, whereof I formerly gave an Account, the *Insurrection* in *Paris* began. The *Prince* block'd up the City, and promis'd the *Cardinal* (against whom alone all this Storm was rais'd) that he wou'd either bring him back in Triumph to *Paris*, or die in the Attempt. He perform'd his Word; and the *Cardinal* rode through the Streets of *Paris*, in the same Coach with the King, Queen, and all the *Royal Blood* after the Siege was rais'd, and a *Peace* concluded. And the *Prince*, when he alighted out of the Coach, address'd himself thus to the *Cardinal*: Now, Sir, I esteem my self the happiest Man in the World, in that I have been able to perform my Engagement, in bringing Your Eminence back to *Paris*; and that by my Presence, the Hatred which the Multitude have for your Person, was repress'd whilst we pass'd through the Streets.

This too nearly touch'd the *Cardinal*. And indeed the Queen, with all the Rest, were sensible, that the *Prince* had too far over-shot himself, in this last Expression. However, the

Cardinal

Cardinal reply'd in a Kind of Modesty, not wholly void of Choler and Disdain; *Sir, You have not only oblig'd me to that Height, but have done the Kingdom so considerable a Service in this Action, That I fear, neither their Majesties nor my self, shall be ever in a State, to make you answerable Compensation.*

Those who stood by, and heard these interchangeable Discourses, were apt to interpret the *First* for a Reproach, and the *Second* as a Menace. Since it is not unusual for Great Men, to over-value the Services they do their *King and Country*; and for *Princes*, when they cannot duely reward an Eminent Performance, to turn their Gratitude into Hatred.

This is certain, that the *Prince of Conde* has presum'd much, on the Merit of his late Services; and, it was not easy for the *Queen* or the *Cardinal*, to invent such Acknowledgments as he expected. For he imagin'd, they ought to deny him Nothing, who had so often hazarded his Life for their Interest.

It was on this Ground, he thought he had a Right to interpose in a Marriage, which *Mazarini* design'd to make between one of his *Nieces*, and the *Duke of Mercœur*.

This *Duke* is of a *Family*, which has been a long Time at Variance with that of the *Prince of Conde*: And therefore, the *Prince* was jealous lest the *Cardinal*, by the intended *Match*, should fortifie his Interest among the *Prince's* Enemies; and so be in a Condition, not to want his Protection; the onely Thing he was ambitious of. For, cou'd he have once reduc'd

duc'd the *Cardinal* to this Necessity, he himself had been absolute *Master at Court*. Therefore, he oppos'd the *Match*, with all Vigor and Industry. This nettled the *Cardinal*. He complains to the *Queen*, of the *Prince's* Unkindness. She intercedes, and uses her utmost Endeavours, to reconcile the *Prince* to this Marriage. But his Brother, the *Duke of Longueville*, had so possess'd the *Prince* with a Jealousy of the *Cardinal's* Proceedings, that no Arguments cou'd prevail on him, or overcome his fix'd Aversion for *Mazarin's* designed Alliance with the *House of Vendosme* (so they call the Family, from whence the *Duke of Mercœur* is sprung.) He rails at the *Cardinal*, and lampoons him in all Companies. This begets ill Blood in the *Supreme Minister of State*, who secretly resolves the *Prince's* Ruin.

In this, his Policy and Malice, exceeded the petty Revenges of the *Prince*; who being of a frank, open Heart, contented himself with Railleries, and Satyrical Expressions, whilst the *Cardinal* conceal'd his Anger, under the Masque of extraordinary Civilities; returning all the Contempts of the *Prince*, with a Respect, which seem'd to speak much Affection and Devoir.

He has been a long Time tampering with a *Faction*, which goes by the Name of the *Fronteurs*. These were his Enemies, not so much in Hatred of his Person, as out of a Zeal to serve their *Country*, which they imagin'd, was oppress'd under the the Conduct of this *Minister*.

These

These he has lately gain'd over to his *Party*, by representing to them the *Prince of Conde*, as the Author of all those Evils, which they ascrib'd to himself. Whilst at the same Time, he perswaded the *Prince*, that they had some Design against his Person. Thus he artificially blinded both *Parties*, and engag'd them in mutual Revenges; privately animating the *Frondeurs* against the *Prince*, and provoking the *Prince*, to seek the Ruin of the *Frondeurs*. By this Trap, the *Prince* was inveig'l'd to consent, and give Orders for his own Imprisonment, whilst he was made to believe, the Arrest was design'd against his Enemies; and the People were satisfy'd, since they were perswaded, the *Faction* of the *Frondeurs* had a Hand in the Plot.

The 18th. of the last *Moon*, the Three *Princes* were taken into *Custody*, and sent to a Place, they call the *Castle of the Wood of Vincennes*, some Leagues from *Paris*. The same Day, the *Queen* sent for the *Dutchess of Longueville* to come to her; but, the wary *Dutchess*, wou'd not put herself into a *Cage*. She immediately fled in Disguise, to a *Sea-Town* belonging to her Husband.

'Tis said, the *Prince of Conde* had Notice given him, of his Design'd Imprisonment; but that he wou'd not escape, projecting to himself some greater Advantages, from the Discontents of the *People* (who now behold him as a *Patriot*) than from a *Clandestine*, or *Fugitive Liberty*. This is certain, his Coach broke on the Road, between *Paris* and *Vincennes*;
and

and 'tis thought, his Friends might easily have rescu'd him: For, this Accident, occasion'd a Stop of Six Hours in their Journey; Time enough to have rais'd a Thousand Men to his Relief, being onely guarded by Sixteen Cavaliers. But it seems, he courts the Cardinal's Persecution, that he may have deeper Grounds for Revenge. I know not, whether his Policy is justifiable, or no: But if I were in his Circumstances, I shou'd hardly take this Method to gratify my Resentments; which in all Probability I shou'd not be in a Condition to accomplish, till the *Greek Calends*, that is, *Never*.

Paris, 4th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Devotees among the Franks, talk much of the *Jubilee* that is to be Celebrated this Year at *Rome*. They enrich their Phancies, with the Hopes of I know not what *Spiritual Treasure*, which the *Roman Musfi* or *Pontiff*, will distribute among the *Pilgrims* that resort to *Rome*, during this *Holy Year*.

This,

This, as I am told, is Celebrated in Imitation of the *Sabbatical Year*, formerly observed by the *Jews*, when they possess'd the *Holy Land*. The *Hebrew Writers*, such as *Josephus* and others, call That also the *Year of Jubilee*. Their *Cabbalists*, like the *Pythagoreans*, pretended to derive Great *Mysteries* from certain *Numbers*: And the Number *Seven*, was had in particular Veneration by the *Hebrews*: Therefore they kept every *Seventh Day*, *Week* and *Year*, *Holy*. In the *Seventh Year* it was not Lawful to till the Ground, plant Vineyards, or sow any Seed. And when *Seven Times Seven Years* were expired, the *Year of Jubilee* was proclaim'd, being always the *Fiftieth*. They proclaim'd it by *Trumpets*, throughout the whole *Country of Palestine*, in the *Forty Ninth Year*. And the *Muezzins* cry'd in the *Gates* of their *Cities* and *Synagogues*, at the *Beginning* of the *Jubilee*:

“ Let every Man return this Year to his Own
 “ *Possession* and *Tribe*, whether he be a *Slave*
 “ or *Free*. He that has sold his *Houses* or
 “ *Lands*, if he was not before able to redeem
 “ them, let him this Year take *Possession* of
 “ his *Inheritance*. He that is become another
 “ Man's *Slave*, and neither himself nor his
 “ *Friends* can redeem him, let him this Year
 “ be dismiss'd, and sent Home to the *Family*
 “ to which he belongs; for, henceforth he is
 “ *Free*, by the *Indulgence* of the *Law*. Let no
 “ Man sow the Ground, nor gather the *Fruits*
 “ that grow of themselves this Year. But, let
 “ the *Earth* as well as its *Inhabitants*, enjoy Li-
 “ berty

" berty and Rest; for, this is the Year of Grace
" and Divine Bounty.

After this Manner was the *Hebrew Jubilee* Proclaim'd, and Observ'd. And, they say, from hence arose the Custom amongst the *Christians*, who in many Things may be styl'd the *Jews Apes*. But others say, that the present *Roman Jubilee*, is deriv'd from the *Secular Games*, Celebrated by their *Pagan Ancestors*; In Regard, This was renew'd every Hundred Years at first, even as Those Games were. Whence it was, that the Crier in those Days, at the Indiction of the *Secular Games*, said, " Come to the Plays which no Man Living has yet seen, nor shall ever see again. For, Man's Life being Generally so Short, they thought it improbable, that any Mortal should live to see this Solemnity repeated.

The Modern Jubilee, was first Publish'd by *Boniface IX. Bishop of Rome*, in the Year 1300 of the *Christians Hegyra*. At which Time, he promis'd Full and Entire Remission of Sins, to all who should resort in Pilgrimage to *Rome* that Year. After him, it was Celebrated every Hundred Year, according to his Institution, till the Days of *Clement VI.* Who, at the Instance of the *Roman Citizens*, reduc'd it to every Fiftieth Year. Then *Urban VI.* another Pope, reduc'd it to the Thirty Third Year. And last of all, *Paul II.* contracted the Interval to Five and Twenty Years. Which Space of Time, has been observ'd by all his Successors to this Day.

If thou wouldst know the Reason, why they have thus alter'd the *Periods*; It is for Profit. For, in the Year of *Jubilee*, there is a vast Conflux of People, from all Parts of *Europe*: Who bring a far greater Treasure into the Roman Coffers, than they carry away from that City. Though the *Pope*, 'tis said, is very Liberal of that which they call the *Treasure of the Church*: Which is a certain Fund of *Merits*, and *Superabundant Graces*, left by the *Messiah* and his *Saints*, in the Custody of this *Prelate*, to supply the Defects and Infirmities of Sinful Men. And they believe, 'tis only in his Power, to dispose of this *Heavenly Wealth* to whom he pleases. They talk also of *Indulgencies* and *Pardons*, whereby the *Holy Father* can redeem Men from all Sin, and the Punishments that are due to it. And this Wonderful Prerogative, they say, does not only benefit the *Living*, but extends even to the *Souls Departed*; whom the *Pope*, according to their Persuasion, can free from the Torments of *Purgatory*, and at his Pleasure admit into the *Gates of Paradise*.

We that are *Mussulmans*, cannot declaim against the *Doctrine of Praying for the Dead*, since it is practis'd by all the *Faithful*. Neither have we Reason to inveigh against *Indulgencies*, or *Releases from Penance*. But that the Power of granting and dispensing these Favours, should be only repositied in the *Christian Musti*, will not accord with the *Faith* of a *True Believer*. We know who swore by the *Hoofs* of his *Swift and Faithful Elborach*,

Elboyach, which in One Night carry'd him a Journey of *Six Moons*, that from thenceforth the Key of *Araf*, or the Place of Prisons, was committed to him. Doubtless, the Omnipotent can transfer his *Commissions*, when and to whom he pleases. If he once gave this Authority, of *Remitting Sins*, to the *Messiah*, and *Peter* his *Lieutenant*, does it follow, that all *Peter's Successors*, the *Califfs* of *Rome*, have retain'd this *Privilege*? There have been many *Good Men* in that Seat, and not a Few *Wicked*: Some *Prophets*, and some *Magicians*: A *Catalogue* interspers'd with *Saints*, *Martyrs*, *Butchers* and *Devils*.

But 'tis evident, they forfeited their Authority, when they declin'd from the Truth, from the unblameable Profession of the *Divine Unity*, and resisted the *Messenger of Heaven*, sent to correct their Errors, reform their Vices, and reduce Mankind to *One Law* of *Purity* and *Light*.

I write not Partially, nor am I imbitter'd against the *Patriarch* of the *Romans*. He is a Man like others, subject to the *Will* of *Destiny*. The *Babylonian Califfs* and those of *Egypt*, Successively enjoy'd the same Power, transmitted to them from the *Prophet*, who seal'd up all the Former *Dispensations*. Yet in Time, through their Sins, they forfeited their Authority, together with their *Empire*, when the *Bright Osmans* Conquer'd *All Things*. Then was the *Prophetick Office* translated to our *Mufii*, the *Guide* of those who possess the *Sepulchre* of *Mahomet*. To him all the *World* ought

ought to have Recourse for *Solution* of their *Doubts*, *Direction* in their *Lives*, *Absolution* from their *Sins*, and for the *Passport* of *Immortality*, the *Festa* requir'd of all that enter the *Gates* of *Paradise*.

But all *Mortals*, are *Naturally* tenacious of whatsoever advances their *Honour* and *Interest*. *Kings* hug *Empty Titles*, that yield them no *Profit*. And the *Roman Bishops*, are unwilling to acknowledge themselves divested of the *Privileges*, which were once annex'd to that *Chair* of *Peter*. They shew the *Keys*, the *Symbols* of a *Power*, which they have lost. And the *Credulous Nazarenes* believe, that *Heaven* and *Hell* are *Open'd* and *Shut* at their *Pleasure*. On the *Eve* of the *Messiah's Nativity*, the *Present Pope* Knock'd *Three Times* with a *Golden Hammer*, at the *Gates* of the *Principal Mosque* in *Rome*. Which were then *Open'd*, to signify the ensuing *Year* of *Jubilee*; when the *Christians* are persuaded, that *Heaven* is open to all that visit *Rome* in this *Holy Time*.

I wish thee a *Life* of many *Jubilee's*.

Paris, 9th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

G

LET.

LETTER IV.

To the Flower of High Dignity, the
Most Magnificent Vizir Azem.

WHEN I first heard the News of the Troubles that have been at Constantinople, the Deposition of Mahomet, the late Vizir Azem, and the Advancement of the Janiziar-Aga to that Dignity, I imagin'd it had been Cassim Hali. But, it seems, that Brave Old Soldier, is elevated to a more Lofly Station: He has enter'd the Immortal Possessions, being translated to an High Seat: For, I understand, he has his Rest in Paradise. On that Hero, be the Mercies of the Supremely Indulgent: Whilst I turn my self to thee, his late Successor in that Military Honour, but now the Lieutenant of the Shadow of God, I touch the Earth Thrice with my Forehead, when I salute thee, Great Prince of the Vizirs, in Token of my Humility and Reverence; and, in Remembrance of my Original: That I, who am but the Product of Dust, a meer Worm, may not commit an Indecency, when I address to the Bright Image of our August Emperor, who is the Type of the Sun.

In speaking to Persons of thy Immense Power, I strive equally to shun Flattery, and Disrespect; endeavouring to deport my self
with

with an Even Course, between those Two Extremes, as *Mariners* steer between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. These are dangerous Places in the *Sycilian* Seas.

All *Europe* Celebrates thy Praises, and Extols thy Justice, for releasing the *Ambassador* of *Venice*, Imprison'd in the 4th Moon of this Year. They say, since thy Assumption to this Important *Trust*, the *Ottoman* Port is Reform'd, and grown more Civiliz'd: (For, the *Franks* esteem all the *Followers*, of the *Prophet* who could neither Write nor Read, as *Barbarians*.)

Here is much Talk, about the Defeat given to Our Forces in *Hungary*. The *French* spare for no *Encomiums* on the *Bassa* of *Buda*, who fought valiantly, till his Legs were shot off; and then caus'd himself to be carry'd up and down through the Army, to encourage his Soldiers. Neither do they diminish the Glory that is due to his Son, who receiv'd his Death, in defending his *Father*, at what Time the Old Captain was taken Prisoner.

But they blame the Conduct of him who Besieg'd the *Fort* of *Cliffa*, in Regard he undertook it in the Wrong *Season* of the Year. The Defect of a *General's* Judgment in such Cases, is many Times Fatal to an Army. The *French* are the best in the World, at spying Advantages, and the most dextrous in making Use of them. Most of their *Campaignes*, are spent in their Trenches, or in light Skirmishes; seldom hazarding a Battle, unless

less on some unequal Terms, to their own Interest; and then they never let slip the Opportunity. This commends their Policy, but is no great Argument of their Courage: For, true Valour never regards Danger.

Adonai the Jew, sends me Word, That the Venetians are put in great Hopes, of accommodating their Affairs with the *Mysterious Divan*, since the Release of their *Bailo*: Yet, both they and all the *Nazarenes*, resent highly the Strangling of his *Interpreter*.

They understand not the Measures of the *Sublime Port*, full of Wisdom and Justice; and, that by the Terror of such *Examples*, the *Ministers* of the *Righteous Throne*, seek to prevent future Wickedness.

In these *Western Courts*, a little Gold, or a great Friend, shall easily palliate and procure a *Pardon* for the *Greatest Crimes*. Their *Processes* here, are slow in the Execution of Justice: Being Strangers to the Impetuous Orders, and swift Performance practis'd in the *East*. Besides, this *Interpreter* sported himself to Death, by the Licentiousness of his Tongue. He delighted to play upon *Majesty*, and with an Insolent Lasciviousness of Speech, to deceive *Him*, whose high, sublime and remote Intellect, uses no other Expressions of his Wrath, but the Hands of his *Muses*. It does not become the *Emperor* of the *World*, to be profuse in Words, as the *Christian Princes* are, who take great Pains

to satisfy their *Vassals*, of the Justice of their Proceedings. They cannot Condemn the Wicked without a Formal Process, wherein various Wits shew their Skill in canvassing the Cause, which, upon sincere Evidence, may be decided in Two Words. This is the *Masquerade* of *Christian Justice*, a mere Trap for Gold, the Secret of the *Western Lawyers*, who enrich themselves, at the Price of other Mens Folly, and to the Disgrace of the *Monarch*, who there pretends to Command.

Should those *Men of Law* see this Letter, and know who wrote it, how would they not Circumcise and Flay the minutest Dash of my Pen, to find Arguments of Revenge against a *Mussulman*?

All Men are full of themselves, and their Own Principles: And the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, are so brimming with them, that there is no Room left for Instruction or Amendment. Like the *Chineses*, they boast of their own Science and Wisdom, reputing all the Rest of the World *Ignorant* and *Blind*.

They are so Narrow in their *Tenets*, so Dogmatical in their *Decisions*, and so conceited of *All*, that it is difficult for a Man who has convers'd in a freer Air, to frame himself to their Rules.

By what I have said, thou may'st determine, That it is no Easie Task for an *Arabian* Native, bred in the *Seraglio*, to conform

form himself *adroit*, to the Humours and Fashions of *France*. Yet, I curb all the *Natural* Propensions of my *Birth*, *Blood* and *Educacion*, as much as in me lies, that I may serve the *Grand Signior*. I am *Incognito* in all Respects, save those wherein I cannot be hid. And, I would change my *Masque* a Hundred Times over, rather than fail of my Ends.

What can I say more to him, who only values a *Slave* for his Deeds?

I turn not my Back on thee, *Sublime Idea of Absolute Power*: but, retiring after the most Respectful Manner of the *East*, I make a Thousand Obeisances, till the *Antisport* has cover'd me from thy *Illustrious Presence*.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Sedrec Al' Girawn, Chief Page
of the Treasury.

THOU wilt have Reason to wonder at a Man pretending Acquaintance with thee, whom thou canst not remember to have seen. 'Tis from my Brother *Pestelbali*, thy former Master, I received the News of thy late *Preferment*; who art thy self but Early in Years. Yet no Time is Unseasonable, to a Man Mature in Vertue and Wisdom.

I knew thee an Infant, in the Arms of thy Mother, the Widow of an *Arabian* Souldier, who served my Brother in the *Wars of Persia*. There appeared then, such Evident Symptoms of thy future Wit and Dexterity, as prompted thy Father's Captain, to take thee into his Protection and Care; and thy Mother by her Charms, soon found a Way to his Bosom.

I write not these Things, to Reproach thee with the *Meanness* of thy Birth. Thy *Merits* equal thee with those who are born of *Nobles*. It is not the Custom of the *East*, to Prefer Men for their *Parentage*, or because they can shew the *Dusty Statues* of their *Ancestors*. That is the peculiar Oversight of the *Infidels*, to give that Honour to Names, and Men of a *Noisy Descent*, which is only due to *Vertue*. There are *Families* in *Rome*

at this Day, who boast of their *Pedigrees*, and that they spring from the Renowned *Hero's*, that are Recorded in the *Histories* of that *Empire*. But, they Glory in their Shame; since they are quite degenerated from the brave *Qualities*, which ennobled their Progenitors; and by their sordid Actions, are become a daily Subject for the Descants of *Pasquil*. This is an *Image* in a certain Publick Place in *Rome*, to which in the Night-Time, they affix the *Labels* which they dare not own: A kind of dumb *Satyr*, on the *Vices* of the *Grande'es*; not sparing even the *Chief Muske* of the *Christians*, if he is Guilty of any Follies, which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It was no Contemptible Jest, which was in this Manner put upon the present *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*, at the latter End of the last Year. It seems, the Good Old *Father* had advanced this *Spark*, from a Poor Ignorant *Taylor*, to the Dignity of a *Roman Baron*; bestowing on him *Offices*, which brought him a *Revenue*, sufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the Ancient *Nobility*, were disgusted at this: And some arch *Wag* was set at Work, to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the New *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore, on the Day which the *Nazarenes* Celebrate, with Great Solemnity, for the *Birth-Day* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*; Early in the Morning, the forementioned *Image*, *Pasquil*, was observed to be Apparell'd all in Rags, and a very nasty Habit, with

with a *Schedule* of Paper in his Hand, where-
in was writ, *How now Pasquill, what! all in
Rags on a Christmas-Day?* (for, so they
call the *Nativity* of their *Messias*.) And Un-
derneath was Inscribed this Answer: *Alas,
I cannot help it; for my TAYLOR is be-
come a LORD.*

Yet, notwithstanding the *Obscurity* of this
Man's *Birth*, and the *Admanness* of his *Former
Trade*, he became an *Eminent Statesman*,
after the *Pope* had exalted him to that *Di-
gity*; and lived with an *Unblemished Repu-
tation*, whilst he saw all or most of the *An-
cient Nobility*, Pasquill'd every Day, for their
Effeminate Vices.

By what I have said, thou may'st be as-
sured, that I have not the *Less Esteem* for
thee, because thou wast not the *Son of a
Bess*; since, had thy *Father* liv'd, his *For-
tune* and *Courage* might have promoted him
to that *Honour*, or a *Command* equal to it;
and thou thy self art in a fair Way, to supply
some *Future Vacancy*, in those *Great Charges*
of the *Empire*.

I have no *News* at present to send thee,
save that the *Three French Princes*, of whose
Imprisonment I gave an *Account* to *Mine-
zian Alph*, are removed by *Cardinal Mach-
irini's Order*, from the *Castle of Vincennes*,
to a *Sea-Town* called *Havre de Grace*, for Fear
they should be rescued by *Marshall Turenne*,
who is much *Devoted* to their *Interests*.
The *Princess of Conde*, is retired to *Bourdeaux*,
a City at this Time in Arms against the King,

having also with her the Young Duke of En-
guien, her Son.

The *Marshal de la Meilleray*, is gone
with his Army to besiege this Place; and,
tis said, the King will soon Follow with the
Whole Court. All Things seem to portend
another Relapse of this State, into the Old
Disorders.

But this is not of so near a Concern to us
that are *Mussulmans*, as the Quarrels that I
hear are broached between the *Zamizaries* and
Spahis. They say, the whole *Ottoman Em-
pire*, is warp'd this Way and that Way, into
Contrary Factions; and that the *Seraglio* it
self, is full of different Cabals, on the Account
of these *Military Orders*. It afflicts me with
extreme Grief, to receive Nothing but sad
News from the *Port*; which is, or at least
ought to be, a *Fountain of Joy* to the *Whole
Earth*. I pray *Heaven* avert the *Omen*; for
it looks with an Ill Presage, when the *Cham-
pions* of the *Divine Unity*, are thus divided
against themselves.

If thou wilt take my Advice, enter not thy
self into the Secret of either Party; but poi-
sing thy Affections with Prudence, stand
Neuter to all Things, but the *Grand Signior's*
Interest. In that be as Zealous as thou canst.
As for the Rest, wait the *Decrees of Destiny*.

Paris, 29th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1659.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

To the Kaimacham.

G*Raphul Eben Shahenshah, the Arabian Philosopher* has said it, and every *Mans Experience* confirms it, That no *Humane Care* can prevent the Accomplishment of what *Heaven* has *Decreed*. There are certain Moments of our Lives, wherein *Fate* delights to mock our Wit and Prudence, to baffle our strictest Caution, and ridicule all our Conduct; That we may learn the Lesson of *Resignation*, and not trust too much to our selves.

When I first saluted the Light of this Morning-Sun, my Spirits were Serene and joyful: No melancholy Dreams, had left their Black Impressions on my Mind; no sadning Thoughts, possess'd my Soul: I awak'd cheerful and sprightly as the Lark. After I had Ador'd the *Omnipotent*, and perform'd my Accustom'd *Holy Things*, I began to reflect on my own Happiness, in that I had so many Years serv'd the *Sublime Port*, in this *Station*, full of Difficulties and Perils; yet by no Misfortune, had ever betray'd the least Secret of my *Commission*. It pleas'd me to think, I still pass'd for *Titus of Moldavia*, among the *French*, who are the most apprehensive People in the World; and even in the Opinion of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, like *Janus*, has

more.

more Eyes than Two. I Embrac'd my self (if I may so speak) in the Conceit of my Good Success; concluding, I was born under *Fortunate Stars*, and that no Disaster could ever hurt me.

But I took wrong Measures of the *Ways of Destiny*, which are as Untraceable as the Winds. For before Mid-Day, my *Sun* was *Eclips'd*; the *Air* of my *Soul* ruff'd with *Storms*, and all my *Joy* turn'd to *Mourning* and *Sadnefs*.

Wilt thou know the Occasion of my Grief? It was this. In the Year 1645, according to the *Style* of the *Nazarenes*, I received some particular Instructions from the then *Vizir Azem*, putting me in Mind of the Hazards I run in this Post, and giving me strict Charge, to bestow all my Letters in a secure Place, whether the Transcripts of those I write to the *Ministers* of the *Port*, (for I always retain'd a Copy of the Original) or the *Dispatches* I receive from thence.

That *Minister* was afraid, lest I might some Time or other be discover'd; and consequently, that my Chamber would be search'd. Therefore obeying his Hint, I immediately carry'd all my *Writings* to *Eliachim* the *Jew*; knowing his House to be free from any Jealousie of the *State*, and that the most Important Secrets in the World, might be there an *Age* unreveal'd.

The *Letters* of my Writing, were enclos'd in One *Box*, and those which I received from the *Invincible Port*, in Another. And this

was

was my Constant Custom from that Time : As oft as I writ to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, or had perus'd the *Dispatches* which came from them, I dispos'd of both in their proper Places, leaving all to the Care of *Eliachim*.

But, neither his Caution nor mine, were sufficient to prevent the *Resolves* of *Heaven*. It was determin'd Above, That we should lose some of these Papers. *Eliachim* came to me to Day, before the *Hour* of *Ulamis*, all in *Passion*, astonish'd, raving and staring like a Mad-Man. As soon as he enter'd my Chamber, he tore his Inner Vest, which was of *Crimson Silk*, fring'd round with *Gold*; and cry'd, *We are undone, betray'd and ruin'd!*

I presently thought of my *Writings*; and ask'd him, Whether they were safe. In a Word, he told me he had lost the *Box*, which contain'd the Letters sent from the *Ministers* of the *Port* to me, and that his *Slave* a *Negro*, whom he kept in his House, was missing. Thou mayst imagine, Sage *Minister*, that this News put me into no small Confusion. I presently suspected, that this Villain of a *Negro*, had got the *Writings*, and was gone to *Cardinal Mazarini* with em: But then recollecting with Cooler Thoughts, That this *African* understood not *Arabick*, in which *Language* alone *Eliachim* and I us'd to converse; and, that consequently, he never could know our Affairs, or read the Letters, which might tempt him to such a *Treason*, I was at a Loss what to think of it: Neither am I better

better satisfy'd now, though I have ruminated on it these Twelve Hours. Onely I think, if *Cardinal Mazarini* has these *Papers* in his Custody, he would have given Orders before this Time, to seize the supposed *Titus of Moldavia*. For, some of these *Letters*, take Notice of my having assumed that Name. But I cannot perceive any Attempt has been made in that Kind, or that any Body has been to enquire for me at my *Lodging*. For, I set *Spies* to observe, as soon as I departed thence with *Eliachim*, which was about Noon. We are now together in a Friend's House, where we shall continue till we hear farther of this Event. As yet, we are in the Dark, and full of Fears: But Time, which brings all Things to Light, will convince us, what we have to Trust to.

In the mean While, there is little News, save a Discourse of a certain *Convention* at *Norimbergh*, and the Great *Jubilee* which is Celebrated at *Rome*; where, they say, the *Christians Chief Musti*, the Week before their *Beiram*, or *Easter*, wash'd the Feet of Twelve *Pilgrims*; and that *Cardinal Ludovisio*, entertain'd Nine Thousand of these *Devotees* at once, with a very Magnificent Feast. They say also, That the *Pope* will get this Year Two Millions of *Sequins*, by the Refort of *Pilgrims* to that City.

The King of *Denmark's Resident* at this Court, has received a Letter, which Certifies him, that his *Master* has declar'd Prince *Christian* his Son, Successor in the Throne.

They

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They talk also, of a Marriage lately Solemniz'd between *Charles*, a *German Count*, and *Charlotte*, Sister to the *Lantgrave of Hesse-Cassel*.

But that which most takes up Mens Ears, and employs their Tongues and Thoughts, are the *Civil Wars* of this *Kingdom*; which is all in a Flame, by Occasion of the Imprisonment of the *Prince of Conde*, and his Brothers. The Citizens of *Paris* are very jocund, at the repeated News of the King's Ill Success: For, they wish not well to his Arms, whilst employed against the *Malecontents*.

Illustrious Old *Grande*, I wish thee the Years of *Nestor*, and those Calculated by Full Moons of Prosperity. But I pray Heaven avert from thee, some of his Moments; wherein, they say, he was tormented with the *Gout*, as I am at this Instant. It is a Pain hardly to be supported.

Paris, 11th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the same.

By the God whom I Adore, and by his Shadow, I swear, There is no Disloyalty in *Mabmont*: Yet his Life is full of Temptations and Perils. The *Box* of Letters I mention'd in my Last, is irrecoverably gone, and laid up in the Bowels of the Earth; if we may believe the Confession of a Man, every Angle of whose Heart, has been search'd with exquisite Torments, even to Death.

Eliachim's Slave, the *Negra* whom I spoke of, mistook that *Box*, for one very like it, out of which he had often seen his *Master* take *Jewels*: For, this is the particular Merchandise of that *Jew*. And the Weight of each was not so Unequal, as to rectifie his Error. Lucre tempted him, and the desire of Liberty. Whilst the Darkness (for he committed this Villainy before Sun-rising) and his own Guilty Fears, conspir'd to baffle his intended Theft. The *Boxes* stood together (so Careful was *Eliachim* of the *Sublime Secrets*, as not to venture 'em in a Place less secure, than that of his *Jewels*) and the Villain hasty to be gone, and confounded for want of Light, took up that wherein were the *Writings*, instead of his design'd Prey, the *Jewels*. He went directly into the Fields, purposing to bury this suppos'd Treasure in the Earth,

in

in some private Place, where he might take it forth at Discretion. But first opening the *Box*, to supply himself with such *Stones* as he thought would be unquestionable Pawns for Money, to answer his present Necessities, that so he might the better provide for his Concealment; he was astonish'd, and his Heart became like Lead, when he found Nothing but Papers, full of Characters, to which he was wholly a Stranger. A Thousand Resolutions presented themselves to him, in that Agony of his Mind, and he knew not which to fix on. Sometimes he thought to carry the *Box* back again as he found it; and since his Design had been thus strangely baulked, to Content himself till another Opportunity. But then he consider'd, 'twas too late to return before his *Master* would miss both his *Slave* and *Box*; for the Sun was now far advanced in our Hemisphere, and *Eliachim* is an early Riser. In a Word, therefore he thought it the safest Way, to bury it in the Ground, as he first intended had it been the *Box* of *Jewels*, and so shift for himself. Proposing to himself this Advantage, in hiding the *Papers* in a secure Place, That if they were of Value, he might at any Time make Composition with his *Master*, by discovering where they were.

All that I have here related, is drawn from his own Mouth in the Midst of Tortures. For *Eliachim* soon heard of his Fugitive *Negro*, who was seiz'd on the Road to *Lyon*, by some Correspondents of this *Jew*. Who
having

having Intelligence of it, took Horse immediately, and went to the Place. He did not think it safe to make a publick Business of it, or to arraign him before the appointed Judges of the Country; But relying on the Justice of his Cause, and the Right of a Master, he privately put him to Tortures of divers Kinds, in a House where he cou'd command any Thing.

The stout *African*, at first deny'd that he had medl'd with any Box; saying, he escap'd purely for the Sake of Liberty. But when a Succession of divers Torments had quite overthrown his Constancy, he confessed all that I have already related. *Eliachim* still suspecting worse, and that he only fram'd this as a plausible Story to be freed from, or at least to respite the Pains he suffered, caus'd sharp Thorns to be thrust under the Nails of his Fingers and Toes; believing, that the Extremity of so sensible a Pain, wou'd extort the true Secret from him. But he cou'd get Nothing else from the poor excruciated *Negro*, though now almost ready to expire, than that he had hid the Box under-Ground in a certain Corner of a Field, out of the City: To which he knew not how to direct *Eliachim*, but promis'd to shew it him, if he wou'd carry him alive to *Paris*.

This was no hard Task to perform, in the Opinion of the *Jew*; it being but a Days Journey to this City, from the Place where they then were. But he was deceived in his Hopes; and now all the Applications and Cordials they cou'd use, came too late: For, that very Night, the *Negro* breath'd out his Soul.

However,

However, when *Eliachim* came to *Paris*, he follow'd the Directions of his dead *Slave* as well as he cou'd, in searching every Corner of the Fields on that Side of the City, where this *Black* had been seen to go out. But all to no Purpose. He cou'd find nothing; nor have we any Hopes, ever to see that *Box* again. Yet I have many Qualms of Fear, lest some Time or other it should come to Light, to our Disadvantage and Ruine.

I desire thy Instructions, Sage *Governour* of the *Capital* City, how I shall deport my self, if it be my Lot to be discover'd. As to the Remaining *Box*, which has in it the Transcripts of my own *Dispatches*, I have taken it Home to my Lodging. Believing it will be as safe here, as in the House of *Eliachim*; since that faithful *Jew*, is no more exempted from Contingencies, than my self: And I have no Servant to betray me.

This *Kingdom* abounds at present, in Treasons and Rebellions. The *French* spare not to massacre one another, for the Sake of a Passion: While the *Spaniards* make their Advantages of these Intestine Feuds. For, under Pretence of assisting the *Princes* of the Blood, they get Footing in *Picardy*, from whence it will not be easy to expel them. *Leopold*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*, is at the Head of the *Spanish* Army; and has taken several Towns, belonging to the *French* King.

When the Quarrels of these *Infidels* will end, I am not solicitous; my Thoughts being ever taken up, in the Service which I owe to the *Empire* of True Believers. I can-

I cannot bid thee Adieu, *Illustrious Kaimachan*, till I have assur'd thee, I am macerated with Zeal for the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 23d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, Kusrir Aga, Prince of
the Black Eunuchs.

AFTER I had perus'd thy *Dispatch*, where-
with thou hast honoured the *Slave Mah-
mur*; as I was full of Joy for the continued
Demonstrations of thy Friendship and Pro-
tection, so my Breast conceiv'd an Indignation
at the Affront, which has been offer'd to the
Sublime Port by the *Cham* of the *Tartars*, in
presuming to demand the *Tutelage* of our Au-
gust Emperour. It is an Indignity to the *Mi-
nisters* of *Supreme Justice* and *Honour*, *Lights*
of the *Imperial Divan*, to whom is committed
the Cognizance of all Human Events; The
Illustrious Vizirs, who manage the Affairs of the
Mighty and Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*, whose
Throne may God fortify, till the *Moon* shall
no more appear in the *Heavens*.

Those People have been ever thirsty of Rule;
and 'tis number'd among the Vertues of their
Ancestors, that they enlarg'd their *Dominions*
by

by the keen Edge of their Swords. But in all the *Registers* and *Archives* of the *Empire*, it has not been found, that any of that Nation challeng'd a Right to Govern our *Sultans*, though during their Minority. It is sufficient, That they shall have the Honour (according to the Ancient *Capitulations*) to succeed in the Throne of the *Osman Princes*, if ever that *Sacred Line* shou'd be extinct: Which God avert, till the *Final Consummation*.

It is a Wonder, they demanded not also his *Royal Brothers*, the other Sons of *Sultan Ibrahim*; that so they might at one Blow, cut off the whole *Osman Race*, and take Possession of the *Vacant Throne*.

I have not heard any Thing these many *Moons*, what is become of those *High-born Infants*; whether they are alive, or sacrific'd to the jealousy of the *Sultan*, as has been the Custom. Here are various flying Reports concerning them. Some say, that thou hast convey'd away *Sultan Achmet*, and that he is privately Educated in the House of a certain *Georgian*. The Blessing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, and refresh thy Heart, if thou hast taken this Care to preserve the *Life* of an *Osman Prince*, which is more precious than a Hundred Thousand of *Common Birth*.

As for *Solyman* and the Rest of that Sublime Race, the *French* give 'em over for lost; And I cannot contradict 'em, for Want of true Intelligence. Besides, I have Reason to fear it is too true: In Regard it has been the cruel Practice of all, or most of our late *Emperors*,
either

either to slaughter their Brethren as soon as they ascend the *Throne*, or to put 'em to a more lingering Death and Martyrdom in a Prison.

'Tis true indeed, our present *Sovereign* is not yet arriv'd to those Years, wherein Children commonly lose their Native Innocence. I believe, he suspects none of his Brethren, nor harbours any unkind Thoughts against their Lives. Yet Cruelty may be insinuated into his Tender Years, by the Artifices of his Mother; especially against those of his Father's *Blood*, that did not also partake of hers. For *Sultan Ibrahim*, thou know'st, had Children by other Women, beside the *Sultana Valde*.

The *Malteses* think they have one of these *Royal* Infants in their Possession: Thou knowest the whole Story of thy *Predecessor's* Voyage toward *Egypt*, with his Beautiful *Slave* and her Son, whom these *Infidels* honour as the Off-spring of the *Grand Signior*. Thou art not Ignorant also, that this *Infant* with his *Mother* were Banish'd, out of Jealousy, by the Order of *Her* who bore in her Womb *Sultan Mahomet*, our Glorious *Sovereign*. The Remembrance of which makes me tremble, for the Sake of the Young *Princes*, if there be any yet remaining alive. It is in thy Power to certify me, and in doing so thou wilt rid me of much Anxiety.

I am but a *Slave* of the *Slaves* who serve the *Grand Signior*; and it is not decent for me to descant on the Actions of our most *Absolute Monarch*, whose Will is not to be controul'd.

But

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But I am still a Man, and have some Share of Humanity and Reason. Thou also art my particular Friend, and wilt permit me to discourse with Freedom. Was it not a *Bloody Feast*, to which our King's Great Grandfather, *Mahomet III.* invited Nineteen of his Brethren, on the Day of his *Inauguration*? Was it not a cruel Act, to cause those *Royal Guests*, in whose Veins ran the *Blood* of his *Own Father*, to be strangled, before they departed from his Table? No less Inhuman was it of *Mahomet*, the late *Vizir Azem*, to guide the Hand of this our Present *Sovereign*, when but Six Years Old, and incapable of knowing what he did, to sign a *Warrant*, for the *Execution* of his *Father*. Well may the *Nazarenes* call us *Barbarians*, when they contemplate the *Empire* of the *Mus-sulmans*, supported by such *Unnatural Methods*.

Thou that hast the Superlative Honour, of being the Immediate *Guardian* of our Young *Emperour*, wilt pardon the Liberty I take. Ascribe all to the Force of my Zeal and Loyalty. Thou art valiant and wise. Protect thy Charge, as the *Crystal* of thine Eyes, which thou wilt not suffer to be hurt by the Dust of the Streets.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

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LETTER IX.

To Gnet Oglou.

NOTwithstanding all my *Philosophy*, I have not Command enough of my Passion, to conceal it from thee, who hast always been the Partaker of my Unequal Fortunes. What ever Magnanimity of Spirit I pretended to formerly in my Sickness, 'tis at present overcome by the Desire of Ease. At that Time, I remember, some *Stoical* Considerations made me industriously hide from thee the tormenting Pains I felt. I endeavoured to disguise my Sufferings, and to paint my Misery in such Colours, that it could hardly be distinguished from Happiness. But now I have not Courage enough, to hide from thee my Fears and Apprehensions: And all *Seneca's Morals*, are too little to hinder me, from complaining of the Uncertainty that we daily experience in Human Affairs. This is a *Theme* so Popular, that were not my particular Misfortunes very pressing, 'twou'd make me sick to say any Thing on a Subject, that has been in every Man's Mouth, since the Time that our *First Father* appear'd among the *Trees*. Therefore thou mayst be assured, I am not going about to make a *Declamation*, or play the *Orator*; to expatiate and make large Descants, on the *Instability* of all Things. What I have to say, refers to my self, and no body else,
save

save to those who are the Occasion of my Melancholy.

In the 10th. Moon of the last Year, I sent a Letter to *Kenan Bassa*, the New *Hasnadar-Bassy*. I have a Copy of it by me, as I always retain of whatever *Dispatches* I send to the *Sublime Port*, whether to the *Publick Ministers*, or my *Private Friends*.

I have perus'd this Letter several Times within these Eight and Forty Hours, and can find no just Ground of Offence, which that *Grandee* cou'd take thereat: Unless he was angry with me, for desiring him to be careful in transmitting my Money. As for the Rest, I only obey'd the particular Instructions, I received from *Mahomet* the late *Vizir Azem*: Who commanded me, not to spare the Greatest Minister of the Port, if I had reason either to counsel or reprehend him. For, said he in his Letter, *To this End art thou plac'd at such a Distance, that besides the Service thou doest our Sovereign in disclosing the Secrets of the Infidels, thou must also be free to write, whatever thou thinkest will conduce to his Interest, without standing in Fear of the Revenge of the Grandees.* These were the very Words, of the *Prime Minister* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Now I only told him of some Miscarriages in his *Predecessors*, warning him to be wary in his *Station*. Either he was offended at this Freedom I took, or because I presum'd to advise him how to order my *Bills*. Be it which it will, I have had a severe Reprimand from the *Red Effendi*, whom I have the greatest

H

Reason

Reason in the World, to esteem my Friend.

It wou'd never have vex'd me, had he wrote plainly, and not disguised his Sentiments. But all was obscure, saving One blunt Expression, which convinc'd me, That the real Ground of all this Anger, was my *Letter to Renan*, wherein I desir'd his Care as to my Money.

Can that *Minister* blame me, for being apprehensive of Want in a Foreign Country, a *Region of Infidels*, where I have no other Commerce, but with *Courtiers* and *Strangers*; where if I should be in the least suspected, they wou'd presently put me in Prison, which wou'd hazard a Discovery of the *Sublime Secrets*? Does he not know, That *Money* commands all Things; and that the Greatest *Potentates*, obey the Power of *Gold*? It cannot be imagin'd, but that a Man in my *Post*, has a Thousand pressing Occasions for Money, which is troublesome to express. And I have had very wrong Notions of my *Employment*, if I deserve on this Account, to be reprov'd and threaten'd with such Politick Circumlocutions: For, the *Secretary* charges me, with Unwillingness to continue in the *Service* of the *Ever-Happy Port*: As if he thought my Fidelity were corrupted, or that I had an Inclination to the *Nazarene* Interest.

I tell thee, my *Gnet*, *Perfidy* I ever abhorr'd. This appears to me, the most terrible and odious of all Vices. I cou'd bear the Guilt and Reproach of a great many Crimes, which have less of Malice in their Constitution. I am not asham'd of many Venial Faults, which

which I daily commit, though the Law is severe against them. But, could any Man accuse me of Willful Treachery, and Ingratitude, I wou'd pray instantly, That the *Luminaries of Heaven* might be extinguish'd, and that no *Terrene Substance*, might henceforth have in it the least *Potential Light*: That so I might neither be capable of seeing my self, or of being expos'd to the Eyes of Others. And the better to escape the Confusion, which wou'd attend that Horrid Guilt, I wou'd not only avoid Human Society, but if it were possible, I wou'd run away from my self.

After all this, methinks such a Temper need not be suspected, as averse from the Interest, to which he has so solemnly sworn.

I wou'd not have troubled thee with the News of any other Affliction; but, to be suspected of what I never was Guilty of, and to be menac'd in dark Mysterious Terms, not by an Enemy, but by my Friend, and one who has in his Keeping the *Immortal Records* of my *Zeal* and *Integrity*; This cuts me to the Heart. And I had no other Way to ease my self, but by venting my Anguish to thee.

If any of the *Ministers* will charge me with Weakness, or want of Ability to act in this *Station*, I should have no Reason to repine: Since none of them can think so meanly of *Mahmut*, as he does of himself. I boast of Nothing, but a Loyalty to my Trust, incapable of being corrupted.

But I forget that I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore ought to be resign'd to the *Will* of *Heaven* in all Things, without Complaint or Murmur. Besides, I am infinitely oblig'd; in many Regards, to the *Rais Effendi*; and therefore, he may be allow'd to take his own Advantages. Perhaps his Reproofs may be Just, and 'tis my own Peevishness that hinders me from discerning it. However, I could wish he would henceforth express his Resentments with less Obscurity, and not give me Grounds to apprehend the Loss of his Friendship.

For, where I once love, I hate a Change. And if thou beest of the same Mind, We Two shall continue our *Friendship*, to the *Other Side* of the *Grave*.

Paris, 30th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IF thou wilt permit me to learn Something from *Husbandmen*, They say, 'tis not profitable to plough the Fields whose barren Globe brings forth Nothing but Briars and Thorns. Such are the Grounds of Passion and Anger among Friends. Let 'em lie Fallow for ever. Perhaps, thou wilt call it Presumption in me, to challenge such a Relation between us. Or, if thou ownest the Title of a Friend, thou wilt claim a Right to reprove me. Be it how it will, Reproofs make the best Impression, when they are given with Mildness and Moderation. Especially they ought not to be founded on a Mistake, or false Apprehension. For they appear like Arrows discharg'd in the Dark, which being shot at Random, may by giving on undeserved Wound, make an Enemy of a Friend, or at least render a Friend suspected to be an Enemy.

But I tell thee, I will not blow up the Embers of a Fire, whose Flame is extinguish'd long ago, and whereof by this Time, I hope, there remains not the least Smoak. I never lov'd to add Fuel in such Cases: Otherwise, had I return'd an Answer to thy angry Letter, in the Heat of my Resentments, I might

have play'd the Incendiary : For I had both Matter enough, and Passion sufficient, to ventilate the already kindled Sparks. And, of this, I know thou art sensible.

Well : to make the best Construction of it : The *Hafnadarbassy* was affronted, I believe, at the Freedom I took in advising him ; not knowing that I had Positive Orders to do so, even to the *First Minister* of State, if I saw Occasion. And to vent his Choler, he misrepresented the Business to thee, hoping by thy Means, to awe me into a fawning Acknowledgment of my supposed Crime. If this was thy Intention in writing that sharp Letter, I smile at his Mistake ; but am sorry for thine, because I esteem thee my Friend. 'Twas but an Oversight in you both ; and so let it pass.

Thy Friendship I court, and refuse not his, nor that of any Officer of the *Seraglio*. I honour all the *Bassa's* and *Ministers* of the *Imperial Port* : I shew to every one the Respect that is due to his *Quality* : But I am commanded to write with Freedom to all, and not to speak, as if I had the Bearded Head of a Barly-Stalk on my Tongue, which is apt to slip down a Man's Throat, and threatens to choak him that speaks whilst it is in his Mouth. This Charge I first receiv'd from the late *Vizir Azem, Mahomet*, and it has been since renew'd with fresh Instructions from others of Great Authority. They all tell me with much Assurance, That one chief End of my being plac'd here, is, that being
out

out of the Limits of the *Ottoman Empire*, yet holding a constant Intelligence, I may freely and without Fear, reprove the Vices and encourage the Virtues of the Greatest *Governors* and *Princes* among the *Musulmans*. Nay, I am threatned with Punishment and the *Sultan's* Displeasure, if I neglect any Opportunity of this Nature, or appear Partial and Timorous in my Reprehensions.

For, it seems, this is judged the most ready and effectual Method, to reform the Corruptions that are crept into Court, Camp, and City: Since every Man is oblig'd to communicate the Letters which he receives from me: And they are all *Registered* by thy Care: Whereby the *Grandeecs* are compell'd, either to live within the Limits of Justice, and their Duty, or else to be the Discoverers of their own Faults: Which will unavoidably bring them into Disgrace, if not to the Loss of their Liberty and Lives; or at least put them to the Expence of costly Presents, to make their Attonement. And, thou knowest, some Men would almost as willingly part with their Lives, as their Money, which is their *God*.

After all this, I hope thou wilt not be displeased, if I perform my Duty. It is not for me to be frightened with Menaces, or softened with Bribes. My Integrity is Proof against the Pride of the one, and Baseness of the other. Yet I have a great Esteem for the *Treasurer* and thee, with other *Ministers* who are my Friends. I could, to serve such, freely hazard my Liberty, Fortune, and any Thing

but my Honour, which I value at a far higher Rate than my Life.

Thou may'st Register it for a Truth, That an *English Ambassador* was in the 6th. Moon of this Year, murder'd by *Villains* in his Chamber at *Madrid*, the Capital City of *Spain*. There has been also a Great Battle fought in *Scotland*, between the Army of that Nation, who maintain their King's Interest, and the Forces of the New *English Commonwealth*; wherein the Latter obtain'd a Signal Victory, having kill'd Three Thousand on the Spot, taken Nine Thousand Prisoners, Fifteen Thousand Arms, Two Hundred Ensigns, and all their Cannon and Baggage. These are Prosperous Beginnings of that *Republick*, and redound much to the Honour of the *English General, Oliver*, whom every Body extols for a Gallant Man. And I can assure thee, these *Western Nations* are not barren of *Heroes*.

Principal Scribe of the *Mussulmans*, I wish thy Heart may be a Transcript of the Best Copies.

Paris, 1st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1650.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Solymán Aga, Principal Chamberlain of the *Womens Apartments* in the Seraglio.

THESE *Tartars*, of whom I spake to thee in my last, are a strange Sort of People in their Manner of Life. But we must not censure 'em, because we are of Kin. I speak not of my self: For, though I am an *Arab*, yet the greatest part of those who serve in the Armies of the *Grand Signior*, are descended from the *Crimis*. I mean, the *Spahis* and *Timarions*. Thou know'st the *Originals* of these *Military Orders*, and that they are more Honourable than the *Janizaries*; who being *Strangers* by Blood, are brought up to the Lure of the Seraglio. They know neither Father nor Mother, (I speak of the *Tributary Youths*) nor have they any Partial Fondness for their *Native Country*. They are Educated in a perfect Resignation to the *Grand Signior*, and his *Chief Ministers*: Yet often disobey both, and not seldom put 'em in Hazard of their Lives. How many *Vizirs*, have been sacrificed to cunning *Janizar-Aga*; who to prevent his own Ruine, has tempted those under his Command to Mutiny, and accept of no Attonement for their pretended Grie-

vances, less than the Life of the *First Deputy*. The Rigid *Face* of *Sultan Osman*, Uncle to our present *Sovereign*, will not be forgot by those who love the *Ottoman Family* better than these *Bastard-Hectors*. Shall the *Empire of True Believers*, be ruin'd by *Renegades*? Besides, their *Discipline* is extremely corrupted; they marry, and follow *Mechanick Trades*, repugnant to the *Austere Manners* of the *Primitive Guards*, who were wholly attentive to *Martial Exercises*.

Were this to come to the Hands of a *Janizary*, he would curse me to the *Pains* which have neither *Medicine* nor *End*. Yet I had once a Friend of that Order, *Cassim Hali*, the *Chief Aga*, a brave Man, and of the same Sentiments as my self. He sought to reform that Disorderly *Militia*, but was oppos'd by the *Wise Men in Power*. He would freely have sacrific'd his own *Grandeur and Interest*, for the Good of the *Mussulman Empire*; but was over-aw'd by those, who had no other Interest, but in its Ruine.

Thou know'st who I mean; Neither am I a Stranger to the Heroick Bravery of the Faithful *Solyman*, when he bearded the *Bostangi Aga* on that Account. That *Gardiner* was of the *Faction*, being the Son of a *Janizary*, and train'd up in all the Practices of the *Seditious*. It makes me ashamed, when I hear the *Infidels* upbraid the *Wise* of the *Wise*, the *Supreme Monarch* on Earth with Folly, for permitting this Insolent and Mutinous *Soldiery*, to continue in the *Empire*. And I tremble

to think, That one Time or other, the Renown'd Off-spring of *Erigriet*, will owe its Ruine and *Catastrophe*, to these Disloyal *Vipers*, whom it cherishes in the *Seraglio*.

Much more assur'd is the French King, of his *Guard of Switzers*; whose Fidelity was never stain'd, with the least Infamous Brand of Perfidiousness, in taking up Arms against their *Master*, whose Bread they eat. These are Mercenary Soldiers, who travel out of their *Native Country*, to serve *Foreign Princes*; and will shed the last drop of their Blood, rather than betray their Trust. Therefore they are admitted into the *Palaces*, and nigh the *Bed-Chambers* of the *Pope*, and the King of *France*, with full Confidence of their Valour and Integrity.

As for their *Country*, it is barren and poor, consisting chiefly of Rocks and Desarts: Which occasions the Youth, who are generally very strong and hardy, to seek their Subsistence Abroad, by serving in the *Guards* and *Armies* of Neighbouring *Monarchs* and *States*.

Some Regiments of the *Switzers*, now serve in the *Wars of Candy*, under the *Standard* of *Venice*.

There are Vessels arriv'd lately in some of the *French Harbours*, which bring News of the Ill Success of our Arms in the *Siege* of *Candia*, the Chief City of that *Island*. They talk, as if above Two Thousand *Mussulmans* were blown up in the Ninth *Month*; and that *Chusaein Bassa*, discourag'd by this Loss, and with the Inconveniencies of the approach-
ing

ing *Winter*, was forc'd to raise the *Siege*, in the *Moon* of *October*.

The *French* magnify the *Valour* of the *Knights* of *Malta*, who signaliz'd themselves by many brave *Actions*, during this *Siege*. And if all be true, that is related of these *Christian Champions*, we cannot in common *Justice* deny em their due *Character*, and number some of them at least among the *Heroes*.

Otherwise, we shou'd come short of these *Western Nazarenes* in *Generosity*, who with no less honourable *Expressions*, extol the repeated *Courage*, and *Invincible Constancy* of the *Illustrious Chusaein*, and the *Alacrity* of all the *Mussulman* *Soldiers*, in the *Service* of our *Great Master*.

Yet they cannot forbear reflecting on the *Cowardise* of the *Janizaries*; who after that fatal *Blow*, had they stoutly maintain'd their other *Posts*, that brave *Bassa* wou'd not so soon have quitted the *Siege* of this *Important Place*.

As for other *News*, I have little to acquaint thee with, save a seeming *Calm* at present in this *Kingdom* of *France*, which has for the greatest *Part* of the *Year*, been harrass'd with *Civil Discords* and *Slaughters*. *Bordeaux*, the *Chief City* which held out against the *King*, is now reduc'd to *Obedience*, the pacify'd *Monarch* retir'd, and an *Appearance* of *Peace*.

The *Queen* of *Sweden*, we hear, was solemnly *Crown'd* in the *Tenth Moon* of the last *Year*,

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Year, having declar'd for her Successor, *Carolus Gustavus*, Prince-Palatine, and her Cousin.

In the same Moon, died the Prince of Orange; and soon after, the Count d'Avaux, a French Grandee, and Minister of State.

In the mean Time, I rejoice to hear, that my old Friends are Alive and Flourishing; and, that the Knot is not loosen'd, which was ty'd in our Youth. May it continue firm, to the Day of the Earthquake, and to a Term Unlimited.

Paris, 29th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XII.

To Kifur Dramelec, Secretary of the Nazarene Affairs, at the Port.

IN the Name of God and his Prophet, what Occasion hadst thou to send me such an angry Letter? Thou that art thy self but a Slave, as I am, to the Slaves of him, whose Throne is above the Flight of the Eagle! Dost thou think to frighten *Mahmur* into a sordid Compliance with thy Ambition, whom Nothing can terrify, so long as he preserves himself free from any Stain of Disloyalty? I tell thee,

I'm

I'm another *Achilles*, Invulnerable all over, save the *Soles* of my *Feet*, which are the *Emblems* of our most tender *Affections*. There thou may'st wound me, with the soft *Arrows* of pretended *Friendship*. But if once thou appearest, with the *Naked Face* of an *Enemy*, I'm presently on my *Guard*.

Thou accusest me of many *Crimes*, whereof I was never *Guilty*; loadest me with a *Thousand* undeserved *Reproaches*, and all to vent thy *Choler*: Threatning me with *Revenge*, because I once excus'd the Lateness of my Address to *Minezim Aluph Bassa*, then newly Vested by our *Munificent Sultan*, by laying the *Blame* on the *Badness* of the *Ways*, or the *Insolence* of *Soldiers* by whom the *Posts* are often intercepted in *Time of War*: or, in *Fine*, on thy *Neglect* in not supplying me with more early *Intelligence*. Wherein 'tis easie to discern, That thou wert the last I wou'd accuse to that *Minister*, though thou wert *Principally* in the *Fault*. For I was afterwards inform'd, That the *Posts* were neither retarded by any *Impassable Roads*, or stopp'd by the *Orders* of *Military Men*, but arriv'd here at their *accustom'd Seasons*. Wherefore thou hast no *Reason* to be offended at me, unless it be for the *Shortness* of my *Accusation*, and that it was defective in *Malice*.

Thou wou'dst take it ill, if in my own *Defence* I shou'd complain to the *Great Aem*, of thy frequent *Neglects* in this *Kind*. But I scorn to vindicate my self, at the *Price* of another *Man's Disgrace* and *Peril*. Only I advise

advise thee, to forbear threatening. It is a Reflection on thy Prudence, to menace a Man who has no other Resentments of thy Passion, than to own himself oblig'd to thee, for so open a Discovery of it. Woud' it have the very Spleen of my Humour? I smile at thee. Thou hast made me as jocund as *Demetrius*. If thou know'st not who I mean; He was a pleasant sort of a *Philosopher*, to whom all Human Actions, were Objects of Mirth. There was another Whining *Sage*, that perpetually Wept. The most Comical Passages, and such as mov'd all Men to Laughter, drew Floods of Tears from his Eyes. His Name was *Heracitus*. It is hard to determine, which of these Two was in the Right. But I think I am not much in the Wrong, to be a little pleasant with thee. Perhaps, it may put thee into a better Humour. However, I woud' not have thee be displeas'd with thy self, for being of so peevish a Disposition. 'Tis observ'd, That Passionate Men are always best Natur'd, and free from secret Malice. *Choler* is as necessary as our *Blood*. Without the *Latter*, we cou'd not live; and if we were void of the *Former*, our *Lives* woud' be as *Unactive*, as that of *Snails* and *Oysters*. We shou'd be absolute *Drones*.

Hippocrates, the famous *Physician*, says, This *Complexion* is the most Noble of all the *Four*, transforming *Men* to *Heroes*, and refining our *Earthly Mold*, to a Constitution like that of the *Immortal Gods*; whose *Bodies*, according to the *Poets*, consist wholly of an *Ethereal Flame*.

Therefore.

Therefore be not discouraged, neither repine at a Temper, which ranks thee among those, to whom *Sacrifices* are made. On the other Side, take it not amiss from *Mahmur*, if he tells thee, he has not Devotion enough, to become thy Voluntary *Victim*.

Yet if I cannot be so Obsequious, as to throw my self away, by acknowledging Crimes wherein I was never concern'd, and for which I have a Natural Abhorrence; rest satisfy'd at least, That I will serve thee as far as I can, without entrenching on the Duty I owe to the *Grand Signior*. And be assur'd, I will do thee no Harm, so long as thou observest that Rule.

In fine, I advise thee to order thy Steps, like a Man that is walking in the Bogs of Egypt, where if he observe the Track of those who have gone before him, he may be safe; but if his Foot slips, he Sinks in the Mire. Such is the Life of Courtiers.

Paris, 18th. of the 2d. Moon,

of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Minezim Aluph, Bassa.

IN the Beginning of the last Year I sent thee a *Dispatch*, wherein I acquainted thee with the *Imprisonment* of Three *Princes* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*. Now thou shalt receive the News of their *Liberty*.

They were releas'd by an *Order* from the *King*, on the 13th. Day of this *Moon*, and arriv'd in this City on the 16th, which was Yesterday, attended by a numerous *Cavalcade*, consisting of some *Princes*, divers of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, and one would think, of *Half* the *Citizens* of *Paris*. Even those who triumph'd last Year, and made *Bonfires* for their *Confinement*; Yesterday throng'd out of the City, to welcome them Home with *Acclamations* of Joy, and to congratulate their Release. So fickle and inconstant a Thing is the *Multitude*, driven hither and thither, with every *Artificial* Declaration of *Statesmen* or Pretence of *Faction*.

But there were divers *Princes* and *Noblemen*, who from the First Hour of their being seiz'd, resolv'd not to leave a Stone unturn'd, to procure their Freedom. The *Grandeess* that were their Friends, retir'd to their *Governments*, and rais'd *Rebellions* in the *Provinces*. All the *Kingdom* was harass'd with *Civil Wars*. The *Parliaments* decreed against the

the Court: And there wanted not Cabals of Seditious Courtiers, even in the Palace of the King, to undermine the Royal Authority; which the Cardinal Minister thought to establish, by the Imprisonment of the Princes. In all Places, the King's Interest ran Retrograde.

Thou wilt not wonder at this when thou shalt know, that the Princes of France are not Slaves to the King, like the Bassa's of the most Serene Empire, who owe all their Greatness, to the sole Favour of our Munificent Sultans. These Princes, enjoy all that and more by Inheritance, which our Grandees acquire only by their Merits, and the Smiles of their Sovereign. Hence it is, that their Interest is rivetted in the Hearts of the People, who revere the Blood Royal, in whatsoever Channels it runs.

Therefore thinking Men blame the Cardinal's Conduct in this Affair; saying, There was neither Justice nor Policy in it. Indeed, if a Mans Wit is to be measur'd by the Success of his Contrivances, the Censure of these People is true. For the Cardinal seems to have made a Trap for himself.

As soon as he perceived the King was prevail'd on by the Importunity of his Uncle, the Duke of Orleans, and the Parliament of Paris, to release the Princes, and that they had at the same Time earnestly begg'd of him, that this Minister might be remov'd from the Court, he suddenly pack'd up his Moveables, and with-drew privately towards the Place, where the Prin-

ces were Confin'd: Hoping, that though he had lost his First Point, yet he might make an indifferent After-Game, by going in Person to the *Royal Prisoners*, and assuring them, 'twas to him they ow'd their Release; since it was in his Power to carry 'em away with him, as also those who brought 'em the King's *Mandate*. For, he travell'd not without a considerable *Guard*.

'Tis said, the *Princes* receiv'd him with seeming Compliments and Addresses of Civility; promising their Friendship to the *Cardinal*, now a *Voluntary Exile*, and in a worse Condition than themselves.

It is very strange that so great a *Minister*, who Inherited all that *Absolute Power*, which his *Predecessor Richieu* had at this Court, should thus on a sudden abandon his Fortune. But it is thought, he is not gone to pick Straws.

However, he has by this timely Flight, avoided the Displeasure of seeing himself compell'd to depart, by an *Arrest of Parliament*, which was publish'd within Two Days after he was gone; commanding him to depart the *Kingdom*, within Fifteen Days.

The Wise *Minister*, foresaw this Disgrace approaching, and therefore thought it more becoming his Honour, to depart of his own Accord: Having still the Advantage, to reproach the *State* with Ingratitude, in that they have reduced to such Streights, the Man by whose Auspicious Conduct, *France* had been elevated to an Extraordinary *Grandeur* in *Europe*.
By

By this thou mayst comprehend, *Illustrious Bassa*, that there is no *Stability* in *Human Greatness*; but that the *Wheels* of a *Courtier's* Life, run through *Unequal Tracks*, often sticking in the *Mire* of the *Valley*, and not seldom threatening to overthrow a *Man*, and cast him *Headlong* from the *Precipice* of a *Mountain*. Against these *Inconstant Turns* of *Fortune*, I advise thee to be arm'd with *Moderation*; since no *Man* can avoid his *Destiny*.

Paris, 14th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XIV.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, at Fez.

I Am glad to hear thou art alive. Thy Letter came in a good Hour; for I bear a true Affection to those of my *Blood*, and have been particularly anxious for thee these many Years. The Sun has *Nine* Times measur'd the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiac*, since I received thy last Letter before this, or heard any News of thee. It seems, thou hast travell'd a great Part of the Earth, during that Time.

'Twas kindly done of thee, to remember thy Sick *Uncle's* Request, when thou wert at *Adleppo*, in making *Oblations* for his *Health*

to

to *Sheigh Bombac*, the *Santona*; and distributing *Corban* to the *Poor*, in Honour of *Syniana Fissa*.

Thou hast sent me a large and satisfactory Account of thy *Observations* in *Asia*: Yet I am sorry, thou hadst not Time to penetrate into the *Religion* and *Secrets* of the *Indian Bramins*. I am more ambitious, to pry into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of those *Philosophers*, than into any other *Species* of *Knowledge* whatsoever. Methinks, 'tis pity the *Records* of so vast an *Antiquity*, shoud be conceal'd from the *Rest* of the *World*, and onely known to those *Happy Priests*. I protest, 'tis impossible for me to think of it without *Envy*. But perhaps, it is the *Will* of *Heaven*, to lock up those *Mysteries* in the *Remotest Provinces* of the *East*, as a *Reward* of their *Constancy*, in adhering to the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*, which know no *Origin*; and as a *Reproach* to all other *Nations*, who in *Matters* of *Religion*, have been *Mutable* as the *Winds*.

I have convers'd with several *Jesuits* and others, who have been in the *Indies*; but they seem to relate all Things *Partially*, out of a *Natural Aversion* for the *Admiration* of the *East*. And I knew not how to disprove 'em, till my Brother *Pesselibali* undeceived me. He has also visited those *Parts*, and resided a considerable Time in *China*. It is a difficult Thing for a *Traveller*, to keep himself within the *Bounds* of *Truth*, in his *Relations*; but I believe, he has not exceeded. Thy *Journal* touches but lightly the *Indian Affairs*, and

having Leisure, as thou tellest me, to observe much. However, thou hast made Amends in thy Relations of *Persia*, *Tartary*, and the *Land of the Curds*.

I depend much on thy Promise of sending me a *Journal* of thy Travels in *Africk*. To that *Quarter* of the *World*, I am much a Stranger; not having met with any Authentick Relation, of the *Region* in the *South*.

It seems, thou hast been in *Ethiopia*, *Lybia*, *Egypt*; and, in Fine, all over the *Torrid Zone*.

Historians tell Wonderful Things of these *Parts*. *Herodotus* mentions a Sort of People in *Africk*; whose Bodies were more Venomous than *Serpents*. These affronted once at the *Winds*, for driving the *Sands* of *Lybia* into their *Country*, and filling up all their *Wells* and *Streams*, enter'd into a *War* against the *Kingdom* of *Abus*; but the *South Wind* met em in their *March*, and bury'd em under *Mountains* of *Dust*.

I do not represent this to thee as a Truth, though related by that *Learn'd Grecian*. Thou mayst repute it for a *Fable*, as I do. But let this Passage be a Hint, that I expect from thee none but Solid Remarks.

It wou'd please me to be assur'd of one Thing, which perhaps thou hast heard of when thou wast in *Barbary*. Very credible *Authors* report, that when the *Phonicians* were expell'd by the *Israelites*, and driven into this Corner of *Africk*, they set up *Two Pillars* of *Admble*, whereon they Engrav'd their *Words*,

as a *Lasting Monument* of their *Expulsion*,
**WE ARE A REMNANT OF
 THOSE, WHO FLED FROM
 THE FACE OF JOSHUA, THE
 ROBBER, THE SON OF NUN.**

The *First Invention* of *Ships*, is by some
 ascrib'd to these *People*, whom *Necessity*
 taught to seek Rest on the *Unquiet Ocean*;
 since the more *Turbulent Sons of Jacob*, wou'd
 not permit them to enjoy any *Repose* on the
Land, having harass'd 'em from one Place to
 another, till at length they drove 'em to the
 very *Borders* of the *Earth*. But, thou know'st,
 the *Chineses* pretend to the *Use* of *Ships*, ma-
 ny *Thousand Years* before this *Depredation*
 of the *Israelites*. Every *Nation* aims to be
 esteem'd the most *Ancient*. And when there
 was formerly a *Dispute* between the *Egypti-
 ans* and *Scythians* on this *Point*, it was ad-
 justed in *Favour* of the *Latter*; but the *Chro-
 nologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*, far exceed
 all others in the *World*. For they seem to
 out-strip *Time* it self in *Antiquity*; at least,
 they transcend the *Common Date* of the *World's*
Creation.

I have heard a *Traveller* assert, That as he
 was journeying through the *Deserts* of *Lybia*,
 he discover'd an *Altar* of *Stone*, with this *In-
 scription* on it, in *Grecian Characters*, **IPO-
 LYSTRATUS OF ATHENS, HAVE
 CONSECRATED THIS ALTAR,
 TO ALL THAT IS GOOD IN
 HEAVEN; AND IF THAT ALL
 BE BUT ONE, AS SOME SAY,**
 MAT

MAY THAT ONE ACCEPT MY VOWS.

I desire thee to inform me, Whether thou hast ever seen or heard of such an *Altar*, when thou wert in those *Parts*. You *Travellers*, must expect this Kind of Trouble from your Friends. Every Body is Naturally Inquisitive, and Desirous of Knowledge.

It will be acceptable also, to send me an *Abstract* of the *Present State* of *Fez*. I should be glad to hear of the Health of *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, the *Superiour* of the *Magnificent Colledge* in that *City*, built by *Al' Habu Ennor*, King of the *Country*. They say, it cost him Two Hundred and Forty Thousand *Sequins*.

It is added, That in *Fez* there is a *Mosque*, near Half a League in *Circuit*: In which are as many *Gates*, as there be *Days* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*. And that the Number of the *Pillars* which support it, is equal to the *Year* of the *Hegira* wherein it was Founded; being encompass'd also, by Seventeen High *Minarets*; besides Innumerable *Domes* and *Terrasses*. Having also 900 *Lamps* burning in it by Night, and 300 *Windows* to let in the Light of the Day. The *Revenue* of this famous *Mosque*, is said to be 36500 *Sequins* a Year. They relate many other things of *Fez*, and the *Provinces* belonging to it. Of all which, I desire thee to send me a *Distinct Account*.

I had almost forgot the *Passage*, which I have read in the *Ancients*, concerning a cer-
tain

tain subtle *African*, whose Name was *Psaphon*. This Man had train'd up a *Parrot*, to repeat very frequently these Words, *Psaphon is a Great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Lesson, he let it loose; which being accusom'd to a *Domestick* Life in a Cage, fled not presently to the Fields, but perch'd on the *Temple* of the Town, where it was heard by the People, to utter the aforesaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They Ignorant of the Quality of *Parrots*, and led with *Native Superstition*, esteem'd it an *Oracle* from *Heaven*. Wherefore immediately flocking to the House of *Psaphon*, they offer'd *Sacrifice* to him, and in all Respects treated him as a *Divinity*.

Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, *Idolatry* had no better Foundation, than Artifice and Lyes: Unless we shall conclude with the *Poet*, *That Fear made the First Gods in the World*. Cousin, let there be a frequent Intercourse between us. It will be profitable to thee and me.

Paris, 5th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

I

LET.

LETTER XV.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

'TIS a Custom in the Court of Rome, that every Nation of the West, has a Protector among the Cardinals there, who are Princes of the Roman Church. Such I esteem thee, in the most Exalted Court of the East.

Arabia gave thee thy first Breath: But thy own Merits have lifted thee up to the Dignity of a Bassa, a Prince of the Ottoman Empire, whose Limits far exceed those of Modern, or even of Ancient Rome.

'Tis from hence, our Countrymen address to thee, as to their Patron, using thy Power and Mediation with the Grand Signior, in all their Necessities.

Among the Rest, wonder not that the humblest of thy Slaves, *Mahmut*, the Son of thy Father's Neighbour, falls at thy Feet, in a Time of great Distress; in the Agonies of his Spirit, the Hazard of his Fortune, and Peril of his Honour, which he values more than his Life.

I complain not of the many repeated Abuses and Contempts I have receiv'd from some in the *Seraglio*, to whom it belongs not, to meddle with Things out of their Sphere, much less to discourage the Faithful Agents and Missioners of the Grand Signior. Yet the Persecutions I have felt from their Hands, are such as wou'd drive another Man, less patient of Injuries, either to Revenge or Despair.

They

They have vilify'd all my Conduct in this *Station*; reproach'd my best Actions, with the odious Characters of *Imprudence* and *Disloyalty*; and misrepresented the smallest *Peccadillo's* (for which also, I have the *Adulter's* Dispensation) under the Ignominious Title of *Infidelity* and *Atheism*. In a Word, they thirst after my Blood: Nothing will satisfy their greedy Malice, but my Life.

I never was afraid to die, since I perfectly understood what it is to live. Nor can I be fond of protracting my Breath, when my *Great Master* shall please to call for a Surrender of it, for whose Service onely it was given me. But it would render the *Scene* of my *Death* Tragical, and strew my Passage into the *Other World* with Thorns, to be sent out of *This*, under the Notion of a *Traitor*, who have acted my Part, without a real Blomish.

Deingsi, that Learn'd Tutor of the *Royal Pages*, was the first that broach'd this Enmity against me; (for I have forgot the Prevarication of *Shashim Isthani*, the *Black Eunuch*, since the Time he acknowledg'd his Fault with much Candor and Ingenuity.) 'Twas that *Athenian Sophist*, who debauch'd the Integrity of my *Cousin Solyma*; and perswaded the Unwary Youth, to enter into a Conspiracy against his Uncle. But I reprehended my *Kinsman's* Folly in one Letter; and his Answer, though late, convinc'd me, That he was not guilty of Malice, so much as of Rashness and Credulity. I was extremely oblig'd to the *Kaimacham*, for his Be-

nignity and Friendship in this Affair. The good old *Minister* had a real Kindness for me, and took no small Pains to penetrate into the Causes of my *Cousin's* eager Passion, and Malice against me. At length he found it to be only the Practices of *Ikingi*, who took Advantage of *Solyman's* Temper, equally Loyal and Flexible; insinuated into his Youthful Mind, Monstrous Ideas of me; and, in fine, set him a railing at me with a fierce kind of Liberty, wherever he came. The wise *Bassa* soon open'd my Kinsman's Eyes; brought him to his Sense; and the Issue of all was, that *Solyman* writ me a Letter of Apology.

But since this, the *Master* of the *Pages* has laid new Traits for me, and drawn a great many more to his Party. He has corrupted *Mastapha Guir*, an *Eunuch*, and *Page* to the *Old Queen*; with whom I once held a Correspondence, and, as I thought, had contracted a Familiarity and Friendship. But, it seems, it was only an Appearance, without Reality. I could give thee a long List of those, whom this *Academick* has taught to slander *Mahmut*: But I will not appear so Revengeful. Besides, this is not the only Grievance of which I complain.

Shall I remonstrate to thee, most Excellent and Serene *Bassa*, the true Cause of my Uneasiness? I am weary of living among *Infidels*. Favour me with thy Assistance and Intercession, that I may have leave to retire from this Place, and vindicate my self before the

Faces

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Faces of my Enemies. And having had that Honour, rendering also a just Account of the Affairs wherewith I am entrusted, I may visit my *Native Country*, and spend the Residue of my Days in *Arabia*, the Scene of all our Prophet's Great Actions; the Place where I first drew my Breath. I languish for the Aromatick Air of *Admoim*, the Crystal Fountains, and Cooler Shades of that Happy Province. I long to see the Groves which encompass the Village of my *Nativity*, the Turrets of thy Father's House, and the *Mosque* of *Hafen* the Prophet. For, tho' I took no Notice of these Things in my Infancy; yet having once seen 'em in my Riper Years, when I were able to make more lasting Reflections, I shall never forget these delightful Objects, so long as I live.

If this be an Infirmity, pardon it, Illustrious Arab, since it is Natural to all Men. Thou thy self, hast enjoy'd the Pleasure of revisiting that sweet Region: Pity *Mahmut*, who burns with Desire to taste the same.

Or, if this shall be thought too great an Indulgence, to the poor *Exil'd Mahmut*; yet it will be easy for thee, who art a Favourite, to obtain of the *Grand Signior*, that I may at least be recall'd from this Employment, and some body else substituted in my Place. There are those among my Enemies, who are Ambitious of the Fatigue; and *Ikingi*, my Old Friend, would exchange all the Honours he is possess'd of in the *Seraglio*,

for this Obscure, yet Hazardous Post. 'Tis Pity but such a Man's Thirst of Perils, should be gratify'd.

But if after all that I have said, my *Superiours* shall think it expedient to continue me here, I am resign'd : Only desiring, that from henceforth my Slanderers may be suspected, as Men ill affected to the *Sublime Port*, for traducing a Man that has waded through a Thousand Difficulties, Temptations and Perils ; and serv'd the *Ottoman Empire* in this *Station*, fourteen Years, without making a false Step, or Transgressing the least Point of his Instructions.

I hear that *Chusacın Bassa*, is made *Vizir Azem*. The *French* have a very great Opinion of his Valour. They are generally *Impartial Criticks* in *Martial Affairs*, scorning to deny a *Brave Enemy* his *Due Character*.

We are at present barren of other News, save a New Arrest of *Parliament* against *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his Kindred and Creatures ; whereby they are declared *Enemies* to the *State*, and charg'd with a long Catalogue of Crimes, whereof perhaps they were never Guilty.

Here are also some flying Reports of the *Cardinal's* Death : who, they say, has poyson'd himself for Grief of his ill Success in this *Court*. But I esteem this, only as the Froth of his Enemies Malice, who really wish him Dead ; and, to discourage his Friends, give it out that he is so.

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Serene *Bassa*, I commit my Affairs to thy Protection, beseeching thee, to do the Office of a Countryman and a Friend, to the betray'd for God.

Paris, 26th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER XVI.

To Chusaein *Bassa*, the Magnanimous Vizir Azem, and Invincible General of the Ottoman Forces in Candia.

I Am not much above Forty Three Years Old, yet have seen Great Changes in the World, mighty Revolutions in Kingdoms and States, and the Death of many Sovereign Monarchs, Illustrious Generals, and Wise Statesmen. Doubtless, all Sublunary Things, are subject to Vicissitude. There appears Nothing Constant and Settled, but the Heavens and Stars. They indeed persevere in their Immutable Courses, never change their Orbs, nor start from their Eternal Posts. The Sun rises and sets at his accusom'd Hours, and the Moon exactly observes the determin'd Periods of her Encrease and Wane; These vary only, as the Seasons of the Year, with Exqui-

site Regularity, and Constant Returns.

But here *below*, there is an Universal *Transmigration* and *Metempsychosis* of *States*, and *Forms of Things*: A Perpetual Flux and Reflux of Human Events. Men die hourly, and others are hourly born to supply their Places. One *Age* treads close upon the Heels of another. And we who live at present, as we walk in the Steps of our *Fathers*, so shall we follow them down to the *Grave*, where our *Flesh* by a new *Metamorphosis*, shall be turn'd into the Bodies of *Worms*, *Insects* and *Serpents*: And what shall become of our *Souls*, is Uncertain.

I was born in the *Reign* of *Sultan Achmet*, from whom our present *Sovereign* is the Sixth *Emperour*, that has ascended the Glorious *Throne* of the *Ottomans*. May God grant him a Long Life, and a *Series* of Years bless'd with Continual Health, and Victory over his Enemies. I pray *Heaven* also, to perpetuate thy *New Office*, to the last Period of the *Sultan's* Life; and in wishing this, I say all that can be expected.

But when I reflect on the frequent and bloody *Tragedies*, that have been acted in the *Seraglio* since I can remember, and the many *Sacrifices* that have been made of *Sultans*, *Vizirs*, *Bassas*, and *Principal Ministers* of State, besides the Massacres and Butcheries of Meaner Persons; It makes me melancholy, amidst the Joys I conceive for thy late *Exaltation*; and fills me with Fears, lest my good Wishes to the *Grand Signior* and Thee, who art his Right Hand, shou'd by
some

some sinister *Decree of Fate*, be almost as soon disannull'd as pronounc'd. I pray *Heaven* avert my melancholy Presages.

The Death of the Old *Queen* (the News of which is lately arriv'd at this *Court*) does but revive and encrease my Apprehension, of Greater *Tragedies* to come: Because one Act of Cruelty, still propagates another. Revenge is Prolifick, and Mischief is never at a Stand. 'Tis true indeed, as it is not decent to insult o'er the *Ashes of Illustrious Persons*; so neither has a Loyal *Mussulman*, any great Reason to mourn for the Fall of a Woman, by whose Connivance her *Royal Son*, and our late *Great Master, Sultan Ibrahim*, fell a *Sacrifice* to the *Mufti's* Indignation. 'Twas an Unnatural Part in a *Mother*: And we may say, the *Divine Justice* has overtaken her, in making her *Grandson* sign the *Warrant* for her *Death*, with the *Consent* of that very *Mufti*, at whose *Instigation* she had consented to the Murder of his *Father*.

Yet after all, may not she have left behind her a Party in the *Seraglio*, or at least in the *State*, who will study to revenge her Fall; or, however, do some Mischief to prevent their own? Let me not seem to contradict my own Arguments; and whilst I plead against Revenge and Cruelty, appear an *Advocate* for those Inhuman Passions. I do not mention the surviving *Creatures* of this Unhappy *Queen*, to excite in thee, false Sentiments of Justice, suspicious *Chimera's* of a possible *Conspiracy*, and so stimulate thee to punish them

by Anticipation, for Crimes of which perhaps they never will be Guilty. I rather suggest these Things, that after so many *Tragedies* in the *Royal Family*, a Stop may be now put to future Mischiefs; lest, whilst Men pursue a particular and self-Interest'd Revenge, the Contagion shou'd spread, and *Cruelty* become Universal, and Infinite.

Let it suffice, that no less than Three of our *Sultans*, have been Depos'd and Strangl'd within these Thirty Years: Not to mention the *Deluge* of *Royal Blood*, that has overflow'd the Private Chambers of the *Seraglio*, the Prisons of the *Ottoman Princes* Brothers, or Sons to the *Emperours* formerly Reigning.

These were Barbarous Cures of untimely Jealousies; and it is Pity that such Royal Massacres, shou'd ever be repeated again. Why shou'd the *Posterity* of *Ottoman*, be in this Regard the only *Unfortunate Princes* on Earth? Were it not much more Noble, and equally Wise, to take the Measures of *Aethiopian Policy*, where, to prevent Sedition and Discords about *Succession*, the *Princes* of the *Blood* are confin'd indeed, but to a very Pleasing Liberty: Whilst they have Palaces, Parks, and Large Fields at Command; are serv'd by a *Princely Train*, and deny'd no Lawful Pleasures, within the *Pale* of their *Restraint*: For there is an exceeding high Mountain in the Country, the Top of which is very Spacious, containing large Tracts of *Ground*, many beautiful *Seraglio's*, furnish'd with whatsoever can contribute to the Enjoyment of these *Princes*, or

at least to compensate for their Want of greater Liberty. This Mountain, is environ'd with a high and strong Wall, having but one Entrance, and that guarded by Soldiers; so that no Man can go in or out, who has not the *Emperor's Warrant*, or at least a Permission from the *Prime Minister of State*: For he, upon the Death of the *Emperor*, immediately calls a *Council* of the *Supreme Officers*, who from among these Imprison'd *Princes*, chuse him whom they think most worthy to succeed. The rest, who never felt the Appetite to *Reign* (for they are carry'd to this Place in their Infancy, and kept in perpetual Ignorance of *State-Affairs*) pass away their Time without Envy, or repining at the Exaltation of their Brother. Addicting themselves wholly to the Innocent Delights of that Rural Life, or to the Study of *Books*, whereof they have great Plenty in their *Libraries*, and those altogether treating of Matters of Divine or Natural Speculation. Whereby, though they know nothing of *State-Artifices*, and *Intrigues* of *Courts*, yet they become able *Philosophers*, and vers'd in all the *Liberal Sciences*.

Wou'd to God our *Ottoman Princes* (I mean the Younger Brothers) had but half this Liberty granted them. Then the *Infidels* wou'd have no reason to call the *Exalted Port*, a *Nest of Vulturs*.

But we must not find Fault with the Actions of our *Sovereigns*, though they tend to the Scandal and Ruine of the *Mussulman Empire*. Yet I know to whom I write these Things; having often heard thee declaim against

gainst this *Barbarous Custom*, of shutting up the *Royal Off-spring* in a *Dungeon*, without *Light or Comfort* during their *Lives*; which many *Times* are also *Cruelly shorten'd*, by the *Hands of the Executioners*.

But, turning our *Eyes* from the *Tragedies* of the *East*, let us fix 'em on the *Affairs* of the *Nazarenes* in the *West*.

The chief *Discourse* at present is, about a *Marriage* lately solemniz'd between the *Emperour* of *Germany*, and the *Dutchess* of *Mantua*. She is his *Third Wife* successively; for *Polygamy* is not allow'd, even to the *Sovereigns*, in these *Parts*, where the *Priests* bear all the *Sway*.

The *Posts* from *Sweden* inform us, of the *Death* of *General Forstensohn*, of whose *Exploits* in *Germany* thou hast often heard. That *Empire* is very *Unfortunate*, spending its *Time* and *Vitals*, in *Unprofitable Assemblies and Consults*, whilst her *Active Enemies*, take whole *Provinces* from her with *Ease*: But this need not grieve Us.

Great *Atlas* of the *Mussulman Empire*, I wish thee the *Continence* of *Scipio*, the *Fortune* of *Alexander*, and the *Temperance* of *Cato*; who when he was marching through the *Sands* of *Lybia* with his *Army*, all ready to expire with *Thirst*, and one of his *Soldiers* brought him his *Helmet* full of *Water*, as a rare *Present* in that *General Distress*; gratify'd the *Soldier* for his *Gift*, but spilt the *Water* on the *Ground*, saying, That since there was not enough to satisfy the *Whole Army*, he
wou'd

would not taste a Drop, and that he was Unworthy to be a *General*, who would not endure as much Hardship as the meanest Soldier.

Paris, 26th. of the 5th. Moon,

of the Year 1651.

L E T T E R X V I I.

To Nassuf, Bassa of Natolia.

PRAISE be to God, Lord of the Seven Heavens, and of all that is within their Circumference: These *Western Nazarenes*, are always a quarrelling. They are resolv'd to do their Parts toward the fulfilling the *Musfulman Predictions*, and those of their own *Prophets*. It makes me smile, to see these *Infidels* employing their Arms against each other, contending about *Petty Rights* and Possessions, whilst they neglect the *General Conservation* and Defence of *Christendom*, from the *Impetuous Torrents* of our *Invincible Armies*.

The *Electo*r of *Brandenburgh*, is enter'd into the *Dutchy* of *Mons* with considerable Forces, pretending to adjust, I know not what *Differences*, between those whom they call *Catholicks* and *Protestants*.

'T would be too tedious for a Letter, to run back to the *First Original* of this War, and

and trace it down from above a Hundred Years ago to the present Time. Besides, 'tis of no Import to a *Mussulman*, to hear a long Story of the Marriages, Deaths, Heirs, and Law-Disputes of these Petty *Infidel Princes*. Yet, that thou mayst know something of it, I will relate the whole Business as briefly as I can.

In the Year 1546. *William Duke of Mons, Juliers and Cleves*, marry'd *Mary the Daughter of Ferdinand I. Emperour of Germany*, and by this Match obtain'd of the *Emperour* (whom they call *Cesar*, as they did the Ancient *Emperours of Rome*, whose *Successor* he pretends to be) some Privileges, touching the *Succession* of his *Children*, and their *Right* to his *Dominions*: and particularly, that this vast *Estate* should not be Divided, but rest in the entire Possession of One *Heir-Male*, or in Default of that, it should descend to the next *Female*, which, as I am told, is a Custom in *Germany*; that so the *Grandezza* and Authority of *Princely Families*, may be supported.

I will not trouble thee with the Particulars, which would take up a *Volume*. But in short, it appears, that notwithstanding all the strict Provision that was, or could be made; this great *Estate*, after it had remain'd Sixty Years United, was at Length Divided between Two *Princes*, both claiming an Equal Right to the *Whole*; Yet to prevent Wars, and Effusion of Blood, each was contented with *Half*. These were *Wolf-*
gang,

gang, Duke of Newburgh; and Ernest, Marquess of Brandenburg. In whose Families, the Parted Succession has continued to this Day.

The Occasion of the present Quarrel, is their Difference of Religion; the Duke of Newburgh being a Catholick, and he of Brandenburg a Protestant. It seems, the Brandenburgers had formerly made Inrodes on those of Mons and Juliers, carrying away Captive their Priests and Dervises from their Altars and Convents, and detaining them in Servitude, for many Years, contrary to certain Articles that had been drawn up between 'em. They also used them with great Cruelty, and committed a Thousand Insolences on the Roman Insaums, wherever they got 'em in their Power.

Thus their Affairs continu'd, till the late Agreement at Munster. Since which Time, the Duke of Newburgh endeavoured to free his Subjects from their former Calamities, and restore things to their Ancient State.

The Elector of Brandenburg, making this an Occasion of War, has now invaded the Dominions of the said Duke. He is not gone in Person, but has sent a good Soldier, whom they call Otho Sparr, with Four Thousand Men to begin the Campaign; who, 'tis said, will be follow'd by a greater Army.

But before he took the Field, the Elector of Brandenburg had an Interview and Conference with the Duke of Saxony about this Affair, who is also a Protestant: So that 'tis thought,

thought, no small Disturbance will arise in the *Empire*. All Joy and Peace to *True Believers*!

He of *Brandenburgh*, has caus'd a *Declaration* to be spread abroad full of specious Pretences, that so his Conquests may be the more easy. He talks of nothing, but restoring the *People of Juliers and Mons* to their Ancient Liberties and Rights, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters; promising the fairest Things in the World, to those that obey him, and receive his Armies with Friendship. On the other side, threatening to treat those who resist him, with the utmost Severity that is due to Traytors and Rebels. And all this, for the sake of Two or Three Insignificant *Ceremonies* and *Opinions*, wherein they differ; mere Trifles, Litteral Whimsies, the Sport of their *Doctors*, the Spawn of Wanton and Luxuriant Brains. For, no greater was the *Original* Difference between the *Lutherans*, and those of the *Roman Church*. One will be sav'd by the Strength of his *Phancy*, which he calls *Faith*, without doing any *Good Work* toward it. The *Other* toils all his Life-Time to merit *Heaven*, and thinks he can never do enough to obtain his End. He wears out the Pavement of *Churches*, and makes the Skin of his Knees like that of a *Camel*, with perpetual Kneeling, and Praying to *Images* and *Pictures*. And after all, they may be both damn'd, for ought I know, for their Ill Lives. They tear and devour one another like Wild Beasts, and think to gain *Paradise* by their Unnatural Zeal.

The

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The Duke of Newburgh has publish'd a *Manifesto* against the Proceedings of *Brandenburgh*, and sollicit'd the Duke of *Lorrain's* Aid, as also that of *Leopold, Arch-Duke of Austria*. What will be the Issue, no Man knows; but oft-times, a small Spark kindles great Fires: And it is not impossible, that this little Feud, may set the whole *Empire* in a Flame.

Mighty *Bassa*, I pray Heaven bless thee with *Peace, Health*, and thy due *Revenue*. If these be not enough to make thee *Happy*, I wish thee an *Encrease of Honour*, and all the *Glorious Fatigues* which *Mortals* court as their *Way to Bliss*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Useph Bassa.

SUSPECT me not : I have an equal Esteem for thee, as I have for the other *Bassas* and *Ministers* of the *Divan*. But I find it difficult to please any. They are Captious, and every one would have all my Letters address'd to himself: As if I were plac'd here to serve *Particular* Interests, and not the *Publick*. However, I cannot but acknowledge the tacit Honour they do me, in being so covetous of poor *Mahmud's* Correspondence. I wish I were in a Condition to be more Partial: Then I would quickly make thee and some others sensible, which are the Persons, for whom I have a peculiar Regard.

But as the Case is at present, I must observe the *Instructions* I have receiv'd; and, by Turns, write to All.

Wherein, if I fail of *Arithmetical Proportions*, I will make Amends by the *Rules* of *Geometry*: If I write but seldom to some, I desire that the Length of my Letters, and Solidity of the Matter, may be accepted as a proper Supplement.

But, thou hast no Reason to complain on this Score, unless it be of thy self, for travelling into *Remote Countries*, whither I knew not how to follow thee with Letters, or any other

other Way. Besides, the former Friendship that has been between us, is a sufficient Counterſcarp againſt all Suſpicion of Neglect on my Part, who am a Thouſand Times obliged to thee for ſo many repeated Favours. For the ſake of God therefore, and *All* that is *Good*, wound my Heart no more with theſe Undeſerv'd Reproaches: But believe ſtedfaſtly, That *Mahmud* can never be ungrateful and falſe.

Thy Letter is a Miſcellany, of Friendly Complaints and Compliments. Thou giv'ſt me a Character, to which I do not pretend. 'Tis true, indeed, and I thank God and my *Good Stars* for it, that I was not born Blind, Deaf, or Dumb. *Nature* gave me my *Senſes* free from any Maniſeſt Deſect; and I have an Indifferent good *Memory*. When I was Young, I had an Inclination to read *Books*; and Fortune has ſince favour'd me, with many Opportunities for that Purpoſe. But I found the moſt profitable *Study* to be, that of *MY SELF*, to which all the Laborious Pains of the *Schools* and *Academies*, ſerve only as a certain Gradation and Diſcipline. Nay, without theſe, a Man may attain all the Knowledge that is Neceſſary to the Accompliſhment of his Nature; For ſo did the Firſt *Philoſophers*, before *Books* or *Letters* were extant. If thou wilt be perfectly Wiſe, read the *ALCORAN*, and the *UNIVERSE*; After that, peruſe *THYSELF*. Thou wilt find, Matter of Wonder and Improvement in
Each;

Each; but most of all, in the *Last*: For, *Man* is a *Medley* of all *Things*.

Were this Lesson well learn'd and practis'd in the *Court* of *France*, there wou'd not be so many little *Quartels* among these *Infidels*; or at least, such *Petty Originals*, wou'd not produce so many *Fatal Consequences*.

From the first Time the *Prince* of *Conde* with his *Brothers*, were releas'd from their *Imprisonment* (whereof I have given an Account to *Minezim Aluph*) there appear'd much *Coldness* in the *Queen's* Reception of 'em, and their *Addresses* to her. On both sides they were at a *Loss*, how to behave themselves: For, all their *Civilities* were forc'd. 'Tis true, there was a *Splendid Umbrage* of *Reconciliation*; but it soon vanish'd. Their suppress'd *Passions*, discover'd themselves by *Degrees*, and at length broke out into open *Enmity*.

The *Queen* appear'd full of *Condescensions*, and *Favours*: But Young *Conde*, is as full of his *Merits* and brave *Exploits*; remembering what *Services*, he has done to this *Crown*. Besides, he is not void of *Suspicion* and *Jealousie*, lest all those *Excesses* of *Royal Kindness* are strain'd, only to render him more secure, and so entrap him a second Time with greater Advantage. The Horror of his First *Imprisonment*, is yet fix'd in his *Mind*; from whence it will not be easy to efface it. Three Principal *Servants* of the *Queen*, were Banish'd, to remove his *Fears*: For, he imagin'd them to be *Instruments* of *Correspondence* between the *Queen* and his old *Enemy*,

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my, *Cardinal Mazarini*. Yet she publish'd a *Declaration*, signifying, That the *Cardinal* should be for ever Banish'd, not only from the Court, but from the Kingdom.

And this *Moon*, the King being come of Age, invited the *Prince* to the Ceremonies usual on such Occasions: Which *Cande* apprehended as a Snare, and so fled out of *Paris*.

The Event of these Emergencies, is yet in the *Secret Pages* of *Destiny*: But in all Likelihood, a *Civil War* will follow. People are whispering, caballing and making *Parties* on both Sides. All the *Powder* in *Paris*, is engrossed and gone; but no body knows by whom. Some say, the *Prince* is posted into *Flanders*; others report, that he is retir'd to his own *Government*, there to raise an Army. The most knowing averr, That wherever he is, he has Two Hundred Thousand *Sequins* in Bank, to give Life to his New Designs, let them be what they will.

Think not this News of small Importance, *Serene Bassa*: But when thou hearest of the *Civil Wars* among *Christians*, especially in the Realm of *France*, the First and most *Victorious Empire* of the *West*, look on thy Right Hand and on thy Left; for our *Holy Prophet*, or his *Herald*, is near at Hand.

Paris, 22d. of the 9th. Moon,
the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER. XIX.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constantinople.

THOU see'st, what thy *Libertinism* has brought on thee. For my Part, I am Sick in reading thy Letter, full of Melancholy, and the worst Kind of *Enthusiasm*.

Hadst thou follow'd my Advice, or if that be contemn'd, hadst thou but obey'd the Precepts of thy Father, an honest Man, and one that went down to the Grave in Peace, thou would'st have Liv'd as happily as other Men; but now thou art overwhelm'd with *Hypochondriack* Vapours, and Dreams of a sickly Brain. I counsel thee, to purge thy self with *Hellebor*; for thou hast more Need of that, than of *Books*. In all my Life, I never heard such *Religious Nonsense* from a *Mussulman*, as thy last Letter is stuff'd with.

I have not Patience to make Repetitions, or answer every Particular *Whimsie* of thine. But in God's Name, what makes thee fright thy self with such a Wrong Notion of *Hell*? It is a Common *Maxim* in Nature, That Nothing Violent, is Permanent. Either therefore, the Pains of the *Damn'd* are not Infinitely Intense, or else they are not Eternal in their Duration. Thou wilt say, The *Alcoran* it self asserts the Eternity of those Torments.

ments. But dost thou understand the *Figurative* Manner of *Speech* us'd in that *Divine Book*, and in all our *Eastern Writings*? Is it not Common to call a very High Mountain, the *Mountain of God*? As if all the Mountains and Valleys of the Earth, were not equally his. So, to express an Uncertain Length of Time, 'tis Customary to use the *Epithet* [*Eternal*.] Thus, we in ordinary Conversation say in *Arabia*, *I love You Eternally, I will serve You, fight for You, &c. Eternally*; and the same of the *Contrary Passions*: And yet we all know, we shall live but a few Years.

But, granting that the *Alcoran* speaks in a *Literal* Sence; it does not follow, That those *Pains* are without *Intervals of Rest*. We read of the Tree *Zaddon*, which grows in the *Center of Hell*: But who will interpret, what is understood by this *Plant*?

Cousin, make use of thy *Reason*; and practise the *best Things*. As for our Condition after *this Life*, trouble not thy self; for no Man knows, what will become of him when he goes Hence. However, we cannot believe, the *Supremely Merciful* Delights in *Cruelty*.

There is a *Path*, which the *Eagle* has not winged, nor the *Serpent* trac'd, though 'tis obvious to both. But their own *Rashness* blinds them, and they cannot discern the *Way of the Wise*. There are Men of towering Speculations, and others very Crafty; yet neither one or 'tother, can grope out the *Direct Road to Bliss*. If I may advise thee, let Na-

ture

sure be thy Guide. Do nothing, but what *Humanity* prompts thee to: 'Tis this alone, distinguishes thee from other Animals. Honour the *Memory* of thy *deceas'd Parents*, love thy *Friends*, and be generous to thy *Enemies*: Do Justice to all Men: Observe the *Purifications* and *Prayers* prescrib'd by the *Law*: But give no Credit to the *Fables* of *Infidels*. It is common here among the *Christians*, to paint *Hell* with *Horrid Flames*, and *Devils* flying up and down with red-hot Prongs, to toss the *Damn'd* from Fire to Fire. And their *Preachers* make long and direful Harangues, on the same Subject: When all the while, neither they nor we know, *What* or *Where* *Hell* is, or after what *Manner* the *Wicked* shall be Chastis'd.

Only the *Illuminated* of *God* have this *Standard of Truth*; That both our *Pains* and *Pleasures* after this *Life*, shall be Exactly proportion'd to our *Virtues* and *Vices*. There is no *Malice* or *Injustice*, in the *Good Creator* of All Things.

Cousin, once again, let thy Sences be awake, and suffer not thy Reason to dream of Things, which have no Existence. For assuredly, *God* is the most *Impartial Judge* of the *Universe*.

Paris, the 22d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Enden Al' Zadi Jaaf, Begler-
beg of Dierbekir.

I Have not the Honour to know thee in Person, but have heard of thy Fame. So *Mortals* are unacquainted with the *Secrets* of the *Fixed Stars*; yet we observe their Lustre and Rank, and the Figure they make in those *Remote Worlds*.

Thy Exploits among the *Curds* and *Georgians*, are not unknown in these *Parts*. The *Franks* that travel in the *East*, have transported hither such a Character of thy Magnanimous Actions, as makes all Men of Honour in Love with thee: And I have conceiv'd a particular Veneration for thy Vertues. May God encrease them with thy Hours, and grant thee a *Monopoly* of *Bliss*.

Thou art plac'd in an *Eminent Seat*, and may'st with Reason be call'd *Lord of Lords*, as thy *Title* imports; for thou art *Possessor* of the *Terrestrial Paradise*, if we may give Credit to the *Tradition* of the *Ancients*. They tell us, that for a Time *Adam* dwelt there, with his *Second Wife*, and that the particular Place of his Abode was an *Island*, encompass'd with the Rivers *Euphrates*, *Tygris*, *Pison*, and *Gihon*. From whence it was call'd *Mesopotamia* by the *Greeks*; Which

K

signifies,

signifies, *A Region environ'd with Rivers.*

All the *West of Asia*, have a profound Respect for this *Country*. And the *Jews* relate strange Stories of a *Tree* in *Dierbekir*, which grew Five Hundred Miles high, in the Days of *Adam*; which they say, was cut down by an *Angel*, lest *Man* should climb to *Heaven* by it before his Time. For, it seems, *Ambition* was a *Vice*, early as our Nature; and *Adam* was no sooner sensible that he was a *Man*, but he aspir'd to be a *God*, or something like One: So great a Charm there is in Honour and Authority.

They say also, that *Abraham* was born in this *Region*. However, 'tis certain, if there be any Certainty in *Records* and *Histories*, that he resided there a considerable Time. But thou knowest best, what *Traditions* thy *Subjects* have of these Things.

The *Chinese* and *Indians* laugh at all this, as a *Romance* of *Later Date*, than their *Chronicles*; which make those *Extremities* of the *East*, to be the *Stage* of the first *Mortals*. Instead of *Adam* and *Eve*, or *Alileth*, they assert the *Names* of the *Original Parents* of *Mankind*, to be *Panzon* and *Panzona*: Whose *Off-spring*, they say, continu'd Ten Millions of Years; but at length, were all destroy'd from the *Earth*, by a *Tempest* from *Heaven*. After whom, they tell us, *God* created *Lontizam*, a *Man* with *Two Horns*, each as big and tall as a *Tree* in that *Country*, which they call the *Plant of God*, being the *Largest* and *First* of all *Vegetables*. This *Man's*
Horns

Horns being Prolifick, according to their *Tradition*; out of the *Right*, sprang a Thousand Men every Day for a Hundred Years; and as many Women out of the *Left*, in the same Space. From whom descended all *Mortals* of both *Sexes* to this Day; tho' we are much diminish'd in Bulk, through the General Decay of *Human Nature*. For, these *People* affirm, That the *First Race* of *Men*, were all *Gyants*: But that through Intemperance and other Vices, their *Off-spring* shrunk by degrees into smaller Dimensions, till at Length they arriv'd at the present *Stature*, and appear'd like *Pigmies* in Comparison of the *Primitive Sons* of *Loutizam*. In Confirmation of this the *Indians* shew to *Travellers*, some of their *Temples* hewn out of vast Rocks, with the *Images* of those *Gigantick Men*, who they say, were employ'd in the Work. These they honour, as *Hero's* or *Demi-Gods*.

I do not relate this for Truth, but only to divert thee, in representing the different *Opinions* of Men. God only knows, how to separate the *Truth* from *Falshood* in *Histories*.

But to return to *Dierbekir*: This Country is Famous for the *Tower* of *Babel*, built by *Nimrod* and his *Followers*; at what Time, the *Languages* were confounded, as *Moses* relates. 'Tis Remarkable also, for the Battel fought between the *Parthians* and *Romans* at *Harran*, and for the Death of *Caracalla*, the Son of *Severus*, *Emperour* of

Rome, who was Murdered by *Macrinus*, the Roman General. These Emperors were all call'd *Casars*, as the King of Egypt were call'd *Pharaoh's* and *Ptolomies*. It seems, the Word *Cesar*, was first apply'd to *Julius* the Roman Dictator, for that his Mother dying under the Pains which were to give him Life, her Belly was ript up, and he drawn forth from her Womb by the Hands of a Surgeon. In Memory of which, he and all his Successors were call'd *Casars*; that Word signifying [drawn forth by Violence] But, whatsoever the Manner of his Birth was, this is Certain, that he and Forty of his Successors, were hurried out of the World, by untimely Death: For, they either laid Violent Hands on themselves, or were Murder'd by Traitors.

If thou wou'dst have any News out of these Parts, the Chief Discourse at Present is, of a great Victory obtain'd by the *Polanders* against the *Cossacks* and *Tartars*. And I cou'd wish this were all: But the *Nazarenes* are continually made joyful, with the Success of the *Venetians* against the Arms of the *Invincible Empire*. They beat us by Sea, and baffle all our Attempts by Land. We have not got an Inch of Ground in *Candia*, during the last Campaigne, but lost many Thousands of Men, and brought the Name of the *Sublime Port* and *Victorious Mussalmans*, into Contempt and Scorn. Where the Fault lies, God knows. 'Tis too Melancholy a Theme, to insist on Particulars.

Vol. IV. a Spy at PARIS. 197

Don Juan of Austria, has also besieged *Barcelona* by Sea and Land.

Several Arrests of Parliament, are here publish'd against the Prince of Conde and his Adherers; and, 'tis reported, the King will recall *Cardinal Mazarini* from his Banishment.

Illustrious Prince, and Governor of a Happy Region, I beg thy favourable Construction of this Address. And thus in Reverence I desist, full of Dutiful and Affectionate Vows for thy Prosperity.

Paris, 19th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1651.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

VOL. IV.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Abdel Melech Muli Omar, President *of the* College of Sciences at Fez.

THou hast formerly received a Letter from me, wherein I mentioned the *Tenets* of a certain *French Philosopher* who maintains, That the *Earth* moves like the Rest of the *Planets*, and the *Sun* stands still, being the *Center* of this our *World*: For he asserts, that there are *Many*.

K 4

The

The Name of this Sage is *Des Cartes*, Renowned throughout the World for his Learning and Knowledge. He lays as a Basis of all his *Philosophy*, this short *Position* and *Inference*, *I THINK; THEREFORE I AM*. In this alone he is *Dogmatical*, allowing a Lawful *Scepticism*, in all the Uncertain *Deductions* which may be drawn from it.

Pardon me, *Oraculous Sage*, if I expose before thee my Infirmities. I am Naturally distrustful of all Things. This Temper puts me upon Perpetual *Thinking*. And that very Act convinces me, of the *Truth* of my *Being*, according to the Method of this *Philosopher*. But *What* I am, I know not. Sometimes I Phancy my self, no more than a *Dream* or *Idea* of all those other Things, which Men commonly believe do Really Exist: A mere Imagination of Possibilities. And, that all which we call the *World*, is but One Grand *Chimera*, or *Nothing* in *Masquerade*.

At other Times, when these wild Thoughts are vanished, and my Spirits tired in the Pursuit of such Abstracted Whimfies begin to flag, and that my Lower Sence awak'd by some present Pain or Pleasure, rouses my sleeping Appetites: When I am touch'd with Hunger, Thirst, or Cold, or Heat, and find experimentally, I am Something that cannot be a mere Thought or Dream, but of a Composition which stands in Need of Meat, Drink, Garments, and other Necessaries: Then, rather than fret my self with Vain and Endless Scrutinies,

Scrutinies, I tamely conclude, I am that which they call a *Man*, I lay the *Sceptrick* aside, and without any farther Scruples or Doubts, fall roundly to eating, drinking, or any other Refreshments my Nature craves for.

But no sooner have I tasted these Delights, when my Old Distemper returns again. I then consider my self as a *Being*, capable of Happiness or Misery in some Degree, as I shall possess or Want those very Delights I just before enjoyed. This is a sufficient Damp to a Thinking Man, when he knows, that he stands in Need of any Thing out of himself. But 'tis far greater, when he will take the Pains to number all the Train of his Particular Necessities, which he is not sure he shall always be able to supply.

This makes me presently conclude, That as I am Indebted to Other Creatures for my sensible Happiness, so I owe my very *Being* to Something beside my self. I examine my *Original*, and find I am born of Men and Women, who were in the same Indigent Circumstances as my self: And that it is not only so with my Particular Family, but with all Mankind; our whole Human Race, being born *Natural Mendicants* from the *Womb*. As soon as we breath the Vital Air, we Cry; and with those *Inarticulate Prayers*, beg for Help and Protection from others, without whose generous Aid we could not subsist a Moment: So poor and beggarly a Thing is Man, from his Birth. This is the Condition

of all: Neither is a *King* any more exempt from this *Common Character of Mortals* than the *Slave* who sweeps the *Streets*.

If I could have rested in this Thought, I should have been happy: For it would have had this Influence on me, either to convince me, that I ought to be content with the Condition to which I was born, or to rid my self out of so despicable a State by Death.

But alas, one Thought produces another: And from the Contemplation of our present Misery in this *Life*, I fall to thinking what will become of us after *Death*. For, as we know not *What*, or *Where* we were before we came into this *World*; so there is no Human Certainty, *Whither* we shall go, or in *What* Condition we shall be, when we leave it: And therefore, it would be an unpardonable Madness, to throw my self headlong into a State of which I have no Account: And, to avoid the Little Miseries of this *Life*, which must have an End one Time or other, cast my self down a *Precipice* (for ought I know) of *Intolerable Torments*, which has no Bottom.

I hear the *Philosophers* talk of *Immortality*, the *Poets* of *Elyzium*, the *Christian Priests* of *Heaven*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*; the *Indian Bramins* of *Transmigration*. But I know not *what*, or *which* I have Reason to believe, of all these.

I speak

I speak after the Manner of *Philosophers*; for, if we come to *Faith*, the Case is altered. Think not, I beseech thee, that I call in Question the *Sacred Oracles*, the *Revelations* of the *sent of God*. But I only acquaint thee, how my *Natural Reason* matters me with *Doubts*.

I see Men every where professing some *Religion* or other; paying *Divine Honours* to some *Superiour Being*, or *Beings*, according as they have been Educated: Which many Times tempts me to think, that *Religion* is Nothing but the *Effect of Education*.

Then I wonder, how Men when they come to Years of Discretion, and their Reason is able to Distinguish between Things *probable*, and mere *Romances*, can still retain the *Errors of their Infancy*. 'Tis Natural for *Children*, to be wheedled or aw'd into a *Belief* of what their *Parents*, *Nurses*, or *Tutors* teach them. But when they come of Age, they soon rectify their misled Understandings, in all Things, save the Affairs of *Religion*. In this they are *Children* still, tenacious of the *Sacred Fables* of their *Priests*, and *Obstinate* in maintaining them, sometimes even to *Death*.

It puzzles me to find out the Cause of so strange an Effect, That Men otherwise endu'd with Mature Judgments, and an extraordinary Sagacity in all Things else, should yet be *Fools* in *Matters of Religion*, and believe Things *Inconsistent* with the *Common Sense* and *Reason of Mankind*.

I could

I could never give Credit to the *Histories* of the Ancient *Pagans*, which acquaint us with the devout *Adoration* they paid to the *Creatures* of the *Painter* or *Carver*, did not I see the same practis'd among the *Christians*: Or, that those *Wise Men* of Old, cou'd swallow the Forgeries of their *Priests* concerning their *Gods* and *Goddesses*, were I not an *Eye-Witness*, how bigotted the Modern *Nazarenes* are to the *Legends* of their *Saints*, and the *Jews* to those more Ridiculous *Figments* of the *Talmud*.

It perplexes me, to see *Mankind* generally labouring under so great a *Darkness*, not so much the Effect of *Ignorance*, as of *Superstition*: To behold Men well vers'd in *Sciences*, and all kinds of *Humane Learning*, yet Zealous Assertors of manifest Contradictions in Matters of *Divinity*, rather than oppose, or so much as examine the *Traditions* of their *Fathers*.

When I behold *Mankind* divided into so many innumerable Different *Religions* in the *World*, all vigorously propagating their own *Tenets*, either by Subtilty or Violence, yet few or none seeming by their Practice to believe what they with so much Ardour profess; I could almost think, that these various Ways of *Worship*, were first invented by *Politicians*; each accommodating his *Model* to the Inclinations of the *People* whom he design'd to *Circumvent*.

But when on the other side I consider, there appears something so *Natural* and *Undisguis'd*,

guish'd, in the *Furious Zeal*, and *Unconquerable Obstinacy* of the *Greatest Part*; I am as ready to Joyn with *Cardan*, and conclude, That all this *Variety* of *Religions*, depends on the *Different Influence* of the *Stars*. This was a famous *Philosopher* in *Europe*; and held, That the *Religion* of the *Jews*, ow'd its *Original* to the *Force* of *Saturn*, that of the *Christians* to *Jupiter*, and Ours to *Mars*. As for the *Pagans*, he assigns to them many *Constellations* and *Aspects*.

Thus there is so equal an *Appearance* of *Truth* and *Falshood* in *Every Religion*, that I should not know how, in *Human Reason*, to fix on any.

Superstition renders a *Man* a *Fool*, and *Scepticism* is enough to make him *Mad*. To believe *All Things*, is above *Reason*; to give *Credit* to *Nothing*, is below it. I will keep the *Middle Path*, and direct my *Faith* by my *Reason*.

That *Faculty* tells me, that if I were inclined to *Adore* the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* for their *Beauty* and *Influence*, I might on the same *Ground* *Worship* my own *Eyes*, without which I could not behold their tempting *Splendors*: Or, I might as well pay *Divine Honour* to that more *Intimate Sence*, my *Feeling*, or any of my other *Sences*, which only render me capable to know the *Vertue* of these *Luminaries*. The same may be said of the *Elements*, and of all *Visible Beings*.

What then shall I *Adore*, or to whom shall I return Thanks for all the *Blessings* I enjoy (for, even in this *Miserable* Life, I taste some *Happiness*?) To *What Being*, I say, shall I address my *Vows* and *Supplications*, for all the Good that I possess and want? Is it to any Thing that I have seen or can see, or that I can represent to my self under a *Figure*? Is it to any Part of the *Universe*, or no? No: To the whole *Complex* together? No. I have a Thousand kind Thoughts for the Sun, Moon and Stars, for the Elements, and many other Compound Creatures. My *Soul*, and that of the *World*, are *Unisons*. But 'tis the *Profound* Depth of *Eternity*, the *Infinite* and *Immortal*, who is the *Diapason*, and makes perfect *Harmony*.

To that *Being* which has no *Resemblance*, neither is *Divided* into *Parts*, nor *Circumscrib'd* with *Limits*; whose *Center* is every *where*, *Circumference* no *where*; Who hath neither *Beginning* nor *End*: To the only *Omnipotent*, from whom all other Things flow, and to whom they all return; To him I owe all that I have, and will pay what I can. And something by his *Determination*, I am *Indebted*, and will discharge to thee, *Orient* *Light* of the *Moresco* *Mussulmans*; that is, the *Duty* of an *Humble Slave*, in begging *Pardon* for this *Presumption*.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Kaimacham.

TWAS the Contemplation of *Isof Ebn Hadrilla*, an *Arabian Philosopher*, That all Men were at First Created in a State of War: For this Sage, gave no Credit to the Writings of *Moses*, the *Jewish Historian* and *Prophet*; neither cou'd any Arguments perswade him to believe, That all *Mortals* descended from *Adam*. Twas an Article of his Faith, That in the Infancy of the World, Men were Form'd of the Prolifick Slime of the Earth, Impregnated by the Vigorous Warmth of the Sun, and that all other Animals had their Original in the same Manner: But that in Process of Time, the Richness of the Seminal Soyl being exhausted by a continual Spontaneous Production of Living Creatures, there was no other Way to perpetuate the Various Kinds of Beings, and multiply the Individuals, but by the Ordinary Method of Generation. For which Reason, Nature seems to have subdivided every Species into Two Sexes.

Hence, this *Philosopher* concludes, That at First there was no nearer Relation between Man and Man, than there is now betwixt a Lyon and a Sheep, or any other different Kinds of Animals: Saving onely, that as these are distinguish'd by their Forms, into Four-Footed Beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and Creeping Things;

Things; so Men assum'd to themselves, the Character of *Rational* Creatures: And a *Principle* of *Self-Preservation*, was the First Ground of a Tacite and Common *League* between Men, against the Rest of their Fellow-Animals: Especially against those, which made a more frightful Figure on Earth than we do, and seem'd more Rapacious and Inclin'd to Mischief; such as Dragons, Tygers, Bears, Lions, &c.

But notwithstanding this General Association of our *Race*, against the more Salvage and Fierce Troops of Beasts; yet one Man still stood upon his Guard against another. And all the *Sons* of the *Earth*, endeavour'd to maintain the Posts, which *Nature* had allotted each Man; That is, the Place where he was first Form'd, and drew Breath. But Things cou'd not last long in this State: For, either by *Instinct* or *Reason* (call it which you will, says this *Author*) Men being streighten'd for want of Fruits, or spurr'd on by some secret Desire of Novelty, soon went out of their Bounds, and encounter'd each other, more by Chance than Design: Whence arose, the First Occasions of Actual War. For, every *Stranger*, appear'd like an *Invader*: They Naturally startled and suspected each other. Reciprocal Passions of Choler sprung in their Breasts; and every Man to prevent the Effect of his own Fears and Apprehensions, rush'd on his Neighbour, who was on the same Ground as ready for an Assault as himself. Thus, an *Universal War* Commenc'd in the *World* which

which by various Methods of Improvement, was carry'd on by the Succeeding Generations, and continu'd to the Present Times.

As for the *Original of Governments*, the Particular Time cannot be determin'd; but it may be suppos'd, That Men Generally finding the Inconvenience of these private Personal Combats, and by Degrees arriving to greater Maturity of Experience, form'd themselves at First into little *Societies* and *Friendships*, or as they dwelt near one another, or as they agreed in some Common Inclinations, Principles, and Interests. From which Small *Associations*, they gradually spread into Larger *Communities*, living under certain Laws and Obligations of Mutual Peace, Justice and Assistance toward each other, and of Defence against their Common Enemies: Some living under the Form of a *Common-Wealth*, Others of a *Monarchy*; each *Body of Men*, setting up such a *Model*, as best suited their own Interests and Necessities. From hence sprung the Distinction of *Nations*, *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*. Thus far the *Arabian Philosopher*.

But without enquiring into the Truth of his *Principles*, one wou'd think, that some of these *Western Nazarenes* were his *Disciples*. And indeed, all *Civil Dissentions*, seem to be grounded on the same *Maxims*: Whilst Men on the least Discontent or Jealousie, lay aside the Obedience they owe to their *Sovereigns*, claiming I know not what *Natural Right*, to defend themselves against the *Encroachments*

encroachments and Usurpations of others.

Thus, no sooner was it suppos'd here, that the King intended to recall Cardinal Mazarini from his Exile; but the Parliament of Paris, who are secret Friends to the Prince of Conde, publish'd an Arrest against the Cardinal, whereby all Persons are forbid to contribute toward the Return of this Minister; and Ordering, That his Library, with all his Moveables, shou'd be sold to raise a Sum of a Hundred and Fifty Thousand Livres, which is promis'd as a Reward to those who shall either take him Prisoner, or kill him. They also Petition'd the Duke of Orleans, to make the utmost Use of his Authority against the Cardinal. Who, thereupon rais'd Considerable Troops, and gave the Command of them to the Duke of Beaufort.

In the mean Time, the Cardinal is not Idle; but with what Forces he has, performs some Considerable Actions, in his own Defence. He has taken Prisoner, an Eminent Councillor of Parliament. The Parliament sent a Trumpet to demand his Release. This Messenger was rejected. Whereupon, the Parliament are taking New Methods.

The Prince of Conde has sent a Letter and Request to the Parliament, desiring them to suspend the Execution of the Arrest publish'd against him; since the Time given him to lay down his Arms, was not yet expir'd, and that the Cardinal was returned into the Kingdom, contrary to a Prohibition, sign'd by the King.

But

But, notwithstanding all these Traverses, *Mazarini* is come again to the Court, which is now kept at *Petitors*; Where he was receiv'd with Infinite Respect and Caresses, by the King, the Queen, and all his Friends. Animosities daily encrease between the different Parties: *Private* Grudges are improv'd to *Publick* Factions: An Universal Peevishness, has possess'd the Hearts of the French Nation: They are alarm'd and offended, at one another's Looks. If a Man smiles too much or too little, in conversing with his Friend, 'tis enough to give him the Character of an Enemy, or at least to render him suspected. So that he who wou'd live peaceably here at this Juncture, had need to be well skill'd in all the Secrets of *Physiognomy*, and make frequent Use of his Looking-Glass; lest any Oblique Cast of his Eye, or Satyrical writhing of his Nose, shou'd be Interpreted for Symptoms of Hidden Malice. For now they'll spy *Treason*, in every Feature of a Man's Face.

As for me, when I go abroad, I conform to all Companies; yet alter not my Address. I neither play the *Ape*, nor counterfeit a *Statue*: But observing a *Medium*, I pay a Civil Respect to all, without being Courtly or Rude: For this Carriage, best Suits with my Circumstances. Hence it is, that no Body suspects the plain, deform'd, blunt, Crook-back'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*, to be what I am really, *Mahmut* the Slave of the Exalted Port.

Paris, 14th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

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LETTER III.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THE Prince of Conde's taking up Arms, has more puzzl'd the Counsels of the King of France, and more embaras'd his Affairs, than any Occurrence that has happen'd since the Death of his Father.

I have already inform'd the *Kaimacham* and others, of all Passages hitherto, relating to these *Intestine Broils*. Since which they seem to be improv'd into a *War*, wherein *Foreign Nations* take a Part. After the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this Court, the Prince of Conde was driven to great Streights, being compell'd by the swift Marches of the King's Army, to retire to *Bourdeaux*. Where, considering that it would not be so much his Interest to keep this Place, as to encrease his Forces, he sent *Envoy*s to the King of Spain, and *Arch-Duke Leopold* in *Flanders*, to desire their Assistance.

The *Former* immediately dispatched away Orders for a considerable Body of Men to approach the Confines of *Gascoigne*, where the Prince had a great Interest; And the *Latter* lent him Eight Thousand Men, to act on the side of *Flanders* and towards *Paris*, as Occasion offer'd.

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This is the particular Game of the *Spaniards*, to take Advantage of the *Civil Wars* in this Kingdom, that so^d by assisting the weaker Party, they may balance the Contesting Powers of the Nation, and keep 'em in a perpetual Quarrel: Whilst in the *Interim*, they gain Ground; recover the Places which the *French* took from 'em in Time of *Domestick* Peace, and so pave the Way to *New Conquests*.

In the mean Time, the *Parliament* sent *Deputies* to the *King*, beseeching him to remember his *Royal Word*, by which he had for ever banish'd *Cardinal Mazarini*; and representing to him the Fatal Consequences, which were like to proceed from his Return. But the *King*, instead of complying with their Requests, caus'd an *Edict of Council* to be Publish'd, which justify'd his Conduct in this Matter.

He also writ a Letter to the *Parliament*, full of Complaints, that they had not yet publish'd any *Order*, to hinder the Entrance of a *Foreign Army* into the Kingdom. But all signified Nothing, to Men passionately bent, to maintain the *Prince of Conde's* Quarrel against their *Sovereign*. He has but few trusty Men in that *Senate*, and they are overaw'd by the Rest. Besides, the *Duke of Orleans* bears a strange Sway both in the *Parliament* and Country.

At the Instigation of the *Prince*, the Citizens of *Orleans* shut up their Gates, when they heard the *King* was coming that Way in
his

his return to *Paris*. Yet the Country was open for the *Prince of Conde*, a *Subject*: He travell'd up and down the *Provinces*, to make New Interests, and confirm the Old; leaving the Command of his Army in *Gascogne*, to his Brother the *Prince of Conti*.

There have been many Skirmishes and Encounters, between the *King's Forces*, and those of the *Male-contents*; and one fierce Combat, wherein the *Prince of Conde* defeated the *Vanguard* of the *King's Army*, as he was marching to this City. Whereby getting the Start of his *Sovereign*, he arriv'd here, and was receiv'd in the *Parliament*, whilst the *Monarch* was forc'd to lie encamp'd in the Field.

The *Prince* found a different Reception, according to the various Humours of People. The Greatest Part favour'd him, and he receiv'd infinite Carelles from the Citizens of *Paris*: But met with some Opposition from Persons of *Higher Rank*, and more stedfast Loyalty to the *Crown*. The *Duke of Orleans* is his greatest Friend, and one for whom the *Parliament* have a great Deference: Not so much in Contemplation of his Wit and Policy, as for the Sake of his near Relation to the *Crown*; he being *Uncle* to the present *King*: Whereby he has a Right to assume more Authority than others, in regulating the Disorders of the *Court*; among which, the greatest is esteem'd, that of *Cardinal Mazarini's Return*.

In a Word, both Parties serve themselves of those who have the greatest Interest, and are most likely to compose the Quarrel. The Exil'd Queen of England, and her Son, who have taken Sanctuary in this Kingdom from the Persecutions of their Own Subjects, make it their Business, to mediate between the Court-Party, and the Faction of the Princesses.

The Prince of Conde also, sent Deputies to the King to represent to him, That the only Means to give Quiet to the State, was to banish the Cardinal-Minister; And as they were delivering their Address, *Mazarini* came in; at the Sight of whom, they aggravated their Charge, and said to his Face, That he was the Cause of all the EVILS, which the Kingdom suffer'd. The Cardinal interrupting them, turn'd to the King, and said, Sir, It will not be Just, that so Flourishing a Kingdom, and, to whose Grandeur I have contributed all that lay in my Power, should ruin it self for my Sake: Therefore I humbly entreat your Majesty to grant, that I may return to my own Country, or whithersoever my Fortune shall call me. No, no, reply'd the Queen (not without some Passion) This cannot be granted; The King had never more need of your Counsels, than at this Juncture. We cannot consent, that so Serviceable a Man should be Banish'd, only to humour his Enemies. Therefore, let us hear no more of that.

The *Deputies* perceiving nothing of Hope, return'd to *Paris*. Then the *Parliament* deputed others to go to the King, and Remonstrate the Deplorable State of the *Realm*. This was done a few Days agoe.

In the mean Time, we have been alarm'd here in this City, with daily Insurrections of the Multitude. The Occasion was, some private Orders which the *Duke of Orleans* had given to the *Provost* of the *Merchants*, relating to his Charge, and the Welfare of the City. This being misunderstood by the People, who have not the Sence to distinguish the Good Offices of their *Governours* from Injuries, put 'em all into a Tumult. They assaulted the *Provost* in his Coach, as he was passing the Streets: And had he not escaped into an *Apothecary's Shop*, they wou'd perhaps in their Fury, have torn him in Pieces; For so they serv'd his Coach, as an after-Revenge.

I am weary of beholding the Malicious Quarrels of these *Infidels*. But when I consider, that their Discords will be Instrumental to the Future Conquests of the *True Believers*, I am Patient and Resign'd.

However, 'tis one Comfort to me in this Thorny Station, that one Time or other, instead of the perpetual jangling of Bells in *Paris*, I may again have the Happiness, to hear the *Muezzins* cry on the *Minarets* in *Constantinople*, There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet. Or, if I shall not live to enjoy this Wish; yet, in the *Invisible State*, I shall

shall hear the same Cry, and shall be past Doubt of those Things, whereof I have no Certainty in this Life.

Paris, 29th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER IV.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

THE *Christians* seem to have too proud an Opinion of themselves, and set a greater Value on *Humane Nature* than suits with Reason. They assert, That all Things were made for Man, and style him *Lord* of his *Fellow-Creatures*; as if *God* had given him an Absolute Dominion over the *Rest* of his *Works*, especially over the *Animal-Generations*; and that all the Birds of the Air, Beasts of the Earth, and Fish of the Sea, were Created onely to serve his Appetite and other Necessities of Life. I remember a Letter I formerly sent to thee, wherein I discours'd of the *Cartesian Philosophers*, and their Contempt of the *Beasts*, in denying them *Souls*, or the *Use* of *Reason*.

Give me leave to entertain thee now, and divert my self with some farther Remarks on this Subject. 'Tis a Refuge from Melancholy,

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when

when I can thus freely discover my Thoughts to a Friend, who I know will not be Partial to the Truth.

I have been long an Advocate for the *Brutes*, and have endeavour'd both to abstain from injuring them my self, and to inculcate this Fundamental Point of Justice to others. This is owing to the *Example* and *Philosophy* of *Mahummed*, the *Eremit* in *Arabia*, that *Light* and *Glory* of *Religious Men*. And were it not that my Humour is to be doubtful in all Things, the Influence of his Conversation would make me a profess'd *Pythagorean*, a *Disciple* of the *Indian Brachmans*, a *Champion* for the *Transmigration* of *Souls*.

The last Letter save one I writ to that *Solitary*, was upon this Subject: Such an one as would divert him in his *Cave*. It contain'd an Account of the *Primitive* Manner of Life practis'd by the *Ancients*, a *Narrative* of the *Golden Age*, a *History* of *Human Innocence*, and the *Steps* which Men first took, to use *Violence* and *Cruelty* to their *Fellow-Creatures*. Now I will present thee with some *Additional* Observations, some Remnants of *Antiquated* Truth, glean'd from *Philosophers* and *Historians*, and winnow'd from the *Chaff* of *Error* and *Superstition*.

Who wou'd not believe the *Beasts* to be endu'd with *Reason*, when he beholds them perform all the Actions of *Rational* Creatures, with more Caution, tho' less Pride than Men? They are more *Provident* than We, and much more subtile in avoiding any Affliction or Danger.

Danger. Witness *Thales* the *Philosopher's Mule*, which he often employ'd to carry Salt to a certain Market; but the *Cunning Beast* finding herself over-loaded, when she was passing through a River lay down, whereby the Water penetrating into the Sacks of Salt, melted it away and lightned her Burden. And this was her Constant Practice; till the *Philosopher* perceiving himself thus outwitted by his *Beast*, was resolv'd to circumvent her another way. Wherefore, instead of Salt he loaded her with Wool, which he knew would grow heavier by being Wet. But the wary *Mule*, sensible of the Difference of her Burden, wou'd couch no more in the Water; but seeing no other Remedy, went forward on her Journey.

Who will not admire the Wisdom of the *Fox* in *Cold Countreys*, which the Inhabitants use as a Guide when they would pass over any Frozen Lake or River. For this Creature going before them, lays her Ears close down to the Ice, and listens to try if she can hear any Motion or Noise of the Water running underneath: Which if she does, she will not venture on the Ice; but if all be still, then by a *Logical Deduction* she concludes, The Ice is thick enough to bear Passengers; and so she leads the Way, whilst the Men follow.

When a *Dog* is hunting in the thick Woods, and by chance comes to a Place where *Three* Paths meet, he first Scents the *One*, then the *Other*: And perceiving that the Game is not

gone by any of those *Two Ways*; he throws himself swiftly forward in the *Third*, without such a particular Application of his Nose. Which is an evident Argument, that he makes use of the like Case we our Selves should do.

And now I have mention'd this Creature, I cannot forbear celebrating their Virtue and Fidelity: Whereof we have daily Experience; and there are many pleasant *Examples*, recorded by grave *Historians*.

Such is that of *Hircanus*, a Dog belonging to *Lyfimachus*, who would never depart from the Body of his, dead Master, but following it to the *Funeral Pile*, leapt into the Fire, and was burned for Company.

But the Gratitude of a *Lyon* to a certain *Slave* in *Rome*, is beyond all Parallel. This *Slave* was one of those, who were appointed to combat with *Wild Beasts* in the *Amphitheatre*, according to the Custom of the Ancient *Romans*, in the *Publick Shews* which were exhibited to the People. As soon as the *Lyon* was let loose in the Pavement, he ran furiously at the *Slave*, but coming nearer, he stop'd on a sudden, as one astonished: Then he came gently toward the *Slave*, fawning upon him, and licking his Hand, which caus'd all the People to give a Shout. The *Emperour* being present, and taking Notice of the seeming Friendship and Acquaintance that was between the *Slave* and the *Lyon*, sent for the *Slave*, and enquired the Occasion of so strange an Accident. To whom the *Slave* made the following Relation:

“ My

" My Name, said he, is *Andredus*, and I
 " am *Slave* to a certain *Proconsul*, who ha-
 " ving determined to Kill me, I made my
 " Escape, and hid myself in a Cave: Where
 " I had not lain long, before this *Lyon*, which
 " you now see, came in, being very lame of
 " one Foot. As soon as he spy'd me, he came
 " limping toward me, and stretch'd forth the
 " Paw that was Wounded, as tho' he begg'd
 " of me to ease him. Affrighted as I was,
 " I took his Paw in my Hand, and pull'd out
 " a great ragged Thorn, which stuck fast in
 " it. Then I wash'd the Wound with my
 " own Water, whilst he lay very patiently
 " till I thoroughly dress'd it. The Ease he
 " found by my Application, made him fall a-
 " sleep; and when he wak'd, he lick'd my
 " Hands, and shew'd other Signs of Affection
 " and Gratitude. I liv'd with him thus, Three
 " Years in that Cave, and every Day he brought
 " me a Share of his Prey, on which I su-
 " stain'd my Self. But at Length Tyr'd with
 " this Manner of Life, I took my Opportu-
 " nity, when he was gone abroad, to make my
 " Escape. I wander'd up and down Three
 " days, when a Company of Soldiers meeting
 " with me, and knowing to whom I belong'd,
 " took me and brought me hither to my *Old*
 " *Master*, who has Condemn'd me to this
 " Cruel Death. But it seems, *Fortune* so or-
 " der'd it, that this *Lyon* should be taken a-
 " bout the same Time, and appointed to be
 " my *Executioner* this Day. Yet you see, he
 " refuses to perform his Office, out of Grati-

"tude to me for my former Kindness.

The *Emperour* astonish'd and pleas'd at this Passage, gave the *Slave* his Life and Freedom, bestowing also the *Lyon* on him, which brought him in a Constant Livelyhood, by shewing him to all People; who having heard of this Wonderful Accident, were desirous to see both the *Lyon* and his *Tenant*: For so they styl'd the *Slave*; and some call'd him, the *Lyons Physician*.

I should think I had said enough already to tire thy Patience, and make thee forswear reading my Letters for the future, were I not well acquainted with thy *Genius*, and know that thou delightest in Relations of this Nature, being no Enemy to the harmless Brutes.

Whatever thy Sentiments are towards these, I dare be sure, thou art my Friend, and wilt bear with my Importunity, when I strive to convince all Men, and confirm my self in this Truth, That the *Wild Beasts* are not void of *Reason* and *Moral Vertue*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Captain Bassa.

IN the Name of God, Superlatively Indulgent and Benign, Lord of Armies which cannot be Numbred, Conservator of the Empire founded on his Own Unity; Praise be to him, that has neither Beginning, nor End! What is the Reason, that we are always Baff'd by the Infidels? Every Year our August Emperour sends out mighty Armies by Land, and our Fleets by Sea are term'd INVINCIBLE, yet they are still overcome by the Christians. Where the Fault lies, is best known to thee, and the Generals to whom the Command of all is committed.

My Spirit is disquieted about these Things, and I am uneasy by Day, neither does the Night accord me any Repose. This hot Weather, I go up to the Terrass of my House at the Hour of Sleep, thinking that the Coolness of the Air would incline me to Rest; but I can find none. I turn my self on the Leads to the Right-Hand and to the Left, yet all Postures are alike. Sleep has abandon'd my Eyes. My Zeal for the Empire of the Faithful will consume me.

One Night I made Solemn Preparations to welcome the First Appearance of the Moon, after the Manner of my Countrymen. I

Sprinkl'd *Water* on the *Floor* of the *Terrass*,
 and with a *New Besom* swept away all *Un-*
cleanness: I fill'd a *Lamp* with the most pre-
 cious *Oyl* I could get in *Paris*, which having
 lighted at the going down of the *Sun*, I plac'd
 directly on that *Part* which is nearest to
Mecca. Then I fell on my *Face*, and pray'd
 the *Eternal Source* of *Lights*, "That at the
 "Moment, when the *Moon* first *Ascended*
 "our *Horizon*, an *Intellectual Splendor* might
 "shine in my *Breast*: That I might there,
 "as in a *Mirror*, behold the *Future Fate* of
 "the *Mussulmans*, and the *Events*, which
 "as yet, were hid in the *Dark Womb* of *Possi-*
 "bility.

My *Petition* was granted: The *Night* was
 in her *Shady Course*; the *Stars* on their *Watch*;
 and *Time*, as from a *Limbeck*, destill'd the *Si-*
 lent *Minutes*, till the *Moment* wherein the
 Neighbour-*Planet*, first peep'd on the *Tops*
 of *Mountains*. At that *Instant* I saw, and
 heard *Things* (or at least I thought so) which
 I never so much as dreamt of before, neither
 can I remember the *Thousandth Part*.

Believe me, *Supreme Commander* of the
Marine, I do not boast, or Joy in this. For,
 I think there can be no greater *Affliction*,
 than to be once made *Partaker* of such a *Bliss*,
 and then to lose it, almost as soon as gain'd.
 Yet there are some *Footsteps* of the *Vision* re-
 maining on my *Memory*.

"Methinks I beheld *Armies* of *Mussulmans*
 " (for I thought 'em to be such by their *Tur-*
 "bants) making several *Descents* on the
 Shores

"Shores of *Italy*: Methought I saw them
 "prostrate themselves on the Ground, and
 "after a considerable Space of Silence, the
 "Air eccho'd with the Sound of *Allah, Allah*,
 "much like the Noise of great *Cascades*, or
 "*Falls of Water*.

"Then they seem'd to disperse themselves
 "all over the Countrey in divers Bodies. The
 "Inhabitants of *Rome*, appear'd all in a great
 "Consternation. The *Chief Musli* of that
 "Place, went forthwith into the Streets, fol-
 "low'd by his *Cardinals*, and *Dervises*, ac-
 "companied by an Innumerable Multitude of
 "People. They carried their *Gods* of Gold
 "and Silver along with them; and being ap-
 "parell'd with Garments of coarse Hair, they
 "sprinkled Ashes on their Foreheads, in To-
 "ken of their Humility, and to pacify the
 "Indignation that was kindled against
 "them.

"But, *Heaven* was deaf to their Clamo-
 "rous Vows, neither could all the Pomp of
 "their *Superstitious* Solemnity, dazle the Eyes
 "which are a Thousand Times brighter than
 "the *Sun*, penetrating into the darkest Corners
 "of the Heart. In a word, these *Infidels* seem'd
 "a while after to be in a great Confusion and
 "Hurry, running this Way and that Way
 "to hide their Goods, and save themselves
 "from the Victorious *Strangers*. In fine, I
 "saw the *Crosses* taken down from the *Mi-
 "narets* of the *Mosques* in *Rome*, and *Cre-
 "scents* advanc'd in their place.

I do not relate this, as if I gave Credit to *Visions* and *Trances*: Perhaps all this might be but a *Waking Dream*. Yet such *Visionary* Entertainments, happen of Course to our Countrymen, when they observe the foresaid *Ceremonies*. But I tell thee, I am not asleep at this Moment; and yet it appears to me a very Probable Undertaking, for the *Mussulmans* to fit out a *Mighty Fleet*, which having a sufficient Army of Land-Men aboard, might deliver them with little or no Opposition, on some of the Wealthy Shores of *Italy*: And if it is not thought worth the Labour to make New Conquests, which would be difficult to maintain; yet at least our Soldiers by plundering only the Rich *Temples* and *Convents* of the *Nazarenes*, might carry away Inestimable Treasures.

I wrote formerly to one of thy *Predecessors* about the same Matter, proposing the Surprise of *Loretto*, as a very easy Attempt, and that the Booty wou'd infinitely surpass the Expence and Trouble: But *Mahmut's* Advices are never regarded, till 'tis too late. We squander away Thousands of Men, and Millions of Money to purchase little insignificant *Islands*, which are defended indeed with seeming Vigour by the *Christians*; but 'tis rather to amuse us, than out of any real Value they have for those Places.

It is only a *Maxim* of *Western Policy*, thus to give Diversion to the Arms which are destin'd to subdue *All Nations*. They sport themselves, to see the Flower of the *Eastern Militia*

Militia consum'd in their Trenches, before the Impregnable Fortress of *Candia*, which if won will not quit the Cost of so tedious a Siege. Whereas, in half that Time, our Invincible Forces might have over-run all *Italy*.

Thou wilt not think this an Impracticable Enterprize, when thou shalt consider the Divisions of the *Italian Princes*, the Universal Security and Voluptuousness of the Inhabitants, and yet the Oppressions and Tyranny they live under, being fleec'd and poll'd of all their Substance, to maintain the *Grandeur* of their *Governors*, and the *Pride* of the *Clergy*; which renders 'em equally disgusted, at their present Slavish Manner of Life, and desirous of a Change. It is not hard to surmise after all this, that a Conquest wou'd be easy to the Victorious *Mussuimans*; or at least such Depredations, as would mightily enrich them.

The most proper News that I can send thee, is of a Combat lately fought at Sea, between the *English* and the *Dutch*. The *Generals* on both Sides, are said to be brave Men. He of *Britain* is call'd *Blake*, the Other's Name is *Trump*. Which had the best on't, is not certainly known. Men speak as they are biased. Yet the *Dutch* lost Two Ships in this Engagement, tho' their *Fleet* was far more Numerous than that of the *English*.

If I were worthy to advise my *Superiours*, I would propose some Notable Exploit by Land; for God has given the Earth to the

the *True Believers*, but the *Sea* to the *Christians*.

Paris, 14th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VI.

To the *Kiaya Bey*, or *Lieutenant General* of the *Janizaries*.

I HAD once a great Intimacy with *Cassim Hali*, the brave *Aga*, who now is no more on Earth. That Honest Old General, merited all Men's Love: Follow thou his Example, and in Time his *Post* will fall to thy Lot. Thou art already in the last Advance to it; let no Airy Vice make thee Giddy, and give thee a Fall. 'Tis a Common *Aphorism*, That *Health*, *long Life*, and *Honour* descend from Above. But if they do, I tell thee, 'tis like the Rain, which only then does good, when it penetrates the Earth, and moistens to the Root. An *Humble Heart*, is like a kindly *Mold*, receiving the *Dews* of *Heaven* with Advantage and Profit: but *Pride* is a *Rock*, which spatters away the *Blessings* show'd down on it.

Perhaps thou wilt be affronted at my blunt Way of Writing. Yet assure thy self, I honour thee more than a Thousand Flatterers.

I am.

I am not sent hither to study Nice Expressions, but to serve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity. Besides, I know thou hast not been accustom'd to the *soft Entertainments* of *Ladies Chambers*, but the *Rough Dialect* of *War*. It is thy Honour to be unacquainted with the Delicacies of Discourse, Diet, or Dressing; Things only fit to enervate a Man's Courage, and change his Heart into that of a Woman. Thou know'st how to handle the *Curias* and *Lance*, the *Sabre* and *Shield*, the *Bow* and *Gun*; and art perfectly vers'd, in all the *Military Terms* of *Art*. A Discourse of Sieges and Campaigns, storming of Forts, and plundering of Camps, is more agreeable to thee, than all *Tully's Oratory*, or the finest Strains of the *Persian Poets*. I am therefore confident, thou wilt not take it ill, that I address to thee in a Style void of Artifice, yet full of Real Respect and Love.

If I counsel thee, 'tis for thy Good; and I am commanded to express my Sentiments with Freedom. Besides, I have a *Personal Privilege* to advise thee, the *Right of a Friend*: Which thou wilt acknowledge, when I tell thee, that I once had the Happiness to save thy Life, as we travell'd together in *Arabia*.

Thou canst not but remember that Passage, and how that in heat of Youthful Blood, thou had'st provok'd an *Emir* to kill thee in the Sight of the whole *Caravan*, had not I fallen at his Feet, and told him, Thou wert a *Stranger* to the *Customs* of the *Country*.

Believe

Believe me, I do not reproach thee with this, but only make Use of it, as an Argument to convince thee, That the same Motive which prompted me to interpose my self at that Time, between thee and Certain Death, induces me now to give thee Warning of a *Precipice*, of which thou art in *Danger*. Every one gives thee the Character of a brave Man, and no Body dislikes thee the Worse, for being of an *Air* as Fierce as a *Tartar*. All this becomes a *Man* of the *Sword*; And they say, thou dost every Thing with a *Martial* Grace.

But I am told likewise, that thou art Guilty of Avarice: and that for the Lucre of *Presents*, thou enrollest Men in the *List* of the *Janizaries*, who are not fit to serve in the *Wars*; such as are House-keepers, Persons entangl'd with *Wives* and Children, with Debts and other *Encumbrances*: That they only appear on certain Days in the *Military* Habit, and then return to their *Domestick* Business, without ever regarding the *Discipline* of the *Royal Chambers*, or thinking themselves oblig'd to learn the *Art* of *War*: That thou in the mean Time takest their *Pay*, and many *Additional* Bribes, whilst they are only contented with the *Title* and *Privilege* of a *Janizary*, to shelter themselves from Justice, and protect them in their *Rapine* and *Villanies*.

I tell thee, shou'd this be known and prov'd against thee, it wou'd be to thy Ruine. But I hope better Things, and that these are only the *Surmizes* of thy *Enemies*. For, thou knowest,

knowest, that none ought to be admitted into that *Ancient Order*, but the *Tributary Sons* of the *Nazarenos*; who being in their *Infancy* listed in the *College*, know neither *Father* nor *Patron*, save the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Common Parent* and *Protector* of the *Osman Empire*. On his *Service* is all their *Zeal* and *Courage* fix'd, having no private *Byass*, no partial *Inclinations*, to warp them from the *Fidelity* they owe their *Great Master*. They are devoted to *Indefatigable Toils* and *Hardship*, during their whole *Life*.

This was the *First Institution* of the *Janizaries*, though through the *Corruption* of the *Times*, they have much degenerated from their *Primitive Rules*. But thou, who art honour'd with an *High Command*, wilt signalize thy *Vertue* and *Loyalty*, in reforming these *Abuses*, and in not suffering the *College* of *Men of War*, to become a *Receptacle* of *Rogues* and *Drones*.

Such Disorders as these, have promoted the *Intestine Broils* of this *Kingdom*. I say not, that they are the *Original Causes*: Yet 'tis a great *Diminution* of *Sovereign Majesty*, when a *King* shall find his *Own Armies* fighting against him, as they do at present here in *France*. How many *Mutinies* and *Rebellions* have been rais'd by the licentious *Janizaries* at *Constantinople*: When laying aside all *Respect* and *Duty*, they have not spar'd to violate the *Seraglio* itself; but entring within those *Sacred Walls* with *Bands of Arm'd Men*, have turn'd all things *Topsy-Turvey*, seiz'd on
the

the *Imperial* Treasure, chang'd the *Domestick* Officers of their *Sovereign*, and sometimes chas'd him from his *Own Palace*, to the Hazard, if not to the *Loss* of his *Life*?

If thou would'st know what they are doing here in *France*, the *Men of Arms* are cutting one anothers *Throats*, whilst the *Rabble* are burning their *Neighbours* out of their *Houses*.

Two Days agoe, the *Multitude* assembled in the *Streets*, and having beset a certain *Palace* in this *City*, they put *Fire* to it, resolving to kill all that should attempt to make their *Escape* out of the *Flames*. A *Person* of *Quality* coming out to pacify them, fell a *Victim* to their unbridl'd *Rage*: And had not the *Duke of Beaufort* (of whom I have often made mention in my *Letters*) interpos'd his *Authority*, they had murder'd all that were within those suspected *Walls*.

Sometime before this, the *Mareschal Turenne* took a *Place of Strength* from the *Prince of Conde*; who in *Lieu* of it took *St. Denis*, a *Town* not far from *Paris*, wherein there is a *Temple*, which the *French* say, is the *Richest* in *Europe*. But they are laught at by the *Italians*, who boast of far *Richer Mosques* in *Venice*, *Milan*, *Naples*, and *Rome*.

The *Duke of Lorain* plays fast and loose with the *Prince of Conde*. He enter'd the *Kingdom* with an *Army*, pretending to espouse the *Prince's Quarrel*, but was quickly bought off by the *Queen*, so that he is now gone to *Flanders* again; by this *Action* leaving a
Free

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Free Passage to the King's Army under *Marshal Turenne*, to range whither they please, which were before block'd up by his Forces.

Four Days agoe there was a Bloody Encounter, between the Troops of the Prince, and those of *Marshal Turenne*, in one of the Suburbs of *Paris*. Neither cou'd boast of the Victory, though the Battel lasted Five Hours. But at length, the Prince of *Conde's* Troops retir'd into the City, being frighten'd with the Main Body of the King's Army, which appear'd on the Neighbouring Hills.

Illustrious *Janizary*, fortify thy Heart with all the Necessary Retrenchments of Heroick Vertue: And rather than Surrender to Temptations of Vice on dishonourable Terms, run the Hazard of a Storm.

Paris, 6th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER VII

To Nathan Ben Saddy, a Jew at
Vienna.

WE are all together by the Ears in this Kingdom; killing, burning and destroying one another: Whilst you in Germany enjoy Abundance of Peace. The Occasion of our Quarrels here, is, the Return of Cardinal Mazarini, against whom the Duke of Orleans and Prince of Conde are Inveterate Enemies. The Former is declar'd Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, by the Parliament of Paris; Who give it out, That the King is Cardinal Mazarini's Prisoner. They have also bestow'd the Command of all the Forces, under the Authority of the said Duke, on the Prince of Conde.

Their Principal and only Pretence is, the Removal of the Cardinal from the King and his Councils. What will be the Issue, Time will demonstrate.

There has been a Duel lately fought, between the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, Two Eminent Friends to the Prince of Conde.

The King going to a Town call'd Pontoise, some Leagues from Paris, drew a great many Counsellors and Presidents of Parliament thither, Men who are Loyal and Stedfast to his Cause. This encourag'd the King to put forth a

De-

Declaration, commanding the *Parliament* to meet at *Pontoise*. They, on the other Side, publish'd an *Arrest* against this *Declaration*. Thus they continue pickeering one at another.

But here is News arriv'd from *Cologne*, which surprizes People very much. I know not the true Ground of their Astonishment: but the *Priests* seem to be Mad for Joy. All that I can hear about it is, The Restoration of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in that *Province*, which is a Novelty unexpected; especially the *Ecclesiastick Grandeur*, which it seems, has been laid aside above these Hundred Years. I tell thee only as I am inform'd my self: It lies in thy Power to certify me of the Truth of Matters.

They say also, That the famous *General John de Werdt* is dead: As likewise the *Arch-Bishop of Treves*. It is added, that *Frankendal* is surrendred to the *Electör of Heidelberg*, according to the late *Agreement at Munster*; And that there is a *Diet* begun at *Ratisbon*.

I desire thee to inform me of all these Things particularly, and of whatsoever else occurs in the *Court* where thou residest.

As to *Matters of Religion*, be not over-sedulous: *Piety* is compriz'd in a *Few Rules*. Yet, the *Soul of Man* is *Naturally Inquisitive*, and would fain be acquainted with All Things. I advise thee to cast thy Eyes frequently on the *Earth* that is under thy Feet; survey the *Groves and Fields*; the *Mountains*

tains and Valleys, Rocks and Rivers. Then look up to the *Heavens*, and take a steadfast View of the Stars: Consider the Beauty and Order of All things. And after this, tell me, if thou canst imagine, That the *Great and Immense Creator* of this *Wonderful Eabrick*, Form'd all the *Nations* of the Earth, to *Damn* 'em *Eternally*, save only those of Your *Race*.

Son of Israel, I wish thee heartily *A-dieu*.

Paris, 11th. of the 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Parisians* seem to be all in a *Dream* or *Trance*. They know not what they say or do, or at least they care not. Such is the Immense Joy, for the Return of the *King* to this City. The Steps to this suddain Change, were the Retiring of *Cardinal Mazarini* from the *Court*. Which was seconded with a *Declaration* of *Indemnity*, or a *General Pardon* for all that had pass'd during these *Troubles*, save some particular Reserves of *Sacriledge*, *Fires*, and such like. This work'd strangely on the
Inha-

Inhabitants of *Paris*. But the *Prince* of *Conde* not finding any Satisfaction, as to his own Person, in his *Amnesty*, call'd in the *Duke of Lorrain's* Army to his Assistance. These reduc'd the *King's* Forces to so great a Streight and Extremity, that the *Parliament* being sensible of the Advantage, made use of it, and sent *Deputies* to the *King*, beseeching him to continue in the same good Resolution he had taken before this Misfortune.

The *Monarch* suffer'd himself to be overcome, by a Violence mix'd with so much Submission, and yielded to their Requests. Immediately, the Hearts of the *Prince of Conde's* Friends grew cold, and began to change their Sentiments. In a word, they were resolv'd to desert their New *Master*, and cast themselves at the Feet of their Lawful *Sovereign*. The *Grandeess*, who had most affected *Conde's* Interest, laid down their *Offices*. The Foreign Armies of *Spaniards* and *Lorrainers*, retir'd out of the *Kingdom*. The Citizens of *Paris* sent a Deputation consisting of Sixty Six *Persons* of *Honour*, to invite the *King* to this City, and assure him of their Future Allegiance. All the *Officers* of the *Militia*, did the like. The *King* being satisfy'd with the timely Penitence of his *Subjects*, and having commanded some Preparatory Alterations in *Places* of *Trust*, enter'd this City on the Twenty First of the last *Moon*, with all the Joy and Acclamation which cou'd express the Love of his

his People. and the Regret they had labour'd under, during his Absence.

Thou seest, *Illustrious Minister*, that tho' by the Artifices of a *Faction*, a *King* may be render'd odious to his *Subjects*, be banish'd from his *Palace*, and have the *Gates* of his *Cities* shut against him, as befell to this *King*: Yet the Inconveniences they feel in taking up Arms against him, sooner or later bring 'em to Repentance; and they are glad to court his Return, whom but a while agoe they forc'd away by their Undutifulness, to gratify the Ambition of a bold Young *Prince* of the *Blood*, who promis'd, and ventur'd all Things in Hopes of a *Crown*. For, it cannot be suppos'd, That the *Prince* of *Conde* had less Aims, when he first began this War; tho' his Pretences were specious, only to remove *Cardinal Mazurini*, and other evil *Ministers* from the *King*, and to protect the *French*, from the Machinations of *Spanish* and *Italian* Counsels: Whilst it is evident, that all along he and his Party, have been supported by the *King* of *Spain* in their *Rebellion*. One wou'd wonder, how the *French*, a Sensible and Witty Nation, could be thus impos'd upon. But the *Arabian Proverb* says, *There are none so blind, as those that willfully shut their Eyes.*

Yet, whatever Stupidity reigns among the *Franks*, methinks Nothing but Light and Reason ought to appear in the Actions of the *Mussulmans*. I am confounded, to hear of the *Rebellions* in *Syria* and *Egypt*. Will they never give Rest to the *Banner* of the Prophet?

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Prophet? Must the *Supreme Minister*, be ever employ'd in proclaiming the *Nesirahm*? What offence has been given to the *Bassa* of *Damascus*, or *Paish* of *Caire*?

Sage President of the *Imperial City*, I am abash'd before the *Infidels*, when I hear these *Tragical Reports* out of the *East*.

But what can be expected, when the *Manners* of the *Faithful* are quite estrang'd from those of their *Fathers*. The *Mussulmans* almost out-do the *Franks* in Vice and Debauchery.

When thou readest this, draw thy *Cymetar*, and make a *Scabbard* of the next Man, who mutters a Word against *Our Lawful Sovereign*.

Paris, 2d. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

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LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Tell thee, I am neither Melancholy nor Merry; but in a kind of a Mungrel Humour between both. I am half *Democritus*, and t'other half *Heraclitus*; being Equally dispos'd to Laugh and Weep, at the Vanity of All Things here below. That Thought touches me sensibly, yet not enough to carry me into Extreame. The Misery and Happiness of the Whole Life of Mortals, are Themes scarce worth a Passion. Whatever we endure as an *Evil*, or possess as a *Good*, are both so short, that as the one need not sink us to an *Excess* of Grief, so neither does the other deserve a *Paroxysm* of Joy. A Sigh or a Tear, are enough for the First; and a Smile is too much for the Last. My Mind at present is an *Equilibrium*.

What signifies the *Birth* of the Greatest *Monarch*, or that he can boast of a *Long Descent* of *Kings*, his *Progenitors*? He is born to Labour and Trouble, as well as other Men; and all the Charming Pleasures that attend a *Crown*, are scarce sufficient to recompence his Cares and Fatigues, his Hazards and Toils, and the Perpetual Risques he runs both in *Peace* and *War*.

If from the *Cradle* he make an Early Step to a *Throne*, 'tis but a Mock-Honour, to be *Crown'd* with a *Wreath* of *Briars*, squeez'd and press'd into his tender Temples, by the deceitful Hands of his *Guardians* and *Ministers*, who strive only to lay the Foundation of their own Honour in his Ruine, by improving the Time of his *Minority*, and making Oppression Chymical; that during their present Authority, they may extract the *Life* and *Elixir* of his *Subjects* Wealth, and hoard it in their own *Coffers*, leaving only the Lees to him, when he comes of Age, and these generally compounded with the Ill-will of his *People*. I wish the Case prove not the same in our Present *Sovereign*, *Sultan Mahomet*; who, thou know'st, was lifted to his Father's *Throne* before his Time, and by Methods which cannot be justify'd. It was the *Mufti's* Plot, who is the *Oracle* of the *Law*; and so the *Musfulmans* acquiesc'd. But mark the End. Such *Treasons* seldom escape unpunish'd. Tho' *Sultan Ibrahim* was Depos'd and Imprison'd, (not to mention that which grates the Ears of any Loyal *Ottoman* :) Tho' his Eldest Son be plac'd on his *Throne*, to serve the Ends of a *Faction*: Yet a Younger than he, may live to revenge the Wrongs that were done to his Father, and restore the *Empire* of the *Faithful* to its Pristine Grandeur. There are now above Three Years elaps'd, since the change of Affairs at the *Seraglio*. In the mean time, dost thou not observe the Discontents of the *People*? Is there not a General Coldness and

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Neutrality

Neutrality to be discern'd in the Conversation of those, who at first were most forward to approve the *Mussli's* Proceedings? Men begin every where to reflect on the Present *Revolution*, and its Fatal Consequences. The *Venetian-War*, they say, has quite impoverish'd the *Empire*. Decay of Trade, Want of Money, and a Thousand other Things, are the daily Complaints in *Constantinople*. This I am told from very good Hands, Men of several *Nations*, Merchants who Trade in that City, Persons altogether unbiass'd. They, as Strangers, have been Inquisitive, during their Residence there, into the Humours of People, to find how the *Mussulmans* stand affected to the Present State of the *Ottoman Affairs*. I, who approve not the Presumption of those *Infidels*, yet make Use of it, to inform my self of several Material Passages, which I could not otherwise learn, at this Distance from the *Angust Port*.

They tell me, the Soldiers murmur that so many Thousands of Men have been sacrific'd in *Candia*, and *Dalmatia*; Whilst what they gain in the *Island*, they lose on the *Continent*. For, it seems, the *Venetians* are still too hard for us one Way or other. They grumble also for Want of their due Pay, and that they have not Bread enough to keep 'em from starving. A certain *Greek* assur'd me, he had heard several of the *Spahis* swear solemnly, That it was agreed amongst them, not to go into *Dalmatia*, the next Campaign. But this I took as a Strain of the *Grecian's* Natural Faculty,

Faculty, who, thou know'st, are much given to Romancing. However, I hear enough both from them and other Travellers, of East and West, to convince me, That some of the *Grandeess* of the Imperial City are in a tottering Condition.

All which serves but to confirm my first Discourse; That hardly any Thing on Earth is worth a Thought, since all Things are of so short Duration.

In a Word, the World seems to be a Garden intermingled with *Roses* and *Weeds*. The *First* are so close encompass'd with Thorns; that a Man cannot gather 'em without wounding himself. And if there be more Ease in cropping the *Latter*, yet they are unwholesome and stink; putting a Man to as frequent Purifications, as the Times he touches 'em.

Let thou and I, Dear Gnet, pass along the *Alleys* of this Garden, view her *Beauties* and *Deformities* with an Even Mind; not putting our selves to the Fatigue of gathering her *Flowers*, or suffering our selves to be tempted with her softer Pleasures. But let every Thing we see and hear in this *Enchanted Ground*, serve the Ends of our Contemplation, being stedfastly mindful of this Truth, That all those Things which appear so Gay and full of Charms, are Nothing but mere Empty Idea's and Fleeting Shadows, of that Substantial and Permanent Pleasure, which has her Residence only in Paradise.

Thou may'st tell the *Kaimachan*, our Friend, that now the *King of France* begins to play the *Monarch* on the Bottom of his own Wit and *Courage*, without the Assistance or Counsel of *Tutors*. He has brought the *Parliament* to an Absolute Compliance with his Will, having purg'd that *Senate* of disaffected Members, and banish'd from the *Court* the *Duke of Orleans*, who pretended a Right to Rule his *Sovereign*. In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde* has taken *Rethel* and *St. Menenbon*, whilst *Barcelona* is surrendred to the *Spaniards*. Thus what is gain'd in one Point, is lost in another. Doubtless, there is nothing stable on Earth.

Paris, 8th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Melec Amet.

THY Adventure and Miraculous Escape over the *Danube*, puts me in Mind of a certain *French Nobleman* of the *Prince of Condé's* Party, who last *Summer*, being closely pursu'd by some of the *King's* Horse, and himself excellently mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length, they had chas'd him into a Corner of the Land; from whence it was Impossible for him to escape, but by swimming o'er a small Arm of the Sea. What Risques will not a Man run, for the Love of Liberty? This Person, like an over-heated *Stagg*, perceiving his *Hunters* close at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horse-back into the Sea; chusing rather to perish in the Waters, than fall into his Enemies Hands.

None were so hardy, as to follow him through the Uncertain Waves. However, his *Horse* being of matchless Strength, carry'd him safe over to the Opposite Shore. As soon as he arriv'd at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this Wonderful Passage. But instead of cherishing his *Horse*, for so Faithful and Invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the *Beast* that had sav'd his Life: Saying, he did it for the Sake of Fame, being resolv'd, that

his *Horse* shou'd never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.

This was an Ingrateful *Caprice*, and far from the Morality of *Sultan Selim*, the Son of *Bajazet*, who when his Trusty *Horse*, *Carabuluc*, had once sav'd his Life by his extraordinary Swiftness; he in Token of his Thankfulness, built a Stable on Purpose for him in a Large Enclosure of Meadows, allowing a *Pension* to a *Groom* to wait on the Meritorious *Beast*, and give him his free Delight in all Things, as long as he liv'd; Commanding, that he shou'd never more be forc'd to labour or travel. And to compleat the Happiness of the *Beast*, he cull'd out some of the Beautifullest *Mares* of *Arabia* to accompany him; charging also, that the Doors of the Stable shou'd be always open, for the *Horse* to go in or out, and range when and where he pleas'd. This was a Generosity worthy of an *Eastern Monarch*, whom, as thy Letter informs me, thou hast in Part imitated.

But such is some Men's Ambition, and vain Desire to be talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods, they accomplish their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature, which tempted *Erostratus* to set Fire to the Famous Temple of *Ephesus*; which had been Two Hundred Years in Building, and was number'd among the *Seven Wonders* of the World.

This happen'd on the very Night, that *Alexander the Great* was born. And the *Villain* being ask'd, Why he committed so destructive

destructive a *Sacrileg*; answer'd, That it was to acquire an Immortal Fame by so stupendous a Wickedness; since he shou'd not hope to be Recorded for his Vertue.

Plutarch mentions a Jest, that was made on this Destruction of *Diana's Temple*. For it was common in every Bodies Mouth, That the Goddess being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alexander*, could not be present at Home to save her House from Burning. For the Gentiles believed, that *Diana* (whom they also call'd *Lucina*) was Invisibly assistant at the Birth of Children.

However, the Priests made no Jest on't; but ran up and down howling and making Gashes in their Flesh, presaging that Fate was that Day busied, in signing the Decree of *Asia's Ruine*. This is certain, That that very Night, the Man was born, who was destin'd to subdue all *Asia*, and on the Ruines of the *Persian Empire*, raise the Monarchy of the *Macedonians*. However, the Villain who burnt the Temple, had not his Desire. For it was Decreed throughout all *Asia*, That his Name shou'd never be mention'd in History, or any Publick Writings.

It is Recorded of a certain Governour of a City in *Italy*, That being on the Top of an high Tower with only the Pope, the German Emperour, and an Ambassador from *Venice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the Two former over the Battlements, as they were taking a Survey of the City: Which he

might have easily done, for they were both Aged, and Incapable of resisting his Strength. This Passage he confess'd to his *Ghostly Father*: And being ask'd, What Induc'd him to think of such a Horrid *Treason*? He answer'd, That it might be said, He did a Thing which never was done before, nor in all Probability wou'd ever be done again: Since no Prince having heard such a Story, wou'd ever venture himself into the same Danger, without a sufficient Guard of his own. But however, he had not Resolution enough to go through with his Project.

I hear thou art like to acquire Fame by other Methods than these, being in a fair Way, to rise by thy *Vertues*, to some Considerable *Employments* in the *Empire*. For which, I equally rejoice with thy self.

In the mean Time, 'twill perhaps be obliging, to tell thee some News out of these *Parts*. Which will make thy Company welcome to the *Grandeess*. They love to converse with Men, who can furnish 'em with Intelligence of *Foreign Affairs*.

The freshest Discourse here is, of the Imprisonment of the *Cardinal de Retz*, who was arrested by the *King's Order* on the Nineteenth of this *Moon*. What his Crime is, I cannot inform thee, unless it be, that he is an Enemy to *Cardinal Mazarini*. People generally give him the Character, of a very honest Man. But, thou know'st, *Honesty* is counted a *Vice* in the *Courts* of these *Western Princes*. The *Crafty*, are the only Men of
Vertue,

Vertue and Merit among the Infidels.

Thou may'st also report for a Certainty, That the *Spaniards* have taken *Dunkirk* in *Flanders*, and *Cluzal* in the *Dukedom of Mantua*. This *Town*, is said to be the *Key* of all *Italy*. I cannot tell thee, which is the *Lock* it belongs to; nor, I believe, they themselves. But, this I observe, That when the *King of France* sits down before any Place with his Army, whoever has the *Key*, neither *Locks* nor *Bolts* can keep him out long. And 'tis Ten to One, if he do not find an Entrance into this Place again very speedily, when the *Spanish King* has pleas'd himself for a while, with an Imaginary Possession of it.

I conclude my Letter, just at the Hour when the *Old Year* expires, according to the Account of the *Christians*, Wishing thee a Scene of *New Felicities*.

Paris, 31st. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1652.

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LET.

LETTER XI.

To the same.

HAVING the Opportunity of a Day or two more, before the *Post* goes out of Town, I make use of it to ask thee, Whether there be any Notice taken in your *Parts*, of a *Comet* newly appearing above the *Orb* of the *Sun*? It has not been observ'd here till within these few Nights. And the *Astronomers*, notwithstanding the Coldness of the *Season*, (which I assure thee is sharp enough) are very busy with their *Telescopes*, to pry into the Figure of this *Meteor*; and observe its *Motions*. They take great Pains, and endure all the Rigour of the Frost and Snow, in Hopes of making some new Discovery.

The *Vulgar* look on it, as a great *Prodigy*: There are a Thousand *Opinions* among them about its Consequences: Every Body sets up for a *Judicial Astrologer*. Nay, the *Learn'd* themselves, and such as are esteem'd Great *Philosophers*, cannot agree in their Judgment concerning it. Some assert, That the *Master* of the *Heavens* is subject to *Corruption* and *Change*, and that this *Comet* is generated after that Manner: Whilst others hold a *Contrary* Opinion. They are all divided, and dispute hotly in as *Unintelligible Terms*, as the *Languages* of *America* are to us of this *Continent*. They amuse one another, and them-

selves,

selves, with far-fetch'd Words. And all this while, for ought I know, the Wisest among 'em may be as much under a Mistake, as those who never study'd such Things. All the *Instruments* of the *Opticks*, are sought out to help their *Sight*; and yet they may be as much in the *Dark*, as the Men in *Plato's Cave*. It is an *Article* of my *Faith*, That we Mortals know very little of those far distant *Beings*. But, these *Franks* are the most opinionated People in the World; no Man has the Modesty, to allow another as much Right to Reason as himself. Every one sets up for a *Dogmatist*, and requires the Intellects of all others to be resign'd to his; tho' perhaps, that be only form'd by the Rules of his Parents, the Impressions of his Early Years, the Force of Education, the Fashion of his Country, or by some Notable Accident in his Life: All which, are equally liable to Falseness and Truth. How many *Sects* were there of the *Ancient Philosophers*, stiffly defending their several Opinions? One says, the *Heavens* are made of Brass; Another, of Iron; a Third, of Smoke. This will have 'em to be Solid, That Fluid: There is no End of their Controversies.

In the mean Time, no Man knows What they are made of, or What is the Figure of the *World*, Whether Round or Square, or beyond all Dimensions: Whether *Matter* be Divisible, or Indivisible in the last *Atome*. Who can assure me, If there be onely One *World*, or Whether there may not as well be a Thousand

and Millions? Whether the *Stars* be *Opake Bodies* as this *Earth*, and *Inhabited*, or no? I tell thee again, there is no *Certainty* of these Things. Man's Sences are too weak, his *Imagination* too frail, and all his *Faculties* far too short, to comprehend the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, who alone is *Wise* and *Perfect* in *Science*.

Wilt thou have my Opinion of this *Comet*? I am apt to think, 'Tis some such *Globe* of *Combustible Matter*, as Our *Earth* appears to be, and perhaps burden'd with as many *Sinners*: That either by the *Course* of *Nature*, or *Decree* of *Destiny*, the *Enclos'd Fire* has broke its *Bounds*, and spread its *Consuming Flames* o'er the *Surface*: Which embodying themselves in the *Pyramid* of *Smoke*, arising from so vast a *Conflagration*, cause that *Appearance* which we call the *Tail* of a *Blazing-Star*. And, for ought I know, after the same Manner shall our *Globe* appear to the *Inhabitants* of those *Remote Worlds*, at our *Day of Judgment*.

I am not positive in these Matters, nor will I shut up my *Soul* from Future Lights: but leaving Things, as I find 'em, full of *Mystery*, and double Faces, I will expect no better Fate than that of *Socrates*, That as I have liv'd, so shall I die in Doubt, onely hoping for *Plenary Satisfaction* in the *Next World*.

Paris, the 2d. of the 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs.

NOW thou beginnest to reap the *Fruit*
of thy *Travels*. May'st thou live to
have a *Full Harvest*. I esteem my self infi-
nitely oblig'd to the *Illustrious Bassa*, our
Countryman, for his particular Friendship
in this Business. 'Tis true, thy own Merits
were a sufficient Recommendation: But what
Light can a *Candle* give, that is shut up close
in a *Dark Lanthorn*? So thick was the *Veil*,
which thy own *Modesty* had drawn o'er the
Splendor of the most Accomplish'd *Ver-*
tues.

Son of my Mother, let not what I have
said, pass for the Words of a Flatterer. Thou
know'st, I am as free from that Vice, as I
am from Envy. 'Tis Affection only guides
my Pen, when I tell thee, I heartily rejoice
in my Brother's Prosperity; and that the
Grand Signior has a *Faithful Servant*. I hope,
that *Sovereign of Sovereigns*, will in Time
find Reasons to acknowledge to the Noble
Kerker Hassan, the Good Office he has done
him, in presenting such a *Slave*. Let no
Error of thine, baulk my Expectation.

'Twill be an *Eternal Honour*, to the *House*
and *Tribe* from which we descend, if by ac-
quitting

quitting thy self fairly in this Post, our *Great Master* shall think thee worthy of a more *Sublime Station*. Therefore esteem this only as a *Trial* of thy *Fidelity*, and how far thou art Capable of serving the *Sultan*. Be Industrious, but not Affected, in disclosing thy Abilities. Observe a Gradation: For the slowest Steps to *Greatness*, are the most secure. Aim not to be *Rich* and *Mighty* on a sudden. Swift Rises, are often attended with precipitate Falls. If, in other Cases, 'tis commendable to be niggardly of Time, and squeeze every Minute to an Improvement in Vertue; yet thou wilt find it expedient to follow other *Maxims*, in the Way of growing *Great*: And that to be Liberal in Years of Patience, will be no Unprofitable Frugality in the Main; since what is soonest got, is generally short in the Possession: And he that monopolizes *Honours* or *Wealth*, is most Times envy'd to his Ruine.

Nature it self shall convince thee of this, if thou wilt but contemplate her most *Obvious Works*. Cast thy Eye on the *Oak* among the *Plants*; What *Vegetable* is more Permanent, or of greater Service to Men? Yet the *Tree*, of so vast a Bulk, in whose Aged, Hollow Trunk, I have seen Sixteen Men sitting round a Table; under whose wide spread Branches, the *House* of *Arom Ebeniel Eben Sherophaim*, the *Chief Emir* of *Arabia* is built, and stands at this Day; I say, this *Tree* in its *First Original*, was not so big as the *Thumb* of thy *Right Hand*: And if *Nature*

lifts

list speak Truth, it was a Hundred Years growing to these Dimensions; as many in a Fix'd and Flourishing Condition; and that it will not take up a less Time in decaying to its last Rottennels.

They say also, That an *Elephant*, the Biggest and Strongest of all the *Beasts* on the *Earth*, lives Two Hundred Years, and continues encreasing in its Stature, the greatest Part of that Term. The like they relate of *Crocodiles* and *Dragons*.

But not to tire thee with Examples of this Nature, let us consider, that whatsoever is great and durable among Men, whatsoever is illustrious and Excellent, is slow in the Production, and makes not hasty Leaps to Maturity. View all the *Monarchies* that have made so much Noise on *Earth*, and thou wilt find, that in Proportion to the Time of their Growing *Greatness*, was the *Term* of their *Duration*. How swift was the *Rise* and *Fall* of the *Persian Empire*? Equally precipitate was that of the *Maceaeonians*. None could ever boast of so Permanent and Universal a Sway as the *City of Rome*, of which it is commonly said, *Rome was not built in a Day*.

To come nearer Home; How Lasting and perpetually Victorious, is the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*? Yet it took its First *Rise* from very small *Beginnings*, met with frequent Repulses, and has made a slow Progression to the present *Formidable Height* of *Sovereign Power* it now possesses. For, thou know'st,

know'st, This is the Thousand'th, Sixtieth and Third Year, since the *Holy Flight* of the *Messenger of God*.

What I have said, may be apply'd with Proportion, to Men's Personal Advances in the *Honours* and *Fortunes* of this *World*. Be content therefore with the *Seasons* wherein *Destiny* shall think fit to raise thee, and strive not to out-run thy *Fate*.

All the News I can tell thee is, That *Cardinal Mazarini* return'd, the 13th. of the last *Moon*, from his Second *Banishment*: Which thou may'st report for a Truth, to the *Ministers of State*.

We are all *Exiles* here on *Earth*. God restore us to a *Region* more Agreeable, and admit us to the *Cares* of our *Friends* in *Paradise*.

Paris, the 25th. of the 3^d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of God and his Prophet, descend upon thee from a Thousand Sources. Thou art a true Friend, and our whole Family are oblig'd to thee for Favours which have no Number: But none more than my Brother and I. Our Engagements to thee are Equal; since what Kindness thou hast shew'd to him, in recommending him to the Sultan's Favour, and to a Place of Honour and Profit, I take as done to my self, we being Naturally sharers in each others Prosperity or Adverse Fortune. For such is the Method of strict Relations and Friendships. And, I have a particular Reason to thank thee, because it was at my Instance thou promoted'st him. Yet tho' he is my Brother, I should not be so Partial as to say these Things in his Behalf, did I not know him to be a Man of Merit. For Places of Trust, ought not to be bestowed for Favour or Affection. We are bound to sacrifice all Private Regards, to the Interest of the Grand Signior: And not act like the French, who get Offices of the Greatest Importance, many Times, by being of a Faction or Party, opposite to their King.

Since

Since the Return of *Cardinal Mazarini* to this Court, which was in the foregoing *Moon*, the King has reform'd many Abuses of this Kind. He begins to feel his own Strength and Authority, every Day more and more.

In the *Moon* of *December*, dy'd *Cardinal Richlieu's* Brother, who was *Bishop* of *Lyons*, and *Grand Almoner* of *France*. The King has bestow'd these Honours on *Cardinal Antonio Barberini*, who took Sanctuary in this Court, from the Persecutions of the Present *Roman Pontiff*, almost Ten Years ago. He has always espoused the King of *France's* Interests in *Rome*. And the grateful *Monarch*, receiv'd him with much Affection; and as an Additional Honour, has made him a Knight of the *Holy Spirit*. This is the *Chiefest Order* of *Knighthood* in *France*.

It is freshly reported here, that the *Duke of Newburgh*, a *Great Prince* in *Germany*, is dead. They talk also of certain *Prodigies* that have been lately seen in *England*, *Ireland*, and other *Parts* of *Europe*; As Raining of warm Blood, Tin and Copper. And 'tis affirm'd for certain, That *Three Suns* were lately seen at *Dublin*, the *Chief City* of *Ireland*.

There has been a *Sea-Combat* between the *English* and *Hollanders* on the Coasts of *Italy*. Wherein, they say, the *Dutch* had the Victory, having sunk Two of their Enemies Ships, and taken One, without any Considerable Loss on their own Side.

Here is no other News stirring at present worth the Knowledge of a *Mussulman Grandee*. The Eyes of all the *Western Nazarenes* are fix'd on that Refuge of the World, where thou residest, and on the Actions of our *Invincible Vizir* in *Candia*.

They discourse of some *Overtures of Peace*, which that *Great General* has made to the *Venetians*, if they will forthwith surrender the *City of Candia* to the *Victorious Ottomans*.

If this be true, one would think, so great Clemency must needs tempt the *Proud Infidels* to *Submission and Compliance*. But, if *Destiny* has otherwise Decreed, I wish they may feel the *Force* of our *Arms*, which appear more keen, than even the *Scythe of Time*, that *Devourer of all Things*.

Paris, 27th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTRE

LETTER XIV.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THY last Letter speaks thee at once willing to be Enlightened, yet Tenacious of thy Old Prepossessions. I wonder not at the Difficulty thou findest, in shaking off the Precepts of thy Rabbi's, those Religious Triflers. The Influence of Education, is forcible as that of our Birth: And the Habits that are rooted in us in our Tender Years, are harder to be displanted, than the Inherent Affections of our Blood. This is signify'd by the Arabian Proverb, which says, *The Tutors of Youth, have an Ascendant over the Stars of their Nativity.*

I know it has been esteem'd the peculiar Glory of thy Nation, that you have been Rigid Observers of the Traditions of your Fathers: From which, rather than deviate a Title, there have not been wanting such as freely expos'd themselves, and have bravely endur'd Racks, Scourgings, Burnings, and all Sorts of Torments, even the most exquisitely cruel Deaths, that the Malice of Tyrants cou'd invent. But do not I know also, that in some of the most Weighty Points of your Law, your Zeal has exceeded your Prudence? I speak not of the private Bigotry of one Man,

Man, or a *few*; but of the *Representative Body* of your *Whole Nation*. How foolishly Superstitious were your *Armies* in the *Days* of *Mattathias*, when being assaulted by their *Enemies* on the *Sabbath Day*, they refus'd to draw a *Sword* in their own *Defence*, and so were all cut off by the *Army* of *Antiochus*? This is no *Invidious Remark* of your *Adversaries* in *Religion*, but the *Observation* of *Josephus*, a *Man* of the same *Faith*, and sprung from the *Stock* of *Israel*, as well as thy *Self*.

Now tell me thy *Opinion*, did your *Fathers* do well in thus *Sacrificing* themselves, and the whole *Interest* of *Israel* to a *Mistaken Punctilio* of that *Obedience* they ow'd the *Law*, or no? If thou allowest the *Former*, then *Mattathias* did *Wickedly* in making a *Decree*, That from thenceforth, it should be *Lawful* on the *Sabbath-Day* to resist their *Enemies*; and all the *Jews* were guilty of many *Notorious Breaches* of the *Law*, in obeying this *Decree*, and fighting on the *Sabbath-Day*: But if thou say'st, They did *Ill* in not fighting, tho' at a *prohibited Time*, and *prohibited* under the *Severest Curses*; then it follows, That there is no *Point* of your *Law*, which may not, nay which ought not to be *dispens'd with*, and give way to the *Interests* of *State*, and the *Good* of the *Commonwealth*. So that at this *Rate*, the *Religion* for which you are all so *Zealous*, will appear to be but a *Form* of *Government*, *Divinely contriv'd* for *Humane* *Regards*. I do not call in *Que-*
stion,

Then, the *Miraculous* Delivery of your *Law*
 on *Mount Sinai*. Suffer me to plead without
 Suspicion of Partiality: I do not go about to
 invalidate the *Testimony* of *Moses*, and the
Prophets. Doubtless, the *Most High* came
 down through the *Heavens*, attended with
Myriads of Angels, and *Thirty Two Thousand*
Chariots of Fire; and when he stood on
 the *Top of the Mountain*, the *Rear* of his
Train had not passed the *Silver Gates* of the
Moon. The *Sun* appear'd in his *Circuit*, as
 one astonish'd; he blush'd, and fled away
 from the *Eternal Brightness*, not able to en-
 dure the *Lustre* of a *Glory* so far surpassing
 his own. The *Stars* were dazz'd at the *Im-*
mortal Splendor, and mistook their *Courses*:
 they run against one another in their affright-
 ed *Careers*. And as a *Lasting Memorial* of
 that *Glorious Descent*, the *Angels* left the
 bright *Impression* of their *Footsteps* in the *Path*.
 That *Heavenly Road*, is to this *Day* distin-
 guish'd from all the *Rest of the Sky* by its
Whiteness, which makes the *Astronomers* call
 it *THE MILKY WAY*.

The *Nations* of the *Earth* were amaz'd at
 the *Tremendous Vision* and *Noise*; for the
Mountain was all on *Fire*, whose *Flames*
 reach'd up to the *Clouds*, and its *Smoke* to the
Mid-Heaven. The *Globe* Trembled and
 Quak'd at the *Dreadful Thundrings*, and the
Lightnings penetrated the *Abyss* of *Hell*. The
Infernal Spirits were startled at the *Uncommon*
Flashes; and ask'd one another, *If the Day*
of Judgment were come: The *Waters* hid them-
 selves

selves in their *Fountains*, and the *Ocean* utter'd a deep *Murmur*. Every Thing in *Nature* was surpriz'd with Wonder and Dread, and *Moses* himself when he came down from the *Mountain*, was all Transform'd into *Light*.
 Thou seest, *Nathan*, I am no *Infidel*, but believe, as thou dost, That the *Law* of *Moses* was brought down from *Heaven*. But does it therefore follow, That this *Law* is *Universal* and *Eternal*? Can none be sav'd but the *Sons* of *Israel*, and such as are Proselyted to their *Religion*? Doubtless this is an Error, as thou thy self wilt acknowledge, when thou hast well examin'd the Matter. Remove thy *Post* a little, if it be only in *Imagination*: Rise from the Feet of thy *Doctors*, who have instill'd into thee *Prejudices* against all the *Sons* of *Adam*, except those of your *Own Race*. Stand aloof for a while, and look round about thee to the *Four Winds*: but fix thine *Eyes* on the *East*, for from thence *Wisdom* takes her *Origin*. Did not the same *God*, who *Created* the *Jews*, also *Create* all the *Nations* of the *Earth*? And canst thou be so blind and obdurate as to think, that *Sovereignty Merciful* made so many *Millions* of *Souls* on Purpose to *Damn* them? Or that it shall be *Imputed* to them for *Sin*, that they were not born of the *Seed* of *Jacob*? Was it in their *Power* to chuse the *Father* that shou'd beget them, or the *Mother* that shou'd conceive them? How *Absurd* are the *Consequences* of this *Narrow Opinion*? It is an unpardonable *Pride* and *Malice*, thus to
 con-

contemn and Judge those that are compounded of the same Ingredients as your selves.

Doubtless, God has sent Prophets into all Nations, to guide them into the Right Way, and not into the Way of Infidels. Those who believe the Prophets and obey their Precepts, shall be Sav'd. For they preach the Unity of the Divine Essence, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Day of Judgement, the Joys of Paradise, and the Torments of the Dam'd. They teach the Necessity of Justice, Purity, and Good Works; exhorting all to practise the Golden Rule, without entangling their Minds in endless Niceties, which are but the Superfetation of Piety, the Excrementitious Burdens of a Religious Life. Such are most of the Troublesom and Ridiculous Ceremonies observ'd by the Zealots of your Law, at which I have known the Wiser Sort of Jews to laugh. These little Superstitions, like Unprofitable Suckers, exhaust the Vitals of Religion, and leave it only a Sapless Trunk, from which no Fruit can be expected. Were they commanded in the Law of Moses, something might be pleaded in their Defence; but as they are only the Dreams of your Rabbi's, a Wise Man would beware how he put on a Needless Yoke, the Stratagem of your Crafty Guides, to keep you in Subjection, and a servile Awe of their Authority, and a Religious Timoröusness of you know not what.

Thy

Thy Letter replies to this by Anticipation: For, supposing that I should argue thus, and charge you with adding *Traditions* of your own, to the *Positive Injunctions* of the Law; Thou tellest me, That those are greatly mistaken, who think that all which was deliver'd to *Moses* in the Mount, was Written in the *Two Tables*, or compriz'd even in the *Pentateuch*; as if the Prophet spent those *Forty Days and Nights* only in keeping of Geese. For it is evident, say'st thou, That if God had Nothing else to give him but the *Written Law*, he might have dispatch'd him in an Hour or a Day at Most. Therefore thou addest, That by *Day* he gave to him the *Written Law*, and by *Night* the *Mysterious Explanation* of it, call'd, The *Oral Law*: Which *Explanation*, *Moses* taught by Word of Mouth to *Joshua* his Successor, *Joshua* to the *Seventy Two Seniors*; and that they transmitted this *Oral Traditionary Comment* down to their *Posterity*, even to the Last of the *Prophets*, from whom the *Great Sanhedrim* receiv'd it. After this every one deliver'd it to his Son, as he had receiv'd it from his *Ancestors*; and so it continues to this Day, to be the *Rule* of your *Lives*, in those Cases where the *Written Law* is Silent. I tell thee *Nathan*, there appears a great Shew of Reason in what thou sayest: And indeed it cannot be suppos'd, that *Moses* spent all that Time, only in

receiving the *Written Law*. But on the other side, I cannot believe that the *Eternal Mind* was busied so many *Days*, in prescribing those *Ridiculous Rules* and *Ceremonies*, which are found in the *Talmud*, and the *Writings* of your *Rabbi's*. If thou canst convince me of that, I will cease to Perswade thee to a *Change*.

I have a great deal more to say, but the Hour of the *Post* calls on me to conclude my Letter. In my next, I will fully answer all thy Arguments. In the mean Time, let not *Custom*, and the *Dilectates* of the *Synagogue* supplant thy *Reason*, but remember thou art a *Man*.

Paris, 27th. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

L E T T E R

LETTER XV.

To the Sublimely Wise, the Senior of Excellent Dignity, Abul-Re-cowawn, Grand Almoner to the Sultan.

THOU art placed on a *High Seat*, Eminent among the *Faithful*; and the *Eyes* of the *Distress'd*, are fix'd on thee. Thou art the *Patron* of all the *Miserable*. To thee, as to a *Sanctuary*, flies the Man, whose *Misfortunes* have bereav'd him of all other *Hope*: Whose drooping *Spirits* can find no *Comfort* from the *Rest* of *Mortals*. His last and only *Refuge* is to thee, who art the *Faithful Steward* of the *Grand Signior's* *Liberalities*. Let not too much *Prudence* supersede thy *Charity*. The *Wicked* and the *Innocent*, have *Equal Access* to thee: And it ought to be so; for, no Man, at first, can distinguish between the *One* and the *Other* by their *Outward Aspect*. Yet a little *Examination* and *Converse*, will shew the *Difference*.

There are those, who get large *Possessions* under the *Masque* of *Poverty*. There are *Impudent Beggars*, who make a *Trade* of imposing on *Human Compassion*, and sport themselves in this humble *Method* of cheating *People* of their *Money*; whilst, imagi-

ning they bestow it on Persons really Indigent, it is thrown away on Counterfeits, *Villains* and *Infidels*.

On the other side, I have seen true Objects of Pity, Men reduc'd to the last Extremities, who wou'd rather perish, than expose their Condition to any, save the *Great* and *Noble*. They esteem such to be Wise Men, Generous, and Considerate of the Accidents which commonly befall Mortals. They think, to these they may freely unbosom themselves, tell their Wants, and claim Relief, without the Hazard of a Reproach, which wounds more deeply than a short Denial.

Thou mayst know them by the Modesty which appears in their Faces, (says our *Holy Prophet*) and that they are soon repuls'd. To such as these, give plentiful *Alms*, and do not repine. For it is as a Profitable *Merchandise*, sent to Remote Countries, which though ventur'd on the Uncertain Waters, yet in Time by the special Blessing of *Heaven*, shall return with Seven-fold Interest.

Nay, give to all that ask: For, it is better to misplace our *Charity* on Nine Unworthy Persons, than to deny an *Alm* to One that is really in Need. Besides, it is not for the Honour of a *Sovereign Monarch*, that any Person in Distress shou'd depart from his *Claws*, sad or discontented, for Want of Relief.

I have in some of my *Letters*, glanc'd at the *Vices* of these *Western Nazarenes*; and have not been altogether silent as to their *Virtues*. Among which, their *Charity* is very Conspicuous.

The

The French relate a pretty Passage of a certain Cardinal, a very Good Man, and one that by the Multitude of his Generous Actions, gave Occasion for the World to call him, the Patron of the Poor.

This Ecclesiastick Prince, had a constant Custom, Once or Twice a Week, to give Publick Audience to all Indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One Day, a poor Widow encourag'd with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this Cardinal, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about Fifteen Years of Age. When her Turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners; the Cardinal discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter, he encourag'd her to tell her Wants freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, thus address'd her self to him; My Lord, I owe for the Rent of my House Five Crowns, and such is my Misfortune, that I have no other Means to pay it, save what wou'd break my Heart; since my Landlord threatens to seize upon it, that is, to Prostitute this my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto with great Care Educated in Vertue, and an Abhorrence of that Odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, That you wou'd please to interpose your Sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this Cruel Man, till by our honest Industry, we can procure the Money for him.

The *Cardinal* mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Vertue and Innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Widows Hands, Go, said he, to my *Steward* with this Paper, and he shall deliver thee Five Crowns to pay thy Rent.

The poor Woman over-joy'd, and returning the *Cardinal* a Thousand Thanks, went directly to his *Steward*, and gave him the Note: Which when he had read, he told her out Fifty Crowns. She astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing this was only the *Steward's* Trick to try her Honesty, refus'd to take above Five, saying, *She ask'd the Cardinal for no more, and she was sure 'twas some Mistake.*

On the other side, the *Steward* insisted on his *Master's* Order, not daring to call it in Question. But all the Arguments he cou'd use, were insufficient to prevail on her, to take any more than Five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controversy, he offer'd to go back with her to the *Cardinal*, and refer it to him. When they came before that *Munificent Prince*, and he was fully inform'd of the Business. 'Tis true, said he, I mistook in writing Fifty Crowns. Give me the Paper and I will rectify it. Thereupon he wrote again; Saying thus to the Woman, So much Candor and Vertue, deserves a Recompence. Here I have order'd you Five Hundred Crowns, What you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage.

If

If I mistake not, this *Cardinal* was call'd *Farnese*. But, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly Heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

It will be much for the Glory and Interest of the *Shining Port*, if thou sometimes by an extraordinary Largess, raisest the Fortune of deserving Men; and puttest them in a Capacity to serve the *Grand Signior*. At least, such Bounty will oblige 'em not to dis-serve him.

Among the Rest, permit me to recommend the Case of *Ebuol Berwana Kayemas*, thy Countryman. He was once Possessor of a fair *Fimariot*, but was turn'd out by *Sultan Ibrahim*, to gratify a Creature of *Shechir Para*. Thou know'st the Life of that Infamous Woman. I say no more.

Paris, 2d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

N 4 LETTER.

LETTER XVI.

To the Captain Bassa.

THOU that art a Man of *War*, delightest, no Doubt, to hear of Combats and Battles. And I tell thee, That since the Beginning of the *World*, there have never been known such dreadful *Sea-Fights*, as during the present *War* between the *English* and *Dutch*. It seems, there is an Emulation sprung up in the Latter: They grudge the Inhabitants of *Britain* the Character, which has been given 'em from all *Antiquity*, Of being the most Victorious on that Element, of any Nation on the Earth.

'Tis possible there may be some more particular Grounds of their present Quarrel, to which I am a Stranger. But assuredly, they have pursu'd their Animosities very eagerly on both Sides. And, let the Occasion be what it will, the *Dutch* are still Losers.

I sent thee an Account of a Combat between their *Fleets* last Year, since which they have had many other Engagements. And 'tis said here, that during this *War*, the *English* have taken from the *Dutch*, near Two Thousand Merchant Vessels; have Sunk and Burnt many of their *Ships of War*, slain some of their Chief Commanders, spoil'd their Trade, and reduc'd 'em almost to as great Straights, as when they first courted the Protection of the *English*.

English against their Sovereign, the King of Spain, from whom they had then newly Revolted.

But the most terrible Conflict was, on the Second of this *Moon*, wherein the *Dutch* had Seven and Twenty of their Greatest Ships, either sunk or burnt, Two Thousand of their Seamen and Soldiers kill'd, and a Thousand taken Prisoners, with many Captains. That Great *General Trump*, whom I mention'd in my Last, was slain in this Fight, after he had perform'd Prodigies of Valour.

The *French* say, that during the Heat of this Engagement, *Trump* being excessive Thirsty, call'd for a Bowl of Wine; which his Servant had no sooner deliver'd to him, but a Cannon-Bullet took his Hand off, just as he was retiring from his *Master*. The brave *General* touch'd with a Noble Compassion, spilt the Wine on the Deck, saying, *It is not fit that I should quench my Thirst, with the Blood of a Faithful Slave.* And as soon as he had spoke these Words, another Bullet took from him, the Power of ever drinking again.

If such an Accident should happen to thee, when thou fightest against the *Infidels*, know for certain, that thou shalt be immediately transported to the Green and Shady Banks of the Rivers of Wine in Paradise, where thou may'st drink thy Fill in Eternal Security. For he that dies fighting for the Faith, is a *Martyr*.

Paris, 12th. of the 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1653. N 5 LET.

LETTER XVII.

To Sale Turcheni Emin, Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople.

I Remember I promised in my Last, to give thee a farther account of *Pachicour*, the famous *Pyrate* of the *Black-Sea*. I were easy to perform it, but a Temptation diverts my Pen another Way.

I remember when thou wert *Chiaus*, I have heard thee speak of the Kingdom of *Tunis*, whither thou wast sent by *Sultan Amurat*, to compose the Differences that happen'd between the *Dey* and the *Divan* of that City. At the same Time, thou mad'st Mention of a certain Admirable Engine, contriv'd to draw up Ships or any Thing else from the Bottom of the Sea: And, that the *Divan* of *Tunis*, gave to the Artist who fram'd it, an Hundred Thousand *Piasters*, as a Reward of his Ingenuity.

I have read in a certain *French Author*, of such another Device at *Venice*, made on purpose to draw up the Famous Carrack, which they call'd the Castle of the Sea. This *Gal- lion* was built of a Monstrous Bulk, more for State than Service; and was overturn'd by her own Unweildiness, as she lay at Anchor, and sunk to the Bottom: From whence, neither

ther that foremention'd *Engine*, nor all the Art of Man could raise. Yet the Skill of the *Enginier* was highly commended, and the *Senate* honour'd him with the Title of *Clarissimo*, and settled a Noble *Pension* on him during Life.

It is question'd, whether the *States of Holland* will be so Liberal to a certain *French Enginier*, who has made a *Ship* at *Rotterdam*; which they say, will out-do all the *Miracles of Noah's Ark*.

This *Ship* is at present all the Talk at *Paris*. Our Merchants receive Letters full of Wonders from the *Low-Countries*, concerning this Whirligig of a Vessel, which is to move by Clockwork, without Sails, Oars, Rudder, or any Common Marine Tackle; Yet, shall cut her Way through the Sea, with a swifter Progress than the *Moon* glides along the *Sky*, or a *Bullet* out of a *Cannon*. This is the Discourse of those who love to advance all that they hear, to the Height of a *Miracle* or *Romance*. Yet 'tis certain, the *Artist* has promis'd, it shall equal the Motion of some Birds, and run Twelve Leagues an Hour. Neither Winds nor Tides shall forward or hinder its Course, which depending on an Internal Principle of *Perpetual Motion*, is to be directed only at the Pleasure of him who manages the Springs and Wheels. So that the *Master* of this *Vessel*, shall be able with a single touch of Hand, to turn it to any *Point* of the *Compass*, in the most Boisterous Weather that blows.

This

This *Engineer* farther engages, that his *Vessel* shall make a Voyage to the *East-Indies* in the *Revolution* of a *Moon*, and to some *Regions* of *America*, in a fourth Part of that Time. If he be as good at Performance, as he is at Promising, he will Sail round the *Globe*, at this Rate, in Three *Moons*.

In farther Commendation of this wonderful *Machine*, 'tis said, That by a New-Invented Art, it shall secretly under-Water disable any Ship, provided she be within Cannon-Shot; and this with so sudden a force, that in the Space of Six Hours, it will successively sink a Fleet of a Hundred Ships of War.

Moreover, this *Artist*, to appear not less subtle against the *Efforts* of *Heaven*, than in surpassing all the *Inventions* on *Earth*, promises that his *Miraculous Vessel*, shall at the Distance of a League, cut asunder any *Spouts* or *Cataracts* of Waters, which usually threaten *Mariners* in the *Mediterranean* and other Seas.

'Tis possible thou art very well acquainted with the Nature of these *Spouts*, and the Danger of Ships that Sail near them. Yet give me Leave to inform thee, what I have heard from a certain *Corfsair*, who has often met with 'em in the *Levant*.

This *Pirate* tells me, that a *Spout* is a kind of *Aqueduct* between the Clouds and the Sea, by which those *Pendulous Cysters* Above, are replenish'd with Water from the *Ocean*, drawing it up, as through a Pipe; Which seems to be let down for that End, at certain Seasons,

Seasons, and in some Particular Places, where the Water boyls up first above the Surface of the Briny Plain, as a Signal to those Thirsty Bladders, to make a Descent there and suck their fill.

If this be true, who knows but that all the Rain, to which the Earth is indebted for its Fertility, comes thus Originally from the Sea? For, it may be made fresh, either in its first Ascent through the Roscid Air, or after its Reception into the Clouds, by some hidden *Energy* of that *Element*, or the *Natural Force* of the *Middle Region*: Or at least by some Unknown Vertue, perhaps not inferior to that by which the Waters of a *Bitter Lake* in the *Desert*, became *Sweet* at the Intercession of our *Holy Prophet*, when the whole Army of the Primitive *Mussulmans*, was like to have perish'd of Thirst.

And then how will the *Western Philosophers* dispose of all the Vapours, which they say are Exhal'd from this *Globe*, and afterwards Condens'd into Clouds? I tell thee, that's but a Loose Notion of such Retentive Bodies, as the Clouds seem to be. And 'twou'd tempt one to ask, What the Vessels are made of which hold those Condens'd Exhalations, so that they do not fall at once upon our Heads and overwhelm us, but only destil in small successive Showers Drop by Drop, to refresh the Barren Parts of the Earth, and serve the Necessities of Men? And why the Rains fall in the *Indies*, and other *Regions* of the *East*, whole *Moons* together without Intermission,
the

the Rest of the Year being dry : Whereas, in other Countries, the Periods of the Weather's Alteration are uncertain, and in some Parts, it seldom or never rains at all ?

Doubtless, the *Works* of the Omnipotent are Inscrutable : And tho' it may be an Argument of a great Wit, to give Ingenious Reasons for many Wonderful *Appearances* in Nature ; yet 'tis an Evidence of small Piety or Judgment, to be positive in any Thing, but the Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance.

Now I have made as Wide an Excursion from my first Discourse, as the *Moulla* did, who began an *Oration* in Praise of *Noah's Ark*, and ended with telling a Tale of an *Armenian Wheel-Barrow*.

But I will not forget, that I was speaking of the Promise which the *Rotterdam Engineer* has made of his *Machine*, That it shou'd Effectually break all the Force of *Spouts*, which wou'd render him very Serviceable to *Merchants*, as a *Convoy* to defend them from those Terrible Bug bears to Sailers. For the *Corfsair* tells me, that these *Spouts* very often occasion Ship-wrecks ; either by entangling the Masts of a Ship, and so overturning it ; or, by breaking in the Encounter, overwhelm it with water, and so sink it.

He says likewise, that the *Christian Pyrates* are accustom'd to use a certain *Charm* against these *Spouts*. They have a *Knife*, whose Haft is made of the Bone of a Man's Right Arm : And every *Vessel*, is bound to provide One or

Two

Two of these *Knives*, when they loose from the Shore. They buy em of certain Persons, who have the Character of *Magicians*. And when they see a *Spout* at some Distance from 'em at Sea, the *Master* of the *Vessel* or any Body else, takes this *Enchanted Knife* in his *Right Hand*, and holding the *Book* of their *Gospel* in his *Left*, reads some Part of it; And when he comes to a certain *Versicle*, which mentions the *Incarnation* of their *Messiah*, he makes a Motion with his *Knife* towards the *Spout*, as if he wou'd cut it in Two. Whereupon, immediately the *Spout* breaks in the Middle; and all the inclos'd Water falls into the Sea.

But I tell thee, he who gives Credit to the Stories of *Charms*, or the Projects of Men pretending to excell all the Rest of their Race; has more *Faith*, than is requisite to him who reads *Aesop's Fables*, since in perusing that Ingenious *Figment*, we are only desired to believe the *MORAL*.

'Tis thought by some, That this *Enginier* will, by the Natural Clockwork of his Heels, be much more nimble than his Vessel, in flying the Disgrace which will attend him, if his Phantastick Project prove unsuccessful. In my next thou shalt hear of *Pachicour*.

Paris, 12th. of the 8th. Moon;
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XVIII.

To Murat Bassa.

THE *English*, at present, make the greatest Figure and Noise, of all the Nations in the *West*. *Spain*, *Portugal*, and even *France* it self court the Friendship of that Island, since the Inhabitants have form'd themselves into a *Commonwealth*. It appears, as if the *English* were but newly awaken'd to a Sense of their own Strength, and by thus rousing themselves had alarm'd all their Neighbours.

However it be, This King has sent an *Embassador* to the *English Court*, to break the *Negotiation* of the *Spaniards* there, and to establish a *Peace* between *England* and *France*, if possible.

One cannot tell what to make of the *Maxims* of these *Infidels*. For, at the same Time, the *Banish'd Heir* of the *English Crown*, takes his *Sanctuary* in this *Court*. Where he is caress'd, and made to believe, *Great Things* they will do toward his *Restoration*. But *Interest* supercedes all *Arguments* of *Affection* and *Consanguinity*. They are more solicitous here for the Success of their *Embassy*, than for the Right of the poor *Exil'd Prince*. He is call'd the *King of Scotland*, having been lately *Crown'd* in that *Kingdom*, since the Death

Death of his Father; And entring into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, was routed; and having narrowly escaped the Trains that were laid for his Liberty and Life, at length landed in this *Kingdom*; where he has been entertain'd with much seeming Affection. But the Dread they are under, of the Victorious New *English Commonwealth*, makes 'em begin to talk of his Departure from hence.

The *Prince of Conde* has taken *Recroy*: Which was the first Place where he signaliz'd his Arms, and the Infant-Reign of this King about Ten Years ago. Which the Superstitions interpret, as an Omen of Ill Luck to the King. This Sort of People are led by *Maxims* void of Reason: And so there is no Regard to be given to their Observations. Yet, some of the Wiser Sort, think this will prove a long War.

That which amuses People most, is the small Concern the *Prince of Conti* and the *Dutchess of Longueville* shew for their Brother's Cause. For while the King was on his March against the *Prince of Conde*, they came and submitted themselves to him, and were received to Favour. Those who are apt to suspect an Intrigue in every Thing, say, That this Reconciliation is only feigned on their Part, it being a Means to serve their persecuted Brother with greater Security and Success. Others are of Opinion, that it is Real, especially on the *Prince of Conti's* Part: Since he and his Brother, had never any good Understanding.

There

There has been a *Battle* lately fought between the *French* and *Spanish* Forces in *Italy*. Wherein, the *Spaniards* lost Twelve Hundred Men, and the *French* above Half that Number, of their best Soldiers. So that the *King of France* may say with a Famous General, *Victories attended with so little Advantage, will ruine, rather than enlarge, an Empire.*

Bassa, in the midst of thy Grandeur, I wish thee Health, which sweetens the Worst Events. As for me, I'm like one hovering between Two Worlds.

Paris, 15th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIX.

To *Afis Bassa*.

THE Gods of the *Nazarenes*, one wou'd think, were studying how to perplex their Adorers. These *Western Parts*, abound with *Prodigies*, and Surprizing Events. More especially, the *Low Countries* feel the Strokes of a Hand, which by making 'em smart, seems to put 'em in Mind, They're too high in their own Conceit.

For several Weeks we have been alarm'd from thence, with the Tragical Stories of Ship-wrecks,

Ship-wrecks, Inundations, Tempests of Thunder and Lightning, not usual at this Time of Year; Monstrous *Spectres* seen rising out of the Seas, Lakes and Rivers; *Armies* in the Air, with *Comets* and other *Wonderful Apparitions*.

The *States* of the *United Provinces*, have lost by Wreck Sixteen *Ships of War*, and Thirty Seven *Merchant Vessels*. It looks, as if *Aeolus* and *Neptune*, the Chief *Gods* of the *Hollanders*, had enter'd into a *League*, to punish 'em for struggling against their *Fate*; whilst they maintain a *Fleet* to brave and plunder the *English*, under whose Shadow they first rose to the Power they so Ungratefully now possess.

For, besides these Losses at Sea, the Winds and Waves have conspir'd to break down their very *Banks*, the onely Guards they have against that *Encroaching Element*. All the *Low Countries*, are overwhelm'd with Water: Inſomuch, as Five Miles within Land from *Ostend*, there has been found a *Whale* newly caſt up, Seven Times as long as a Man.

This the *Infidels* look on as a *Great Prodigy*, and the *Fore-runner* of ſome Strange *Revolution*; Though it is but a *Natural Event*, and frequently happens in thoſe Seas, where *Whales* are more plentiful. The *Naturaliſts* ſay, That this *King of the Scaly Nations*, never makes his *Progreſs* through the Seas without his *Guide*; which is a certain ſmall Fiſh, that always ſwims before him, and gives him Warning of *Flats* and *Shallows*, upon which he often ſtrikes, and ſometimes on the main
Shores,

Shores, if his little *Guide* chance to be devour'd by any other Fish, or come to other Mishap. And this may be the Reason, why so many *Whales* are found on the Sands when the Tide Ebbs. They say also, That when this little Fish is inclin'd to Rest, it retires into the *Whale's* Belly, repoling it self there for some Time; during which the *Whale* rests also, not daring to venture forward, till his *Guide* comes forth and leads the Way. If this be true, it seems as if there were a League or Friendship contracted between these Two, they Mutually performing all the necessary Offices of Love and Gratitude. And how this can be done without some *Species* of Reason, I cannot comprehend.

Let them at the *Port* call me *Myself*, or what they please, I cannot forbear doing this Justice to the *Fish* of the *Sea*, as well as to the *Animals* on *Earth*, to acknowledge, That either they are indu'd with a *Kind* of Reason; or, that *Faculty* which we call so in Men, is no other than *Sence*. If the *Brutes* perform many Things without any Deliberation or Counsel, so do most Men: And no Man can demonstrate, That even those *Dumb Beings*, do not advise and project, before they attempt any Thing of Moment towards their own Preservation, or the Service of others. And if they seem to do many Things rashly, it may be attributed to the Quickness and Vivacity of their *Sence*, which needs not the Slow and Flegmatick Methods of *Human* Counsel.

Suffer

Suffer these Digressions, Courteous *Bassa*; and since I have led thee so far out of the Road, take but another Step, and I'll shew thee a Great *Monarch*, who commands Millions of Men, carry'd away Captive by a Silly *Beast*.

The *King* of *France*, rather Day as he was a hunting, discharg'd a Fowling-Piece at a *Partridge* on the Wing. The Bird drops, and the *Monarch* eager to take up his Game, gave the Reins to his Horse, who ran away with him over a great Plain, for the Space of half a League: And had not the *King* fallen off, within Six Paces of a great Chasm or Hole in the Earth, he wou'd have been Carry'd, for ought I know, to keep Company with *Horatius Curtius*, the Venturous *Roman*, of whose Exploit thou hast heard: For, the furious *Steed* not being aware of the Danger before him, as soon as he had cast the *King*, gallop'd full Speed into the gaping *Precipice*, and was never more heard of.

This, the *Priests* cry up for a *Miraculous* Escape, and preface, *That the King is reserv'd by Providence for Great Things*.

The *King* of *Portugal* has an *Embassador* here, who in his *Master's* Name proposes a *Match* between this *King* and the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, proffering Four Millions of Crowns as her *Dowry*. But the *Court* entertains this Motion coldly; the *Cardinal* being averse, for what Reason is not known: For the *Infanta* has an *Illustrious* Character, and known to be a *Princess* of *Incomparable* Vertue.

This *Minister* is managing a *Match* of near-

er Concern to himself, designing to marry One of his Nieces to the *Prince of Conti*, Brother to the *Prince of Conde*. And 'tis said, this *Prince* receives the *Cardinal's* Proposals with less Scorn, than did the *Count of Soissons* those of *Cardinal Richlieu*, on the like Occasion.

Here is a Rumour, as if the *Prince of Conde*, wou'd be condemned by a *Process* of *Parliament*, and that he will be put to Death in *Effigie*.

This Indignity is Common among the *Infidels*, who esteem whatsoever Honour or Disgrace is shewn to *Images*, as done to the *Persons* whom they represent. They have no other Excuse for their *Worship* of *Things* made by the *Hands* of *Men* like themselves, but that it is purely Relative, and centers in the *Prototype*.

In the mean Time, the *Prince of Conde's* Friends and Well-Wishers, smile at his Imaginary Death; knowing, that if no Effectual Stroke of *Fate* carry him out of the World, he will be at the Head of a Potent Army in the *Spring*, to put many to Death in Reality, and by the Edge of the Sword, who fight for his Enemies.

A while agoe, a Man was Imprison'd here by his own Folly; having voluntarily declar'd, That he was hir'd by this *Prince* to assassinate *Cardinal Mazarini*.

I have spoken formerly of the *Count d' Harcourt*, and the Disgrace he was in at this Court, for not continuing the Siege of *Londra*, a Strong-Hold of the *Spaniards* in *Catalonia*. This General is a brave Man, and has done Eminent

minent Services to the *Crown of France*. It is no Wonder therefore, that he laid to Heart the Coldness and Contempt, with which he was receiv'd at his Return from that *Unfortunate Campaign*. Great *Souls*, are to be Caress'd with more than ordinary Affection in their *Adverse Fortunes*; and Faithful Servants, ought not to be reproach'd with every false Step, or ill Success in their Affairs. The *Count* resenting ill the *King's* Carriage toward him, remov'd himself from the *Court*, and then out of the *Kingdom*; designing, as is suppos'd, to serve the *Emperour of Germany*.

Last Week, his Two Sons that were detain'd as *Hostages* in this City, made their Escape, the *Duke of Lorraine* having promised, to give the Eldest his Daughter in Marriage.

That *Duke* roves up and down like a *Free-Booter*, with an Army of *Banditti* at his Heels.

Renown'd *Asis*, I make an Humble and Affectionate Obeisance; wishing thee as many Years of Life, as thou can'st pals without languishing for Death.

Paris, the 17th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Dgebe Nasir, Bassa.

THOU succeedest a Righteous Minister,
Chiorgi Mubammur. I wish thee a
 Surplusage of Happiness: Which thou wilt
 not fail to possess, if thou inheritest the *Vir-
 tues* of that *Bassa*, as well as his *Office*. May
 his *Soul* now taste the Reward of his Just
 Life. And I doubt not, but he has made an
 happy Experience of my Wishes. He lies
 down in Quiet, under the *Trees* of *Eden*. His
 Head encompass'd with a *Garland* of *Flowers*,
 which never fade. Vested with the *Immu-
 rescible* *Crimson* and *Purple* of *Paradise*. He
 reposes on his *Bed* of *Delights*, whilst *Beauti-
 ful* *Pages* serve him in *Vessels* of *Gold*, set round
 with *Sapphires* and *Emeralds*: He drinks the
 delectable *Wine* which never Inebriates; and
 eats of the *Fruits*, every Morsel of which, pro-
 longs his *Life* for a *Thousand* *Agos*. He
 hears Nothing but the *Voices* of such, as are
 full of *Benediction* and *Joy*. The *Virgins* of
Paradise, salute him with a *Grace* which can-
 not be express'd. They chaunt to the New-
 come *Guest*, *Songs* of *Immortal* *Love*. To the
Stranger from *Earth*, they tell their *Passion*
 in *Strains*, which ravish his *Heart*. He is
 dissolv'd in a *Thousand* *Ecstasies*. This is the
 Reward of a Pious *Mussulman*, a Wise *Mini-
 ster*, a Just *Judge* of the *Faithful*. Follow his
 Example,

Example, and thou shalt be translated into his Company: For he is in a Goodly Place, near the Spring-Head of Perfect Bliss.

Thou wilt expect some News from me, as a Testimony of my Respect. And I cannot pretend there is none stirring, at a Juncture when all this Part of the World is so full of *Action*, or at least of *Counsels*.

Here has been great Rejoicings lately for the taking of *St. Manchoud*, a Strong Town in the Hands of the *Prince of Conde*. All the *Officers* of the *French King's Army*, endeavour'd to dissuade him from the Siege of this Place; but *Cardinal Mazarini* over-rul'd their Arguments, and having reprov'd their groundless Fears, caus'd it to be invested and attack'd the 22d. of the 10th. *Moon*. Some say, he had a Party there. Yet it held out till the 27th. of the last *Moon*, at which Time it was surrender'd upon *Articles* to the *King*, who was there in Person with his Brother, the young *Duke of Anjou*, the *Queen*, the *Cardinal* and the whole *Court*. They return'd to this City, the Ninth of this present *Month*.

They were receiv'd with great Acclamations and seeming Joy, by those who wou'd have triumph'd more heartily, had they been defeated, or forc'd to raise the Siege. For the Citizens of *Paris*, wish well to the *Prince of Conde's Arms*: Not so much out of Love to him, as in Hatred of his Enemy, the *Cardinal-Minister*. And they are sensible, that this Successful Siege, will redound wholly to the

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the *Cardinal's* Honour, by whose sole Orders the Place was invested.

It is discours'd, as if this *Minister* has some new Design on *Fer*, to conquer the Kingdom of *Naples*. This is certain, a Mighty Fleet is fitting out to Sea: Whither bound, no Man knows, but those of the *Cabinet*, among whom the *Cardinal* is Chief.

In the mean while, the Common People listen after certain *Prodigies*, that have been seen in the Air. They say, a *Flaming Sword* appear'd lately to rise in the North, and take its Course South-Eastward: From whence People make various *Prognosticks*, as their Passions or Interests inspire 'em. Some are of Opinion, it presages the Conquest of *Naples* by this King's Arms. Others apply it to the New *Common-Wealth* of *England*, and to the Victorious Sword of *Oliver*; who from General of the *English* Army, is now in this very *Moon* exalted to the Height of *Sovereign Power*, Governing the Nations of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, under the Title of their Protector.

Here are divers of his Subjects in this City; and other *English*, *Scots*, and *Irish*, who embrace the Interest of *Charles*, the Son of their late Murder'd King, who has been since Crown'd King of the *Scots*. They give a different Character of *Oliver*; yet all agree, that he is a *Wise Statesman*, and a *Great General*.

The *Scotch* King's Party, speak contemptibly of *Oliver's* Birth and Education: Yet thou

thou know it, this hinders not, but he may be a Man of Courage and Vertue. They relate many odd Passages of his *Tomb*, which seem to me so many Evidences of an extraordinary *Genius*, and that he is a Person of a deep Reach.

He tamper'd with several Religious Factions in *England*, counterfeiting an Exquisite Piety; whereby he first rais'd himself a Name among the Zealots of that Nation, who look'd upon him there, as a very Holy Person, and one mark'd out by *Destiny* for Great Undertakings.

He soon got a Considerable Command, in the Army of the *Revolters*: Where he signaliz'd himself by many brave Actions, which spoke him a Man of an Invincible Courage, and Admirable Conduct. So that at Length, none was thought more fit than he to be General. In fine, he acquitted himself so gallantly in that High Office, and has so wrought himself into the Affections of the People, that they now look upon him as a Prophet, or Saviour; and the *Divan* or Parliament of that Nation, have conferr'd on him the Sovereign Authority.

Those of the *English* which are Affected to his Interest, speak Great Things in his Praise: They call him another *Moses* or *Joshua*: They prefer him to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and even to the Great *Alexander*. It is difficult for them, to speak of him without *Hyperbole's*. 'Tis said, the King of *France* will court his Friendship. Indeed, all the Neighbouring Countries,

stand in Awe of this successful *Hero*. And the *Hollanders*, who are the only People that durst engage in a *War* with the *English Common-Wealth*, now seek for *Peace*, since he is invested with the *Supreme Authority*.

In the mean Time, the Poor *Exil'd King* of the *Scots*, takes *Sanctuary* in this Court, with his Mother the Late *Queen of England*, and his Brother, whom they call the *Duke of York*. The *French King* allows them all very Considerable *Pensions*. And the Latter has some *Command* in the *Army* in *Flanders*. There is another Brother also; but, little talk'd of as yet, being the Youngest of the Three.

They are Generously entertain'd here, it being the peculiar Honour of this Court, to be a Hospitable *Refuge* to *Princes* in Distress. Yet Observing Men say, The *King* will in Time grow Weary of his *Royal Guest*: It being very Chargeable to maintain them, and their Burdensome *Retinue*. Besides, he will have some Reason of *State* to discard them, if he enters into a *League* with *Oliver*, the New *English Sovereign*, who is courted on all Hands.

Eliachim the *Jew* (of whom thou wilt hear in the *Divan*) is just come into my Chamber, and brings me Word, that there is an *Express* newly arriv'd, who informs the *Queen* of a Defeat given to the *Spaniards* near a City call'd *Rozes*, which they had besieg'd in *Catalonia*. The *French* were going to the Relief of this Place, and the *Spaniards* set upon them in their March, but were beaten

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beaten into their Trenches; from whence they fled by Night, leaving Three Hundred Spaniards on the Spot, almost Two Thousand Prisoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage.

This has put the Court into a jolly Humour. Nothing but revelling and dancing, employs their Time: The Young King taking great Delight in Balls, Masques and such Recreations; having left off Hunting, ever since his Horse ran away with him in the Tenth Moon of this Year, after he had shot a Partridge. Whereof I have spoken already in one of my Letters.

The Great God preserve thee from Precipices, Poison, the Glances of a Witch, and from being Canoniz'd a Martyr in a String: And, for other Deaths, thou hast Vertues enough to encounter 'em bravely.

Paris, 30th. of the 12th. Moon,
 of the Year 1653.

The End of the Third Book.

Vol. 17. (1855)

...on the 2nd of March 1855 ...

LETTERS

...to the ...
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LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. IV.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superiour of the Con-
vent of Derviches at Cogni in
Natolia.

WHEN I first open'd thy Venera-
ble Letter, my Heart on a sud-
den became fresh as a Garden
of Roses, or a Field of Cinna-
mon and Myrrh, whose Odours are Exhal'd
by the *West*-Wind. In my Breast there sprung
O 4. up

up a Fountain of Joy, serene as Crystal, and refreshing as the Waters of *Euphrates*.

I contemplate thee as *Cedar* among the Trees of the Forest, or as the Durable Oak of the Desert. May Heaven prolong thy Life, till the Sound of the Trumpet.

The Commands with which thou hast honour'd me, came in an Acceptable Hour. I have receiv'd them with a Complacency which I cannot express. My Eyes were so fix'd on the Lines of Great Purity, that I could not for a long Time take them off. Thou hast hit the Mark of my Affection, in employing me to write what the most Impartial Historians say of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians Messiah*.

That *Holy Prophet*, was Honour'd by his very Enemies. *Josephus* a Learned Jew, who liv'd in his Time, and wrote the History of that Nation, makes worthy Mention of him.

So did many of the *Gentile Philosophers*, though they oppos'd his Disciples and Followers. *Porphry*, whom the *Christians* commonly repute as a bitter Enemy to their Profession, yet calls *Jesus*, *Wise*, *Blessed* and *Divine*. That Sage, was exasperated against a certain Sect of *Nazarenes* in his Time, whom they call'd *Gnosticks*. These corrupted the Doctrines of *Plato*, and the Theology of the *Ancients*; wantonly mixing *Humane Fables* with *Divine Truths*. Against these, *Porphry* sharpen'd his Pen, and not making a Difference between them and other *Christians*,
drew

drew upon himself the Ill-Will of them all. Yet he retain'd a Profound Attach for the *Messias*.

Wouldst thou know the Circumstances of this *Holy Prophet's* Birth? They were Glorious, even in Obscurity. For, though his Father and Mother were then upon the Road to *Jerusalem*, Strangers at *Bethlehem*, and forc'd for want of Room in the *Carvansera*, to lodge in a Stable with an Ox and an Ass, where the *Messias* was born, and laid in a Manger; Yet in this Contemprible State, there came some of the *Magi* out of *Persia* and *Chaldea*, who brought *Presents* to the *Holy Infant*; And having laid at his Feet Gold, Myrrh and Incense, they prostrated themselves on the Ground, and praised God, the *Most High King of All*, in that he had honour'd them with a Sight of the *Messias*.

This was in the 43d Year of the *Reign of Augustus Caesar*, the *Roman Emperor*. At which Time, one *Herod* was *President of Judaea*. This Man being inform'd, That certain *Noble Strangers* were come out of the *East* to *Jerusalem*, he sent for them, and enquiring the Occasion of so tedious a Journey, they gave him this Answer.

"Peace be to thee, O *Sultan*; There was
"of Old Time a *Prophet* of Great Fame in
"our *Nation*, who, among other *Predictions*
"that have since come to pass, left also this in
"Writing:

"That in *Palestine* should be born a *Child*
"of *Heavenly Race*, who should Rule over

“ the Greatest Part of the World. And by
 “ this Sign, Ye shall know the Time and
 “ Place of his Birth : A Strange Star shall
 “ appear in the *Firmament*, which shall direct
 “ you to the very House where you may find
 “ him. When therefore Ye shall behold this
 “ Star, take Gold, Myrrh and Incense ; and
 “ following the Conduct of the Star, go and
 “ offer these Gifts to the Young Child ; Then
 “ return immediately to your Own Country,
 “ lest some Grievous Calamity befall you.

“ Now this Star has appeared to us, We
 “ are come to perform what was commanded
 “ Us.

Herod said to them, *Ye have done well. Go
 therefore and seek diligently for the Infant ;
 and when Ye have found him, come and tell me,
 that I may go and pay him Homage also.*

But they never return'd to him again.
 Wherefore, *Herod* in his Anger and Jealousie,
 commanded all the *Infants* in *Bethlehem* to be
 Strangl'd, that had not been Born above Four
 and Twenty *Months*. But the Father and the
 Mother of the *Holy Infant*, fled away with him
 into the Land where it never Rains, the same
 Night that the *Magi* came.

What I here relate to thee, Sage *Bedredin*,
 is taken out of approv'd *Historians* : For,
 many among the *Gentiles*, wrote of these
 Things besides the *Christians*.

There was a *Roman Philosopher*, much a-
 bout the same Time ; a Man in great Esteem
 with *Caesar*. To whom he wrote a Letter,
 wherein he mentions the coming of the *Magi*
 after

after this manner. " Certain Oriental *Persians*, says he, have set Foot within the Limits of thy *Empire*, bringing *Presents* fit only for *Kings*, to a certain Child, newly born in the *Country* of the *Jews*. But who this *Infant* is, or whose Son, VVe are yet Ignorant.

Thou seest, O Pious *Derwich*, that the *Messias* appear'd with no small Lustre, even in his *Cradle*. And in his Early Years, he enter'd into the *Temple*, and disputed with the *Hebrew Rabbi's*, convincing them of an Universal Defection from the *Primitive Law* of *Moses*; declaring himself the *Messias*, and yet in Profound Humility acknowledging, That a *Prophet* should come after him, who should be preferred before him, the Dust of whose Feet he was not worthy to kiss. This Passage the *Christians* have perverted to another Sense; but the *True Faithful*, know it was spoken only of *Mahomet*, the *SEAL* of the *PROPHETS*.

The Time would fail me, to recount all the Stupendous Actions of this *Man's* Life: And in calling him *MAN*, I imitate his own Example; Since throughout the *Gospel*, he never call'd himself *God*, or the *Son of God*; as the *Christians* do, but most frequently gave himself the Title, of the *Son of Adam*. He turn'd Water into Wine, fed Five Thousand People with Five Cakes and Two small *Tenches*: Heal'd all Diseases, restor'd Sight to them that were born Blind, Rais'd the *Dead*, went Invisible through Crowds of his Enemies;

mies; and Finally, was taken up into *Paradise*.

If thou wouldst know more of this *Holy Prophet*; There are *Historians* who say, he was Initiated in the *Mysteries* of the *Essenes*, a certain *Sect* among the *Jews*.

That *Nation*, it seems, was then divided into *Seven Classes*. Among which, this of the *Essenes* was none of the least considerable, as being the most *Religious* Observers of the *Law*. Their Conversation was full of Humanity, both among themselves, and toward Strangers: Avoiding Pleasures, as Enemies to the Mind, and esteeming Chastity the very Cement of all Virtues. Therefore they despis'd Marriage, as an Entanglement to Men devoted to Contemplation. They had also an Equal Contempt for Riches. No Man of this *Sect* call'd any Thing his Own, though 'twere his Lawful Inheritance: But their Possessions were in Common, and Equally distributed.

It was among their *Mysteries*, to Anoint their Bodies frequently with Oyl, and as often to wash 'em with Running Water. They neither bought, nor sold; nor frequented the *Publick* Places: But every one communicated freely such Things as he possess'd, to him that stood in Need. Thus there was a Reciprocal Exchange of Kindnesses and Assistance, according to every ones Faculty and Power. They were very Assiduous in Watching, Fasting and Prayer: Curious in observing the Various Names of the *Angels*, which they frequently

frequently repeated, Invoking those *Happy Beings*, as the *Ministers* of the *King Eternal*. And those who were exercis'd in this Kind of *Religious* Life, arriv'd to so great a Constancy of Mind, that neither Racks, Fire, Sword, or any other Tortures could ever move 'em to Renounce their *Law*, or speak the least Word in Contempt of their *Institution*. Nay, they would rather suffer *Martyrdom*, than be prevail'd on to taste of any Thing that had *Life* in it. For they were strict Observers of the *Law*, which commands Perpetual Abstinence from the *Flesh* of *Animals*.

It was an Establish'd *Article* of their *Faith*, That as soon as the *Union* of *Soul* and *Body* was dissolv'd by *Death*, the Former by a *Natural* Inclination ascends to the Skies; even as Sparks flie Upward, when freed from the Gross *Earthy* Matter in which they lay Imprison'd.

I have here given thee a short and true Character of the *Essenes*. Of which *Sett*, all *Christians* own the *Messias* to be a *Favourite*, if not a *Member*; in Regard he no where is Recorded to have upbraided them, as he often did the *Pharisees*, *Sadduces*, *Herodians* and the Rest.

Time will not permit me to say more at Present, concerning that *Venerable Prophet*. But if thou wouldst have a Perfect *Idea* of all his *Vertues* and Sanctity of Life, turn thy Eyes Inward, and fix 'em on thy self. For thou art a Lively *Transcript* of the *Holy Jesus*.

Paris, 1st. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

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LETTER. II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU hast heard of the *Jesuits*, an Order of *Nazarene Dervises*. All Europe abounds with them; and they have attempted to settle themselves at the *Sublime Port*, and several Places of *Asia*: Besides their Actual Possessions in the *Indies*, where they are very Numerous and Powerful. They are esteem'd the *Richest Order* of the *Roman Church*, tho' the *Constitutions* of their *Founder*, oblige them to *Perpetual Poverty*. But what will not the *Sacred Hunger* of *Gold* tempt Men to? For the sake of this *Charming Metal*, they can Dispense with Antiquated *Laws*, and Dull *Melancholy Vows*.

These *Religious Persons*, have lately spread about a *Letter* in Print, which they pretend comes from one of their Order in *Armenia*.

This *Dispatch* relates a Strange Accident, that has happen'd at the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet* (upon whom rest the *Favours* of the *Eternal*.) For it affirms, that in the *Eighth Moon* of the last Year, the *Shrine* which contains the *Body* of the *Heavenly Missioner*, fell from the *Roof* of the *Sacred Mosque* (to which, they say, it adher'd by Vertue of a *Magnet*, fasten'd in the *Cantrel* of the *Arch*;) And that at the same Time, the *Pavement* of the *Temple* open'd, and swallow'd up that

that Venerable *Ark*, which were Reposited the most *Holy Reliques* in the World. And that from the *Chapelle*, there issu'd out a Flame, like that of *Sulphur*, accompany'd with such a Smoak and Intolerable Stench, as caus'd all the *Pilgrims* that were present to swoon away. Whereupon, many of them are since turn'd *Christians*.

This Forgery is believ'd here by those, who never examine any Thing their *Priests* tell 'em, but take all on Trust. The Common People bless themselves, in that they were born of *Christian* Parents, and not of the *Disciples* of that Wicked *Impostor*: So they blaspheme the *Man*, in whom the *Promises* of their *Messias* are verifi'd, when he said, *He wou'd Intercede with God to send a Prophet, who shou'd lead 'em into all Truth.*

They wou'd never be at the Pains or Cost to examine, whether the Foundation of this Story be true or false. All the *Mussulmans* who have been at that *Holy of Holies*, know, That the *Body* of our *Divine Lawgiver* reposes in a *Sepulchre*, built after the same Manner as the *Tombs* of our *August Emperours*, and other *Dormitories* of the *Great*: Only with this Difference, That it surpasses all the *Monuments* of the World, in the Invaluable Richness of its Ornaments, the Gifts of devout *Mussulman Princes*. There appears always, such an Insupportable Lustre of Gold and Precious Stones, in every Angle of that Mysterious *Recess*, as may well dazle the Eyes of *Mortal Spectators*; since the *Angels* themselves,

selves, are forc'd to be well'd within those *Majestick Walls*.

Hence it is not hard to suppose, That the *Circular Refractions* of such a *Glittering Orb* of *Jewels*, might create the *Resemblance* of a *Tomb* suspended in the *Air*, or cleaving to the *Roof* of that *Glorious Edifice*, deceiving the *Eyes* of some *Ignorant*, but *Devout Musulmans*, from whom this *Magnetick Fable* first took its *Origine*. However it be, no *Man* of *Common Faith*, or but *Ordinary Sense* will believe, That *God*, who has for so many *Ages* protected the *Sepulchre* of his *Apostle* and *Favourite*, verifying therein the *Prophecy* of *Mahomet* himself, who foretold, as did other *Prophets* before him, That the *Place* of his *Rest* should be *Glorious*, and that the *Greatest Monarchs* of the *Earth*, should visit it: I say, no *Man* will believe, that *God* would at *Length* suffer so vile a *Disgrace*, to happen to the *Tomb* of his *Messenger*, the *Refuge* of *Sinners*.

But the *Nazarenes* will believe any *Thing*, save the *Truth*. They are given up to a *Spirit* of *Delusion* and *Error*, *Incapable* of *Light* and *Instruction*.

Thus I leave 'em till the *Day* of *Alarm*, and the *Hour* of *Scrutiny*: When the *Angels* of the *Test*, shall enter the *Graves*, and having made *Experiment* of every *Man's Works* and *Faith*, shall give the *Just* a *Register* of their *Virtues* in their *Right Hand*, but to the *Wicked* in their *Left Hand*, a *Black Record* of their *Sins*.

In the mean Time, I prostrate my self before thee; begging, That when thou turnest thy Face to the House of Ibrahim, and the Tomb of the Prophet, thou wilt send up One Ejaculation for Mahmud, that he may persevere in shunning the Errors of the Infidels.

Paris, 19th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER III.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the
Grand Signior.

SINCE what I wrote last in behalf of the Brute Animals is so Acceptable to thee, I will comply with thy Request, in continuing that Discourse.

'Tis certain the Ancients had another Opinion of the Beasts, than these French Philosophers, who deny 'em the Use of Reason. Socrates us'd to swear by the Animal Generations, and so did Rhadamanthus before him. The Egyptians Form'd the Images of their Gods, in the Similitude of Beasts, or Birds, or Fishes. So the Grecians fix'd the Horns of a Ram on the Head of Jupiter's Statue, and those of a Bull on the Image of Bacchus. They compounded the Image of Pan of a Man
and

and a Goat, and painted the *Muses* and *Graces* with *Wings*: And the Poet *Pindar* makes all the *Gods* Winged, and disguises them in the Shapes of several *Beasts*, when in his *Hymns* he introduces them chas'd by *Tryphon*. Thou knowest also, That our *Holy Doctors* affirm the *Angel Gabriel* to have *Wings*, with One of which he once gave a Mark to the *Moon*.

When the *Poets* bring in *Jupiter* courting *Pasiphae*, he appears in the Form of a *Bull*. And in his other *Amours*, if we may believe them, he chang'd himself sometimes into a *Swan*, then into an *Eagle*. They report also, That he was suckl'd by a *Goat*.

For these and other Reasons, the *Ancients* not only forbore to injure their *Fellow-Animals*, but entertain'd them with singular Affection and Friendship. A *Dove* was the Darling of *Semiramis*. A *Dog* was the Joy of *Cyrus*. *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, made a *Swan* his Companion. And our *Holy Law-giver*, was often wont to sport himself with a *Cat*. He lov'd this *Creature*, for its Cleanlynefs and Activity; and therefore we *Muslimans*, generally have a *Cat* in great Esteem and Veneration.

That *Favourite* of *God*, understood the *Languages* of *Beasts*, and convers'd as familiarly with them as with Men. So it is fam'd of *Melampus* and *Tyresias* of Old, as also of *Apollonius Tyaneus*, who affirm'd to His Friend sitting by him, that a *Sparrow* which he heard chirping to his *Fellows*, told them of an *Ass* which he had seen fall down with

with his Load, a little Way off from that Place. It is also recorded of a Boy, who understood all the *Voices* of *Birds*, and by that Means could foretel Things to come, That his Mother, by pouring Urine into his Ears when he was asleep, deprived him of this Incomparable Gift, for Fear he should be taken from her, and presented to the King. There is no Question, but several *Nations* have a certain Knowledge of the *Speech* of some *Animals*. My *Countrymen*, by a Peculiar Gift bestow'd on our *Fathers* and their *Posterity* for ever, understand the *Language* of *Crows* and *Eagles*. And the *Ancients* were so well vers'd in this *Knowledge*, that when they convers'd with the *Birds*, or at least when they heard them in their *Language* utter *Presages* of what shou'd shortly happen on *Earth*, they perswaded themselves, that those *Birds* were the *Messengers* of the *Gods*. Therefore the *Eagle* was suppos'd to be the *Messenger* of *Jupiter*, the *Crow* and *Hawk* of *Apollo*, the *Stork* of *Juno*, the *Owl* of *Minerva*, and so of others.

It is evident, that our *Common Huntsmen* understand the Different *Voices* of their *Dogs*, when at a Distance they signify by *One Kind* of *Cry*, that they are questing after the *Hare*; by *Another*, that they have found her; by a *Third*, that they have taken her, or that she is turn'd to the *Right Hand* or to the *Left*. So those who look after *Cattel*, know by the *Voice* of the *Bull*, when he is Hungry, Thirsty or Weary, or when he is stung with Lust. So by the *Roaring* of the *Lion*, the *Hawling* of
Wolves

Wolves, the *Raiding* of *Sheep*, Men are made sensible of the various *Wants*, *Inclinations* and *Passions* of those *Creatures*.

Nor are these *Animals* Ignorant of our *Language*, but by our *Voice* and *Words* they know when we are angry or pleas'd, when we call them to us, or drive them from us: And our *Domestick* *Animals* obey accordingly, with as much *Promptness* and *Alacrity*, as a *Man* or *Maid-Servant*. All which cou'd not be, if they were not endu'd with *Faculties* conformable to ours. They also teach their *Young ones*, to sing *Artificially*. In a *Litter* of *Dogs*, *Huntsmen* chuse the *Best* by this *Experiment*. They take all the *Whelps* from the *Bitch*, and carry them to some *Place* a little distant; Then they observe, which she first carries back again, and those always prove the *Best Dogs*. What is this *Distinguishing Faculty* in the *Bitch*, but *Reason*, or something like it?

We see apparently, that every *Living Creature* knows its own *Weakness* or *Strength*, and knows how to use most dextrously those *Weapons* with which *Nature* has furnish'd it for its *Own Defence*. They are also sensible, what *Places* are most *Convenient* for them to dwell in, and which not. Thus the *Weakest* *Creatures*, as *Dogs* and *Cats*, live altogether in *Houses* and *Cities* with *Men*: Whilst the *Lyons*, *Tygers* and such *Fierce Animals*, dwell in the *Desert*. Thus *Sparrows* and *Swallows* make themselves almost *Domesticks* with *Men*, whilst *Eagles*, *Hawks*,
Vultures

Vultures and other *Birds of Prey*, build their Nests in Woods or Rocks, remote from *Human Society*. Some *Birds* change their *Habitations* at certain *Sasons* of the Year, as best suits with their Convenience: Others always remain in the same Place. The same is observ'd in *Fishes*. And in all *Living Creatures*, it is easie to trace the Footsteps of Prudence and Forecast, in order to their Own Preservation. Let Men call this what they Please, *Instinct* or *Nature*, or *Sence*; It is evident, that there is an Exact Conformity and Resemblance between these *Faculties* in *Brutes*, and what we call *Reason*, *Wisdom* or *Prudence* in *Men*. And we have no more Ground to conclude them void of *Reason*, because they do not enjoy it in that Perfection as our selves; than we have to conclude our selves *blind* or *deaf*, because we see not so clearly, and hear not so readily as the *Brutes*: And, that we have no *Legs*, because we run not so *swiftly* as some of them do.

Doubtless, the *Brutes* are endu'd with a *Faculty* of *Reason* as well as we; but this *Faculty* in them, is Weak and Imperfect for want of *Discipline* and *Art*, which polish all things. This is manifest, from those *Creatures* which are Taught to dance, and play a Thousand Tricks; to tell Money, to shoot off Guns, to find out hidden Things, and bring them some Miles to their *Masters*, as well Educated *Spaniels* will do. What can be a greater Argument, of the Proficiency they make in *Reason* and *Knowledge*? Are not *E-*
lephants

elephants taught all the Arts of War, and plac'd in the very Front of the Battle? Do not the Indian Princes repose as much Trust in their Carriage and Conduct, as in the Service of their Stoutest and Wildest Commanders? This Creature is as tractable and prompt to learn any Thing when Young, as a Boy at School; which cannot be done, without the Use of Reason.

To conclude, I have omitted Five Hundred Arguments, which might be brought to prove the Brute Animals to have Souls as well as We, to have Faculties and Affections conform to Ours. And therefore, it is little less Injustice to Kill and Eat them, because they cannot speak and converse with us, than it would be for a Cannibal to murder and devour thee or me, because we understood not his Language nor he ours.

• God who Locketh up the Winds during the Time the Halcyon hatcheth her Young, thereby shewing, that this Bird is his Favourite; will assuredly grant us a Perpetual Tranquility, if we abstain from injuring our Fellow-Animals.

Paris, the 2d. of the 1st. Adoon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga, at the
Seraglio.

THOU hast formerly heard me speak of the *Duke of Lorrain*, and his several Losses; Which most People thought, would have ended with the *Excommunication* pronounc'd against him by the *Roman Musti*; whereof I gave thee Intelligence. But Experience teaches us, That *Misfortunes* seldom set upon any Man singly; but assault him in Troops, whom Fate has mark'd out for Ruine.

Yet this Prince owes his Sufferings chiefly to his own Inconstancy, whilst he has all along play'd fast and loose with the *Kings of France* and *Spain*; taking up Arms by successive Turns for One, and at the same Time underhand practising with the Other; always Unfaithful to Both; and only driving on an Independent Interest of his Own.

This is his true Character. To which we may add, an Ungovernable Disposition, and an Insatiable Thirst of Money; which has prompted him, by all the Methods of Rapine and Violence, to heap up an Incredible Treasure of Gold and Jewels. So that having procur'd the Enmity of several Monarchs, the Jealousie of his last Master the King of Spain, the

the Ill-Will of his own Brother, (whom they call *Duke Francis*) and the Curses of all People where ever his Army has been quarter'd ; He is at Length seiz'd and Imprison'd by *Arch-Duke Leopold*, in the *Castle of Antwerp*. For which Joyful News, the Inhabitants of the *Spanish Netherlands*, every where made Bonfires of Joy. He was Confin'd on the 25th of the last *Month*. And soon after, his Second Wife was Taken into Custody, that by her Means, they may discover his Papers and Money : This latter being the Chief Thing they aim at ; he being reputed prodigiously Rich ; and the *Spanish* Coffers want a Supply. They conniv'd at his Robberies, whilst there was any Thing left for him to plunder, and that they saw he hoarded up. But now he has done his Work, they punish him for the Crimes, which they themselves encourag'd ; that so they may become Masters of his Wealth. 'Tis said, he brook'd his Restraint very well at first : But a while agoe, being deny'd the Liberty of the *Castle-Walls*, he grew Raving Mad ; hung a *Candlestick* (which was all the Weapons they allow'd him) at the *Governour's* Head, and broke the Windows of his Lodgings. So that they have been forc'd to Confine him to a Hole without any Light, save a little that finds Admittance through an Iron Grate at the Top of the Room.

His Brother *Francis* of *Lorrain*, is to command the Army in his Stead ; who pretends great Fidelity to the *House of Austria*, yet may in the Issue prove as wavering as his Brother.

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ther. For, the King of France has Baits wou'd tempt the *Vertue* of an *Angel*: Yet nothing shall ever corrupt the Integrity of *Mahmet*, the *Mussulman*, on whose Forehead Fate has Engraven this Motto, *Prepar'd to Suffer*.

I blush, *Serene Aga*, when I think I am so barten of *Vertues*, that I have Nothing else to boast of, but my *Loyalty*. Whilst Thousands of *Illustrious Souls*, Crown'd with a Circle of Merits, daily ascend to *Paradise*: And tho' they made but an *Obscure Figure* on Earth, even as *Contemptible* as the *Exil'd Arabian* in his *Hutch* at *Paris*; yet now take their *Seats*, among the *Hundred and Twenty Four Thousand Prophets*, *Favourites* of the *Eternal*.

Mayst thou encrease that *Happy Number*, but not till thou hast had thy *Fill* of *Bliss* on Earth; and that all thy *Enjoyments* here, seem like the *Perfume* of *Oyntments*, which tho' they please for a *Time*, yet at *Length* cloy the *Sence*.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1654

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LET

LETTER V.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

DO not suspect me of *Partiality*, or that I am fond of making *Profelytes*, because I take such Pains to restore thee to *Reason*, and make thee sensible thou art a *Man*. I have no Design or Self-Interest, in doing thee this Good Office: And 'tis remote from my Humour, to busy my self in gaining *Converts*. Onely the Love of *Truth*, sets my Pen at Work in this Manner; being ever of the Mind, That a Free Disquisition in Matters either of *Religion* or *Philosophy*, is the only way to get quit of Errors. Perhaps my Case may be the same as thine; and, for ought thou knowest, I seek not more to undeceive thee, than to satisfy my self, by thus frankly venting my Thoughts: Since Nothing is more commonly observ'd, than that whilst a Man is teaching another, he improves himself. Our Memories are frail and treacherous; and we Think many Excellent Things, which for Want of making a deep Impression, we can never recover afterwards. In vain we hunt for the stragling *Idea*, and rummage all the Solitudes and Retirements of our *Soul* for a lost Thought, which has left no Track or Footsteps behind it. The swift *Off-spring* of the *Mind* is gone;

'tis

'tis dead as soon as born; nay, often proves Abortive, in the Moment it was Conceived. The onely Way therefore to retain our Thoughts, is to fasten them in Words, and chain them in Writing. This is one Cause that I trouble thee with Letters of this Nature, that whilst I am instructing thee, I may establish my own *Reason*, and confirm my self in the Method I have taken, To live according to my *Nature*; that is, by not suffering my *Rational Faculties* to fall asleep, whilst my *Passions* are Active and Vigorous in working my Ruine. For I reckon no greater Shame or Misfortune can befall a Man, than to be depriv'd of his *Humanity*, that is, his *Reason*.

What I have said concerning the Perfidiousness of our *Memories*, may serve as a proper Introduction to the Objections I shall make against your *Traditionary Laws*.

If one ask you, *Why these Laws were not Written, as well as the other*; You answer, *That God took Care in this, lest the Gentiles getting Copies of them, should corrupt and pervert their Sense, even as they have done the Written Laws*. But how then came he to suffer any to be *Written*? Had he not equal Care of One Part, as of the Other? Or, could the *Gentiles* do more harm, by altering and corrupting the less Substantial *Traditions*, than the very *Fundamental Statutes*? For, that these *Unwritten Laws* contain'd only Circumstantial, your *Doctors* themselves confess. What Man of Common Sense then, can sit down

contented with so trivial an Answer? Or, will you say, That *God* took more Care to preserve these *Traditions* Incorrupt from the *Gentiles*, than to retain them in their Purity among the *Jews*? For, that committing them to Writing, had been the surest Way to retain them in their *Original Purity*, is evident by the Preservation of the *Written Law*; of which there was so great Care taken in Transcribing it, that if but a Letter or a Point were added, diminish'd, or misplac'd, they took it for a *Fatal Omen* of some Calamity, and the Faulty *Scribes* were severely punish'd; Nay, the whole *Congregation*, were bound to expiate the Offence by *Fasting*, *Prayers*, and *Alms*. So that it was in a Manner Impossible, that with all this Circumspection, the least Corruption or Alteration shou'd creep into the *Written Law*.

I appeal now to thy own Reason, Whether this was not a much securer Way of preserving the *Laws* Uncorrupt, than by trusting them to the fickle Memories of Men?

Besides, I wou'd fain know, What became of these *Traditions* during the Various *Captivities* of the *Jews*, and *Depopulations* of the *Holy Land*? Who took Care to deliver these *Traditions* Unalter'd to *Posterity*, when they were without *Priests*, *Prophets* or *Synagogues*? When they were dispers'd over the Remote *Provinces* of *Media*, *Persia*, *Egypt* and *Babylon*? In those Days, your *Fathers* were *Slaves* to the *Gentile Kings* of *Asia*; There were then no *Seniors* sitting in *Sanhedrim*, who might

might take Care of these Things. Neither do I find, that *Esdra* the Scribe was any Ways concern'd for these Traditions, when he with his Brethren the Jews, return'd from their Long Captivity in Persia and Babylon. All his most strenuous Endeavours, were employ'd in recovering the Lost Books of the Written Law, without so much as regarding or mentioning the Other. From whence I gather, That either these Traditions were of no great Importance; or, if they were, yet they were wholly, or for the most Part chang'd or lost, many Hundreds of Years before the *Talmud* was first compos'd; which, thou say'st, is the Grand Repository of these Sacred Instructions. And in saying so, thou contradicte'st thy own Arguments: For, if these Traditions were appointed to be transmitted by Word of Mouth from Father to Son to all Generations, as you suppose; then what need was there of writing them in the *Talmud*, or any other Book? And yet the Writings of your Rabbis are full of them. Thus thou confoundest thy self, and runnest blindfold round in a Circle of Absurdities.

Rowze up therefore thy Reason, and suffer not thy self to be hood wink'd by the Fables of your Rabbis, those Industrious Midwives of Old Womens Tales. Doubtless these Traditions, about which you make such a Bustle, are no other than the Whimsies of your Cabbalists, who pretend to spie more Mysteries in the Order of Two or Three Hebrew Letters or Points, than they are able to

unfold in whole *Volumes*. They crack their Brains, in Conjuring up far-fetch'd *Interpretations*, from the particular Fashion and Placing of one single Dash of a Pen. They puzzle and amuse their *Disciples*, with teaching them more knotty and *Romantick Divinity* out of the *Four* and *Twenty Letters*, than ever *Pythagoras* did with all his *Mystick Numbers*. The *Alphabet* to them, is the *Oracle of Theology*. They have turn'd the *Law* into a perfect *Riddle*.

Believe not therefore, these *Religious Mountebanks*, these *Holy Jugglers*, who with their sanctify'd *Legerdemain*, wou'd turn you into *Apes*, that they may laugh in Secret at your Folly; while they behold, how precisely devout you are in cringing, jumping, dancing, howling, braying, and all your other Antick Postures and Actions in the *Synagogue*; in the Practice of which, you have bestow'd so much Care, and are so exact, that you quite neglect the *Weighty Points* of the *Law*.

I hope what I have said, is sufficient to convince thee, that those *Traditions*, which you are taught to believe were deliver'd to *Moses* in the Mount of God, are no other, than the *Impositions* of your *Blind Guides*; who are studious of Nothing more, than to entangle you in a perpetual *Labyrinth of Superstition and Error*.

It will not be a greater Difficulty to demonstrate, That the *Written Law* it self, though *Divine* in its *Original*, is not of *Univer-*

versal Obligation to all *People*; but onely calculated for your Particular *Nation*, and such as were willing to enter into your Interests, among the *Nations* adjacent to the *Holy Land*.

And because my Time hastens me, I will onely suggest one Argument for all, and leave it to thy Deliberation; Whether it was possible for all *Mankind* to repair once a Year to *Jerusalem*, to sacrifice in *Solomon's Temple*, as is requir'd in your *Law*? For, that it was not lawful to sacrifice any where else, is evident, both from the *Law* it self, which expressly forbids it; and from the *Examples* of your *Fathers* in their several *Captivities*; and from your own *Practice* at this Day, who have made no *Sacrifice* since the Days of *Titus Vespasian*, the *Roman Emperour*, who laid waste your City, and burnt your *Temple* to *Ashes*.

And this also may serve to convince thee, that the *Law* of *Moses* was not of *Perpetual Obligation* even to the *Jews* themselves; since 'tis evident from Matters of Fact, that for these Sixteen Hundred Years, you have not been in a Capacity to keep it: And doubtless, *God* wou'd never require any Thing of Men, which he foresaw, they wou'd not be able to perform.

Cease then to think so highly of thy *Nation*, as if none but they were the *Elect* of *God*, or Capable of his Favours: Cease to insult over the Rest of *Mankind*, and to curse thy *Brethren*, the *Sons* of *One Father*, even *Noah*

the *Just Man*, and *Prophet of God*. Behold the *Sun* and *Moon*, with all the *Constellations* in *Heaven*: Their *Influences* are equally dispers'd to all of *Humane Race*. Behold the *Elements*, they serve all the *Sons of Adam* alike; They are not *Partial* to *Mortals*, neither does any *Faction* byals the *Winds* and *Rain*. These happen all at their *Appointed Time* and *Place*. And the *Four Seasons* of the *Year*, return with even *Courses* to the *Inhabitants* of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*. The *Plants* know no *Difference* between the *Circumcis'd* and the *Uncircumcis'd*; but yield their *Encreate* with *Equal Indifferency*, to the *One* and the *Other*: And the *Brute Animals*, equally acknowledge both for their *Lords*. The *Birds* of the *Air*, are as soon caught by a *Heathen*, *Christian*, or *Mahometan Fowler*, as by one that is a *Jew*. And the *Fish* of the *Sea* when they swallow the *Hook*, or plunge themselves into the *Net*, regard not the *Difference of Religion* in those that catch them. All Things happen to every *Man* according to their *Nature*, and the *Pleasure of Destiny*: Onely *Man* himself transgresses the *Condition* of his *Being*. But those that obey the *Internal Lawgiver*, let them be of what *Nation* or *Religion* soever, doubtless they live *Happily*, and die in *Peace*.

However, lest *Men* shou'd err for *Want of Knowledge*, a *Light* is sprung forth in the *East*, even the *Book of Glory*, which confirms the *Written Law*, and instructs *Men* in the *Truth*. Doubtless, this *Book* was brought down from
Heaven.

Heaven. It carries its own Evidence, and a Testimony of its *Divine Original*, in the Majesty of the Style: There is a Spirit and Energy in every Word, sublimating the Intellect of the devout Reader, and purifying his Affections: It is written in *Arabick*, in a *Dialect* so pure and perfect, that the most Accurate Criticks can find no Blemish from the Beginning to the End. One Part coheres exactly with the other; 'tis void of Contradiction. All the Chapters in this Glorious Volume, are of a Piece. Which Excellencies cou'd not have thus met together without a Miracle, in a Book divulg'd by a Man, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

The Success it has had in the *World*, speaks it of *Celestial Descent*. The Greatest Part of *Afia* and *Africk*, with many Kingdoms in *Europe*, have obey'd the *Alcoran* for above these Thousand Years: Cou'd such a Thing come to pass, without the Decree of Heaven? When the Prophet and Favourite of God first receiv'd his *Divine Commission*, he was like a *Pelican* in the *Wilderness*, Solitary, and without Companion. Nevertheless, he was not discouraged, but obey'd the Orders of *Heaven*. He saw himself in the midst of *Rocks* and *Sands*, encompass'd on all Sides with Terrible Beasts. Yet he despair'd not of Assistance from Above, but comforted himself in the Promise of the *Eternal*. He first preach'd to the Savage *Lyons* and *Tygers*; who, as if they had heard another *Orpheus*, grew tame and sociable at his Powerful Words. Those

fierce Inhabitants of the Woods, came and prostrated themselves before the *Sent* of God; they lick'd his Feet in Token of Submission; they environ'd the Place of his Repose, as his Guards, and brought him Food Morning and Evening. The *Prophet* wonder'd that so great Grace was given to the *Beasts* of the Earth. He prais'd the *Creator* of *All Things*, and his Mouth was full of *Benedictions*. He bless'd the *Day* and the *Night*, and the *Obscurity* that comes between them. He bless'd the *Dews* that fall at the Rising of the *Odo-riferous Star*, and the Retreshing Winds that stir the Leaves of the Trees at *Midnight*. And in the *Morning* he pray'd, That all Men might become *True Believers*. Doubtless, God had granted his *Petition*, had not the *Angel* who carry'd up his *Prayers* to *Heaven*, met with the *Devil*, a little on this Side the *Orb* of the *Moon*, who stole from him some of *Mahomet's* Words, so that the *Prayer* ascended Imperfect to the *Throne* of the *Merciful*. Nevertheless, a Great Part of Men became *Believers*: And more shall be added to the Number.

In a little Time, the Solitary *Prophet* saw himself at the Head of a Numerous Army, all *Voluntiers*, who resorted to him in the *Wilderness*, as they were Inspir'd from *Above*. The *Mighty Men* of *Arabia*, oppos'd the *Sacred Hero*: They led the Flow'r of the *East* against him: But they accelerated their own *Fate*, and Incens'd their *Angry Stars*. The *Elements* took up Arms against them, and the *Meteors*

Meteors fought in Defence of the *Messenger* of God. Lightning and Hail, with Stones of Fire, blasted the Troops of the *Infidels*: And terrible Storms of Wind, buried whole Armies in the Sands. Thus the *Host* of the *Mussulmans*, became Victorious, without drawing a Sword; and the *Empires* of the *Wicked*, fell to the Possession of *True Believers*. *Persia*, *Babylon*, and *Egypt*, were subdued, and embrac'd the *Undeified Truth*. The *Alcoran* was receiv'd from *India* to the *Mauritanian Shore*: From the Rising of the *Sun*, to the Going down thereof, this *Holy Profession* is made with one Consent, *There is but One God, and Mahomet his Prophet*.

Now *Nathan*, consider, whether ever the *Law* of *Moses* had such Footing in the *World*, or the *Children* of *Israel* could boast of such *Universal Conquests*? Your *Little Kingdom*, has had its *Period* long agoe; and both *that*, and all the *Empires* of *Asia* and *Africk*, are swallow'd up in the *All-conquering Monarchy* of the *Osmans*. Your *Tabernacle*, *Temple*, *City*, and *Sacrifices*, are quite Extinct. Your *Nation* is Scatter'd over the whole *World*, without *Lands* or *Possessions* that they can call their own. Neither is there *Prince*, *Priest*, or *Prophet*, to whom you can have *Recourse* for *Delivery* from your *Misfortunes*.

Come out therefore from the *Synagogue*, which lies under the *Scourge* of *Heaven*: Shake off the *Malediction*: And being *Purified*

rified, join thy self to the *True Believers*, who are *Bless'd* in this *World*, and shall be *Happy* in *Paradise*. Or at least stand by thy self, and follow thy *Own Light*. Adieu.

Paris, 22d. of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VI.

To Dicheu Hussein, Bassa.

THE Policies of Cardinal *Mazarini*, are no Secrets at the *Imperial City*. Now he is about to play his Master-piece. He has all along maintain'd *Pensioners* in the Service of the *French Grandees*. No Man of *Prime Quality*, could be sure he entertain'd not at his Table, some Creature of this *Minister*. Disguizes of all Sorts, both for Body and Mind, were never Wanting to Men dextrous at Treachery, and Officious to do Mischief.

But now he is setting *Spies* of another Character on the *Princes* of the *Blood*, and the *Chief Nobility* of *France*. Women are to become his *Private Agents*; *Females* of his *Own Blood*; true *Italians*; and brought up, under his particular Care and Management. In a Word, his *Sisters* and *Nieces*.

Five of them are newly come to this City, having been Conducted hither by the *Cardinal's Secretary*, accompany'd with a Considerable Retinue of *Courtiers*, who went to meet them some Leagues from *Paris*. 'Tis said, That one of those Ladies is a great Beauty, and that the Young King, having seen her *Picture*, fell in Love with her.

This is certain, the *Prince of Conti* has Married one of them: With whom the *Cardinal* has given his Palace, and Two Hundred Thousand Crowns in *Dowry*.

They talk, as if Another of them was to be Married to the *Duke of Candale*; and a Third, to the Son of *General Harcourt*. And, as if *Mazarini* were Emulous of *Joseph's* Character and Authority in *Pharaoh's Court*, he has sent for his *Father* also, with all his Family, to come and reside in *France*. He is resolv'd to stock this Kingdom with *Sicilian Blood*, a Race of *Mazarini's*: Who by Instinct, as well as by Rules, shall carry on the Design he has laid; and either raise this tottering *State* to the Height of his *Model*, or absolutely ruine it. For, that Active Spirit, cannot take up with *Mediums*.

'Tis said, That the *Duke of Orleans* resents very Ill the *Cardinal's* Ambition, in Marrying his *Nieces* into the *Blood Royal*. That *Prince*, will not be prevail'd on to come near the Court: But rather favours the *Prince of Conde*, and the other *Malecontents*. Whence some People are apt to presage, another Turn of
- Affairs,

Affairs, before long : For, the Generality of the *French*, are Inclind to the *Prince's* Party.

There is great Caballing all over the *Kingdom* : and the *Cardinal* strives to push his Interest forward, by all the Methods of a Cunning *Statesman*. He knows the *Prince of Conde's* Spirit too well, to dream of a Reconciliation. And he has a double Interest, in the Ruine of that Unfortunate *General* ; his own Preservation, and the Aggrandizing his *Niece*, the *Princess of Conti* : Who by the Fall of her *Brother-in-Law*, will be *Mistress* of his *Estate*.

He is endeavouring also, to make an *Alliance* with the *Cardinal de Retz*, his profess'd Enemy, and one rais'd by the *Pope* to that *Dignity*, on Purpose to counter-balance *Mazarini's* Power at this *Court*, where he is suspected to animate the *King* against the *Court of Rome*.

That *Cardinal de Retz*, is now a *Prisoner of State*, and has been so a long Time ; being first Confin'd by *Mazarini's* Orders. But the *Wise Minister*, now thinks it safer to compound with a Man, whom he cannot longer persecute, without drawing on himself the Revenge of all the *Ecclesiasticks*, and especially the *Thunder* of the *Roman Court*.

Therefore, to reconcile Matters and fortifie himself, he has propos'd a *Match* between his *Nephew*, and *de Retz* his *Niece*. The *Court* is wholly taken up, with making *Friendships* of this Nature : Which is an evident
Sign,

Sign, they feel their Power at an Ebb, and fear it will be much Lower, if the *Prince of Conde*, shou'd once take the Field in *France*.

'Tis nothing to the *Mussulman*-Interest, which Side gets the Advantage. For, they are all equally Enemies to the *Sent of God*.

If I can by any successful Artifice promote the Divisions of these *Infidels*, I shall not deserve the *Shining Port*. However, I will still pray, That those Swords may be turn'd against each Other; which United, wou'd hazard the *State of the True Faithfull*.

Illustrious Friend, let thy Presence in the *Divan*, be as a strong *Bastion*, under the *Covert* of which, *Mahmut* may be shelter'd from the *Artillery of Evil Tongues*, and *Sycophants*.

Paris, the 14th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

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LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art not Ignorant, that when I first heard of the Cruel Sentence executed on our late Friend *Egri Boinou* (on whom be the *Mercies* of the Creator) I wrote to his Successor, *Ismael Monta Faraca*, a Letter of Condolence: Wherein, to keep a *Medium* between the Tenderness I ow'd to the Loss which my Friend had sustained of his Eyes, and the distrust I had of a Stranger; I filled up my Letter to *Ismael*, with Consolatory Expressions; such as I wou'd have used to *Egri* himself, had I been in his Company. Believing, that *Ismael* would read my Letter, to his *Blind Predecessor*.

I plaid the *Stoick*, and encouraged the *Doctrine of Apathy*. Or at least, I abounded in *Philosophical Counsels*, almost as Impracticable as the other. Nothing but severe *Morality* dropt from my Pen. And, all this, to cover my real Concern and Passion for *Egri's* Sufferings; who, thou Knowest, was beloved by more than thee and me. I told thee in a former Letter, That I did not dare to trust my Sentiments, though disguised, to a Man, who on the score of his new *Preferment* might become more quick-sighted than before, and would soon penetrate the thin Veil of Words, and spy something, in that *Dispatch* to my
Disad-

Disadvantage, should I have ventured to descant on the *Sultan's* Severity, or *Egri's* Merits.

Therefore, I thought it best to pretend an Indifferency, to which I am as much a Stranger as any Man, in Cases that too nearly touch our Sense. 'Tis easie to give Counsel to another, which in the same Circumstances, we are far from practising our selves. Then we can be full of Wisdom and grave *Morals*; but, when it once comes Home, all our *Philosophy* vanishes: There remains Nothing to be seen, but a meer *Sensitive Animal*, without Vertue or Patience.

My own Experience, but two Days agoe, forces this Confession from me, when by an unlucky Blow, I lost the Sight of both my Eyes, for the Space of Eight and Forty Hours. 'Tis true, I should not have used them much during a Third Part of that Time, had they not been hurt: Unless thou wilt say, they are serviceable in our *Dreams*, and help our *Souls* to spy the Dark *Chimera's* of the Night. However, I remember 'twas no small Grief, even in that Absence of the Sun, to be only Sensible of the Privation by my Ears: For, whilst the Windows of my *Soul* were shut, 'twas in vain for those of my Chamber to be open; which before this Misfortune, would by letting in the Light of the *Moon* or *Stars*, have convinc'd me, that it was Night, without being beholden to the Clocks and Bells of the *Convents* for my Intelligence, as I was under this Affliction.

Then

Then it was, that in my Heart I unsaid all that I had written to the *Eunuch* on the Subject of *Blindness*, and curs'd the *Philosopher* for a Fool or a Madman, who put out his own Eyes, for the Sake of his Thoughts. I envy'd those more Happy Fools, who are without Thoughts, but enjoy their Sight, which helps to form and regulate the Conceits of the most Wise and Thinking Men.

Nay, such was my Passion and Melancholy, during this short Eclipse of my Eyes, that I prefer'd to mine, even the Life of those Dumb *Animals*, whom Men have learned to call *Irrational*, because they express their *Sentiments* by *Inarticulate Sounds*, a *Dialect*, which we don't Understand. And, I could have almost wished my self *Metamorphos'd*, though it were into a *Dog*, provided I might but have that Sense, the Want of which renders our Humanity Imperfect and a Burden to it self. Or, if thou wilt blame me for such a Wish, I cannot forbear thinking that *Dog* happier than his *Master*, whom I have seen leading a Blind Man in a String along the Streets of *Paris*. How prudently did that Faithful *Creature* act the *Guide*, in crossing the Way, if any Danger threatned his Charge, as a Cart, Coach, or Throng of People? And, all this Conduct was oweing to his Eyes, which made him Wiser than his *Master*; who, had he enjoy'd this *Sence*, might not, for ought I know, have Surpass'd his Kind *Brute* in the Exercise of *Reason*.

And now I am fallen on this Subject, of
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the *Wisdom of Brutes*, I must not forget a Story which I have read in *Plutarch*, as also in a certain *French Author*, of a *Dog* in the Court of the *Roman Emperor*, *Vespasian*, which would act to the Life, all the Agonies and Symptoms of Death at the Command of a *Mountebank*, who had taught him many such Comical Tricks, to divert the *Grandees* of *Rome*.

The same *Frenchman* mentions certain *Oxen*, which it seems had Learned *Arithmetic*: For, being employ'd in turning the Wheel of a Well an Hundred Times every Day, when they had finished that Task, would not stir a step more; but having revolved that Number in their Minds, desisted of their own Accord; nor could any Violence compel 'em to farther Labour. Who will deny now, that these *Oxen* were *Mathematicians*; Or, That that *Ship-Dog* had any need to study *Euclid's Elements*, who having a great Desire to taste of some Oil, that he saw in a deep Earthen Vessel, and not being able to put his Head in far enough, by Reason of the long streight Neck of the Pot, after some Study ran to the *Hold* of the Ship, which was Balasted with Gravel-Stones. From thence he brought in his Mouth, at several Times, as many of those little Stones, as half filling the Pot, forced the Oil up to the Mouth, so that he could Lap his Belly full. Of this, *Plutarch* says he was an Eye Witness. Was not this, thinkest thou, an *Archimedes* among the *Dogs*? Are not the *Goats* of *Candy* absolute
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Physicians, when being wounded, they never cease ranging the Plains of that Fertile *Island*, till they have found the Herb *Dittany*, with which they restore themselves to Health.

Should the *French* read these Lines, and those others I have writ on this Subject to *Cara Hali*, and the Great *Mahummed* of the *Desart*, they would censure me as a *Heresick*, a *Fool*, or a *Madman*: Or, at least, they would conclude, I am too Importunate an *Advocate* for the *Beasts*. They would call me *Brute* my self, and fix my *Pedigree* among some of the *Dumb Generations*.

But thou, who hast been Educated in the serener Principles of the *East*, and hast had the Honour to pour *Water* on the Hands of the Abstemious *Eremit*, wilt have another Opinion of what I say, in Defence of our *Kindred Animals*.

He that has given *Wisdom* and *Language* to the *Pismires*, and Instructed them to converse together by *Mute Signs*, so that when the *Signal* was given, the *Alarm* was taken throughout their humble *Territories*, and they all fled away with their Bag and Baggage, when the Army of *Solomon* approached: Inspire us with *Grace*, to understand the *Language* of the *Beasts*, or at least, not to think our Selves Wiser than them who understand Ours.

Paris, 14th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To *Asis*, *Bassa*.

THIS Court is wholly taken up at present, with the Preparations that are making to Crown the Young King. The Place design'd for that Ceremony, is a City call'd *Rhemes*. 'Tis said, the Duke of Orleans will not be there, though the King has Summon'd all the Princes and Nobility to attend at his Inauguration, according to the Ancient Custom. But that Prince, stomachs the great Sway Cardinal *Mazarini* bears at Court. Besides, his Daughter, who has no small Power over him, is affected to the Party of *Malecontents*. 'Tis through her Perswasions, the Duke her Father, absents himself from the King, his Nephew. Yet there are that say, his Mind will change, before the Time appointed for the Coronation: And, that he will rather dissemble his Grudge, that so he may more advantageously ruine the Cardinal: Who keeps the King lull'd in a Circle of Pleasures, agreeable to his Youth; that so he may not have Time or Inclination, to pry into his Management of Affairs.

The Court is at present at *Fontainebleau*, a House of Pleasure belonging to the King. They pass their Time away in Delights, drown'd in Security. Whilst the Wakeful Princes of the Blood, are plotting new Methods

thods to rowze 'em from their *Lethargy*, and teach the Young *Monarch*, That the Sound of the *Trumpet* and Beat of the *Drum*, will, in a short time, be a more Necessary *Musick*, than the soft *Airs* of the *Lute*, and such *Chamber-Melody*.

In the mean Time, the *Prince* of *Conde*, being Condemn'd, the *Princess*, his Wife has petition'd the *Parliament*, that her *Dowry* may be secur'd to her: But they have refer'd the Matter to the *King*. Her Husband seems to be lost in all Respects, save those of the People's Affections, who favour any that are Enemies to *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Monsieur Broussel, one of the *Councillors* of *Parliament*, whose *Imprisonment* I formerly mention'd to be the Cause of the *First Sedition* at *Paris*, is newly dead: Yet the Cause whereof he was a *Patriot*, dies not with him; but rather takes fresh Vigour, from daily Grounds of Discontent.

It was more particularly reviv'd, upon the Death of the late *Arch-Bishop* of *Paris*: The *Clergy* chusing for his *Successor*, the *Cardinal de Retz*, a Prisoner of State, and under the severe Displeasure of the *King*. This *Election* was countermanded, by a *Declaration* from the *Council-Royal*. Nevertheless, the *Ecclesiasticks* persist in their First Choice; Whilst *Cardinal Mazarini* threatens 'em, with the Punishments due to those who contemn the *King's* Authority. But they slight his Menaces, trusting to the *Arms* of the *Prince* of *Conde*; which, they hope, will deliver 'em, in Time,

Time, from the Oppressions of that Great Minister.

The Men of *Ability* Cabal, whilst the *Vulgar* are easily drawn into *Parties*, as their Affections byass 'em. Here is Nothing but Murmuring and Whispering against the *Government*. Every Man endeavours to purchase *Arms*, and lay 'em up privately as against some *Publick Invasion*. Nay, the Citizens walk not abroad without *Daggers* hid under their Garments: As if they either intended a *Massacre*, or were afraid of one. All things seem to portend some sudden Eruption of *Popular Fury*. And the *Wise*st know not, what will be the Issue of so many Threatning Occurrences.

Only *Mahmut* (surrounded with *Infidels*) is resign'd to *Destiny*. Knowing, that no *Human Counsel* can hasten or retard the *Decrees* Sign'd Above.

Paris, the 17th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat Bassa.

IT seems the Devils have been lately let loose in these Western Parts, if we may give Credit to the Deposition of such, as have accus'd certain suppos'd *Witches*.

In *Bretagne*, a Province of this Kingdom, above Forty Old Women have been seiz'd and Imprison'd, for holding Correspondence with *Infernal Powers*: And above half of them, condemn'd to Death; God knows with what Justice.

Some of them are accus'd, of Enchanting the Persons of their Neighbours; Others for Bewitching their Cattle; And a Third Sort, for dissolving the Mischievous Charms of the First and Second: All of them for assembling in the Night-Time, and using certain *Diabolical Ceremonies*; which they say, begin and end in kissing the *Posteriors* of a Goat, or the Devil in that Form.

I know not how far these poor superannuated Figures of Mortality may be wrong'd. 'Tis a Question, whether their Judges are always in the Right. A shrivell'd meagre Face, a hollow Eye, join'd with irrecoverable Poverty, are many Times the Chief Grounds of Suspicion: Which improv'd by Superstition, Mistakes and Malice, have often prevail'd on those who ought to administer Justice, to condemn

poor

poor Wretches more Innocent than themselves, as Guilty of *Witchcraft*.

Yet it cannot be deny'd, but that there have been both Men and Women vers'd in *Magical Arts*, as they are commonly call'd, which I take to be only the more *Mysterious Science of Nature*. Such was *Zoroaster*, the Great Grand-Child of *Noah*, and King of that Part of *Asia* which was then call'd *Babylonia*. Such was *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Philistides Syracusanus*, with many others of Ancient Date: These understood the Hidden Force of the *Elements*, the Influence of the *Stars*, the Specifick Operation of *Metals*, *Minerals*, and other *Subterranean Bodies*, with the *Virtues* of all *Vegetables*. They knew exactly how to frame *Astral Images* and *Talismans*, by the Help of which they were able to effect Wonders. And all this perhaps, without once dreaming of *Infernal Spirits*, or having the least Society with *Devils*.

Yet I believe, *Lucian*, an Ancient *Writer*, who never spoke seriously of any Thing, scarce believ'd himself, when he related the Story of *Panrates*, a Famous *Magician* of *Egypt*, who by these *Talismans*, was able to transform *Inanimate* things into the Appearance at least of *Living Creatures*. Thus he would turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a seeming Man, who shou'd walk, discourse, and perform all the Actions of a *Rational Being*.

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the same *Caravanera*, as soon as they were alighted

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from their Camels, *Panocrates* took a *Plank* of *Oak*, and having touch'd it with his *Talisman*, and pronounc'd Two or Three Syllables, incontinently the *Stock* mov'd, stood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables: After which, this *Wooden Man* came in and prepar'd their *Pillaw*; went of whatsoever Errands *Panocrates* sent him. And when they departed, the *Magician* using a certain Private Ceremony, this *Officious Servant* return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow-Traveller being resolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the *Magician's* Absence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and had left his *Talisman* behind him. The Curious Traveller, having been often an Eye Witness of this Trick, takes a Piece of *Wood*, and touches it with *Panocrates's* *Talisman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *Inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleasure. The Traveller astonish'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The Enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of *Wood* again; but instead of that, he continu'd drawing of Water, and bringing it in till the House was full. The Traveller fearing the Anger of *Panocrates*, thought to dissolve the *Enchantment*, by cleaving the *Wooden Animal* in Two. But this augmented his Trouble; For, each Piece taking a Bucket, fell to drawing of Water;

so that of One Servant he had made Two. This continued till the *Magician* came to his Rescue, who having sternly rebuk'd the Traveller's Rashness, at a Word turn'd the Two busie Drudges, to their Primitive Luggishness and Inactivity again.

I do not tell this Story, as if I would have thee believe it, or that I give Credit to it myself. Let us imitate the *Author* of it, who laughs at all that delight in such *Fables*. But the *Christians*, who believe a *Piece* of Bread is Transform'd to *Flesh* and *Blood*, and becomes an *Immortal* God, at the pronouncing of Four Words by the *Priest*, may be excus'd, if they put Confidence in the *Figments* of Poets and Orators.

I have in my Custody the *Journal* of *Car-coa*, who formerly resided at *Vienna*, a Private Agent for the *Ever Happy* Port. Some of his Letters speak of the Superstition and Credulity of the *Germans*, in this Kind. Yet in a Letter to the *Masts*, he acknowledges himself overcome by the Unquestionable Testimonies, of such as had been Eye-Witnesses of the Life and Death, of one *Faustus*, a *German Magician*, who play'd a Thousand *Infernal* Pranks (as he calls them) even before the *Emperour* himself.

He tells also of another *Magician* call'd *Zyto*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Emperour Charles IV*. And when the *Emperour's* Son to whom *Zyto* belong'd, was to Marry the *Duke of Bavaria's* Daughter; the *Duke* to oblige his Son-in-Law, who was much

taken with *Magical* Tricks, as were all the *Germans*, sent for a great many Famous *Sorcerers* to the Wedding. Among the Rest, while One was performing a rare Exploit, on a sudden *Zyto* the *Prince's Conjuror*, came up to him with a Mouth seeming as Wide as that of an Old *Crocodile*, and swallows him up at a Moriel. When he thus had done, he retires and voids him again in a Bath, and brings him thus drench'd, into the Company, challenging any of the other *Magicians*, to do a Feat like that; but they were all silent.

I hear of no such Tricks done by those *French Witches*, who cause so much Discourte at present. The worst they are accus'd of, is, Bewitching their Neighbours Hogs to Madnels, which thou knowest may be only a Natural Malady.

I pray Heaven defend us from the Enchantments of a deluded *Phanasy*, that Domestick *Incubus* of every Mortal, and we need fear neither *Witch* nor *Wizard*.

Paris, 20th. of the 5th. Moons
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Cornezan Mustapha, Bassa.

THE Fame of Christina Queen of Sweden, has, no doubt, reach'd thy Ears: I have made Mention of her in several of my Letters. That Royal Virgin, is now about to surrender her Crown to her Cousin, whom they call Charles Prince Palatine. This is a Voluntary Resignation: And her Motive is said to be, a strong Inclination to Solitude and a Private Life: being esteem'd, the most Accomplish'd and Learn'd Princess of this Age. But those who pretend to know more than others, say, That the True Ground of her abandoning the Kingdom, is a Resolution she has taken to change her Religion, and embrace the Faith of the Roman Musli, which is forbidden by the Laws of Sweden.

Thou wilt smile at the Proposals, which this Queen sent to her design'd Successor; and his Answer to them.

In the first Place, She will keep the Greatest Part of the Kingdom and Revenues in her own Hands.

Secondly, She will be no Subject; but altogether Independent and Free.

Thirdly, She will have Liberty to travel into Foreign Countries, or into any Part of that Dominion.

Lastly, *She will not have the Offices of Trust, or any other Gifts that she shall have disposed of to her Favourites, revok'd by her Successor.*

To these Articles, *Prince Charles Answer'd, First, That he will not be a mere Titular King, without Dominions, nor without such a Revenue as is Necessary to defray the Royal Expences, both in Peace and War.*

Secondly, *That he will suffer no Competitor, Equal, or Sovereign in his Kingdom.*

Thirdly, *That he will not run the Hazard of her Intrigues in Foreign Courts.*

Lastly, *That if he be King, he will dispose of Preferments as he thinks fit. And, in Fine, That he will not be the Shadow of a King, without the Substantial Prerogatives of Sovereignty.*

'Tis added, *That when the Queen heard his Reply, she said aloud, I propos'd these Articles only to try his Spirit. Now I esteem him worthy to Reign, who so well understands the Incommunicable Rights of a Monarch.*

This Intelligence comes by a Secretary to the Spanish Ambassador who is newly come out of Sweden, to Negotiate at this Court a Ten Years Truce between France and Spain.

Here is likewise an Ambassador from Portugal, who acquaints the Court, That the Portuguese have Expell'd the Hollanders out of the Places they held in the East Indies. But, if our Merchants bring true Intelligence, the Tartars will Exterminate all the Franks that are in China.

In the mean Time, the Young King of France, passes away his Hours in *Dancing*, seeing of *Plays*, and other Recreations, provided with vast Expence by Cardinal *Mazarin*, to divert him from meddling with *Publick Affairs*, and from thinking too seriously on the Sentence he has Pronounc'd in *Parliament*, against the Prince of Conde.

One knows not well, how to blame the Prince of Conde's Proceedings; nor yet, to accuse the King of *Injustice*. Neither is it proper for a *Mussulman-Slave*, to decide the Controversy: Our Principles and Laws, are different from *Theirs*: And he that is esteem'd a *Patriot* here in the *West*, wou'd be Condemn'd for a *Rebel*, without Hesitation, in any Part of the *East*; where but One God in *Heaven*, and One Sovereign on *Earth*, is acknowledg'd by the Subjects of every Kingdom and Empire.

But in *France*, the Princes of the *Royal Blood*, are Invested with such a Power as renders it difficult for those under their Command, to distinguish 'em from *Supream Monarchs*. Yet, not One of them possesses a Government, Equal to that of the *Bassa of Egypt*; or Superiour to his of *Aleppo*.

I have spoken of these Princes formerly, in some of my Letters to the Happy Ministers of Him, who when he pleases, can make the Greatest Sovereigns, the Squires of his Stirrup.

And therefore, 'twill be needless to say any more on that Subject, but only to acquaint

thee, That the *French Court*, tho' they cannot relent of the Rigour they have us'd toward the *Prince of Conde*, yet seem willing to compound the Business with his Son, the Young *Duke of Enguim*, and by a Subtle Artifice, to strike Two strokes for the *State* at once. A Great *Duke* of this *Realm*, has been lately dispatch'd to the *Duke of Orleans*, to propose a *Match* between his Daughter and *Conde's* Heir. Whereby the *Estate* of the *Prince of Conde*, will fall to the *Duke of Orleans's* Possession, during the *Minority* of the Young Couple. This is a Wheedle to reconcile the *King's* Uncle to the *Court*; who has been a long Time estrang'd. But 'tis thought, his Displeasure is of too deep a Dye, to be wash'd off with *Court-Holy-Water*.

I have no more News to tell thee, save the Death of a certain *Prince*, whom they call the *Duke of Elbaeus*. And it is of no Import to the *Divan*, whether a Hundred of these *Infidel Princes* die every Day, or no, so long as the *Grand Signior* lives, and is ever supply'd with Faithful *Ministers*.

For His Health I pray, before the *Sun* peeps o'er the *Tops* of the *Eastern Mountains*, and after he hides himself in the *Valleys* of the *West*. Neither do I rise from my *Knees* at the *Five* appointed *Hours*, without an *Oration* for *Chormesan*, and the other *Basse's* of the *Port*.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Month.

of the Year 1654.

L. E. F.

LETTER XI.

To Sale-Tirchoni Emin, Superintendant of the Royal Arsenal at Constantinople,

THOU that hast the Charge of the *Am-
munition* design'd for the *Conquest* of the
World, art fittest to receive the News of a
Terrible Blow lately given to a City of the
Infidels in *Flanders*.

This Place is called *Gravelines*, whereof I
have made Mention in some of my former
Letters. On the 29th of the last *Moons*, the
Powder of the *Magazines* there took Fire,
whether by Accident or Design, is not certainly
known. But the Damage it has done, is
very great. It is reported, That a Third
Part of the City is blown up, and the Chief
Fortifications about it, with the *Outworks* of
the *Citadel*. Three Thousand *Morals*, had
their Breath exhausted by the Violent Con-
vulsion of the Air, and were sent into *Another*
World, well season'd with *Salt-Petre*. Besides
a vast Multitude of all Sorts, that were bu-
ry'd in the Ruines of the Houses.

Some say, a certain Person coming to buy
some Powder of the *Steward* of the *Magazine*,
as they were knocking out the Head of a
Powder-Barrel, the Hammer struck Fire. O-
thers report, That this Person who pretended to

buy Powder, was a *Spy* or *Private Agent* of *Cardinal Mazarin* in those *Parts*: And that by his *Master's Order*, he had prepar'd a certain *Artificial Fire*, enclos'd in a *Shell* or *Box*; and that at a certain determin'd *Period* of *Time*, it would cause the *Box* to lie in *Pieces*, and scatter *Flames* almost as subtle and penetrating as those of *Lightning*.

Having therefore this little *Instrument* of *Mischief* ready, and being instructed in all *Things* he with the *Sacred* enter'd the *Vaults* where the *Powder* lay, under *Pretence* of buying some for the *Governour* of *Brussels*. And when they had open'd one of the *Barrels*, he thrust his *Hand* among the *Powder*, as though he wou'd take up some to look upon; at the same *Time* dextrously conveying his little *Shell* or *Box* into the *Barrel*, knowing, that in an *Hours Time* it wou'd work its *Effect*. In the mean while, seeming to dislike that *Barrel*, they open'd another; which he bought, and so departed. Within an *Hour* afterwards, all the *Countries* round about, were *Astonish'd* at the *Dreadful Blow* which made the *Earth* to tremble. They say, it was heard beyond the *Sea* into *England*.

Thus the *Contrivance* of this *Tragedy*, is fasten'd on *Mazarin*; and such is the *Hatred* the *People* bear to this *Minister*, That if an *Earthquake* shou'd happen in these *Parts*, I believe they wou'd accuse him as the *Author* of it.

But it seems, as if all the *Elements* were at War against the *Netherland Provinces*. I have already acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Ever Happy Port*, what *Disasters* befell these People by *Storms* at Sea, and *Inundations* on Land. After which, the *Element* of *Fire* took its turn to Chastise them. For, in the First *Moon* of this Year, a certain *Wind-mill* in the *Low Countries*, whirling round with extraordinary Violence, by Reason of a Furious Storm; the Stone at Length, by its Rapid Motion, became so Intensely hot, as to fire the *Mill*; from whence the *Flames* being dispersed by the High Winds to the Neighbouring Houses, set a whole Town on Fire.

And now the Wrath of *Heaven* has been kindled again, to destroy these *Infidels*: Yet those that survive, will not be Converted. Perhaps they will be ruin'd Piece-Meal, even to a Final Extermination, like the People of *Mad* and *Thamod*, of whom at this Day there remain no Footsteps.

I pray God guard the *Imperial City* and *Arsenal*, from all *Casualties* of *Fire*, from *Inundations* of *Water*, and from *Earthquakes*: And thy own Watchful Care and Prudence, will defend the *Magazines* in thy Custody, from the Sly Attempts of *Traytors* and *Villains*.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, an Eunuch in the
Seraglio.

I Acquainted thee formerly with the first
Necessity I had to drink Wine, that I might
the better conceal my being a *Mussulman*,
when I was made a Prisoner by *Cardinal Ma-
zarini's* Order. I tell thee now, this Liqueur
is grown Habitual to me; it being the *Natu-
ral Beverage* of the Country where I am.
But the *French* temper it with Water, the bet-
ter to allay their Thirst, and prevent *Everses*.
Which Custom agrees not with the Stomach
of a *Mahometan*, who when he drinks either
Water or Wine, loves to have them Pure
without Mixture. I use it moderately for my
Health, and to create an Appetite. But this
Evening, I drank a Glais of Wine, which is
like to make me abhor it for Ever. In all
Probability, I shall turn as strict and pre-
cise as an *Hodgia*. For, in the Midst of my
Draught, I had almost swallowed a Great
Spider, which lay drowned in the Wine. The
little *Beast*, had pass'd my Lips; but I soon
clear'd my Mouth, of so Ungrateful a Mor-
tel. I wish I could as easily discharge my Im-
agination, of the hated *Idea's* it has imbibed
with this *Fatal Potion*. Not that I think I
am poisoned, or have received any Real Da-
mage.

mage from the *Spider*: The worst *Venom*, lies in my own *Phancy*. It will be Impossible for all the Water in *France*, to wash away the Prejudices I have Conceiv'd against this little *Insect*. I have a perfect *Antipathy* against it. The Sight of a *Spider*, would always make me sweat and tremble. Now, if ever I should taste of Wine again, I should imagine every Mouthful I swallowed, had a *Spider* in it. My *Reason* tells me, there were no Danger, if I had one in my Stomach; having seen a *Physician*, without the Use of any *Antidote*, swallow Two or Three large *Spiders* in a Glass of Wine: And this was his ordinary Practice every Morning. And most of that *Profession* maintain, That *Spiders* so drank, can do no harm. Yet my *Antipathy* overcomes my *Reason* in this Point. And if *Galen* or *Hippocrates* were alive, they would not be able with all their Learned *Demonstrations*, to reconcile me to a *Creature*, for which I have an *Invincible Aversion* and *Abhorrence*. I had rather encounter with a *Lynx* or a *Tiger*, in the *Deserts* of *Arabia*, provided I had but a Sword in my Hand, than to have a *Spider* crawling about me in the Dark. And therefore, I have often envied the Happiness of the *Irish Men*; for, in that *Island*, they say no *Venomous Creature* will live. The same is reported, of the *Isle* of *Malta*. Which Wonderful Privilege, both these *Islands* ascribe, to the *Prayers* of certain *Saints*.

There is no Reason to be given for these secret *Antipathies*, which are discovered in many

many Men. Some will sweat and faint away, if there be a *Cat* in the Room where they are, though they know Nothing of it, any other-wise than by the *Secret Intimations* of this *Unaccountable Sence*, which *Nature* has added to their other *Five*. I have seen a Gentleman drop down in a Swoon, as soon as he entered a Chamber, where there was a *Squirrel* kept in a Cage. And those that knew him, said, It was his constant Infirmity.

If there be any Truth in the *Doctrine* of the *Soul's Transmigration*, I should think the best Reasons for these private *Antipathies*, might be drawn from some *Former State* of the *Soul*. And according to that *Supposition*, I should conclude, That I had been a *Plie*, before I came into this *Body*; and having been frequently persecuted by *Spiders* in that *State*, do still retain the Dread of my *Old Enemy*, which all the Circumstances of my present *Metamorphosis*, are not able to efface. But if this be so, I wonder I should have no distinct Remembrance of my former little *Volarile Life*; since *Pythagoras*, the Great Patron of the *Metempsychosis* declares, That he could remember several *Changes* he had undergone. And particularly recounts, how he led a Merrier Life when he was a *Frog*, than since he became a *Philosopher*.

It affords me Matter of Thought and is no small Diversion, to behold the Contrariety that is in *Mens Diet*. One Man never tastes of *Fish* all his days, another abhors *Flesh*; thus fawns if his *Bread* be cut with a Knife that

that has touched *Cheese*, that swoons at the Smell of *Mutton*. Men have as different Appetites, as they have Faces. Some are squeamish, and almost nauseate every Thing that others eat freely of. Again, there are others to whom nothing comes amiss. For my Part, I have many Aversions in Point of Diet: And, above all Things, I can never be reconciled to the eating of *Insects*, *Serpents* and other *Reptile Creatures*. Yet here are Men in this Kingdom, who live upon *Frogs*, *Vipers*, *Grashoppers*, and such Kind of Loathsome *Animals*. And I have read of a People in the Southern Parts of *Africa*, who had no other Diet but salted *Locusts*, which they catch in the Spring: When certain Winds, bring innumerable Swarms of them over the Land, so that all the Country is covered. These People are very Lean, Active and Black. They run swift as *Stags*, and will climb Trees and jump from one Bough and Tree to another as nimbly as *Apes* or *Squirrels*. But they are short Lived, never exceeding Forty Years of Age. For about that Time, they feel a Violent Itching all over their Bodies: Which tempting them to scratch themselves, they never cease till they make Holes in their Flesh, where certain Winged *Insects* breed; which multiply so fast, that in a little Time they devour the poor Wretches. This is thought to be the Result of their ill Diet.

Let not what I have said, create any Squeamishness in thee, but eat thy Pillaw with a good

good Stomach: For, that Food, has the Benediction of God and his Prophets.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE King of France, has been solemnly Crown'd at Rhemes: Where were present, his Mother and Brother, Cardinal Mazarini, with divers Princes and Nobles, and Foreign Ministers. But Nothing could persuade the King's Uncle the Duke of Orleans, to grace this Ceremony with his Presence. He has declar'd, He will never come to the Court, so long as Cardinal Mazarini is there.

Marshal Turenne has receiv'd private Orders, to repair speedily to his Army in Flanders. What the Design is, we are not certain. Some say, he is gone to surprize Gravelines, a City in Flanders, which was lately so ruin'd by the Blowing up of the Magazine, that it is not in a Condition to resist the French, should they assault it.

Others say, the King has commanded his General to lay Siege to Stenay, a City belonging to the Prince of Conde, a Place of Great Strength, and exquisitely Fortified.

Tis

'Tis reported, That *Cardinal Mazarini* holds a Correspondence with the *Governour* of this *Strong Hold*: And that on this Ground it was, he promis'd the *King*, on the Honour of his *Purple*, That if he would suffer his Army to lie down before it, it should by such a Day be deliver'd into his Hands.

The *Duke of Lorrain*, of whose Imprisonment at *Antwerp*, I inform'd *Mustapha Berber Aga*, is now remov'd from thence, and sent to *Spain*, from whence 'tis believ'd he will never come back.

From the *North* the *Post* brings News, of the Resignation which *Christina, Queen of Sweden*, has made of her *Crown* to her *Cousin, Prince Charles*. They add, That she caus'd a *Crown* to be made, with this *Inscription, FROM GOD, AND CHRISTINA*: And, that she plac'd this *Crown* on the *Prince's* Head with her own Hands, having before Absolv'd all her *Subjects* from their *Oaths of Fidelity* to her.

The same *Post* also tells us, of a *Mighty Army of Moscovites*, which are enter'd into *Poland*, destroying and laying desolate wherever they come. The pretended Cause of this Invasion, is said to be, a Disgust the *Czar* has taken at a certain *Historian* and *Poet* of *Poland*; Who in reciting the Wars between those Nations, had made a Mistake in the Genealogy of the *Moscovite Emperours*, naming the Father for the Son. The *Czar* being inform'd of this, demanded the Head of the *Writer*, as an Atouement: Which being deny'd,

deny'd, he rush'd into the Territories of Poland, to revenge himself by Fire and Sword.

These are the Actions of such, as pretend to follow the Example of Jesus, the *Messias*; Who commanded Men, To forgive Injuries, even as did our *Holy Prophet*; Yet they scruple not to accuse us, of what they themselves are onely Guilty. Thus, whilst they are *Christians* in Name, we shew by our Practice, that we are *True Disciples* of the Venerable Jesus.

Doubtless, all Men are *Just* or *Wicked*, by Nature. Every Mans Fate is Engraven in his Forehead. And neither the Precepts or Examples of Jesus or Mahomet, can alter the Inclinations of those, whose Stars have Sign'd 'em in their Nativity, with the Indelible Characters of Vice.

Paris, 30th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XIV.

To Dgnet Oglo.

Hitherto I have been in a *Wilderness*, or at least I'll suppose it, wandering up and down, lost and confounded in the Dark, without Sun, Star, Land-Mark, or any Faithful Guide to direct me. What shall I do in this Case? I am tyrd with Perpetual Rambling, and

and rest I dare not, neither can I, such is my Uneasiness, even in the only Circumstance which gives to other Men Repose.

Thus I discourse with my self when I am alone, and consider my Present State as a *Mortal*. The *Miseries* of this *Life*, are the *Themes* of my First Contemplation: And 'tis but Reason it should be so, because we feel 'em every Moment. They touch our Sense nearly, and afflict us with sharp Pains. Yet they are but like the *Sting* of a *Wasp*, Violent for a Time, but last not long.

This Thought carries me farther, and puts me upon an Endless Meditation, what will befall me after I'm Dead. When I have contemplated all that I can, run over a Thousand Paths of Phancy, and track'd all the Foot-steps of the *Wise*, or of such as were esteemed so, still I find my self in a *Desart*, more entangled than a Traveller lost in the *Forest* of *Heremia*, which extends from the most Northerly Part of *Moscovy*, to some Provinces in the *German Empire*, and is reputed Five Hundred Leagues in Length.

In this bewilderd Condition, I meet with many pretending Guides, One telling me *this* is the Way, Another *that*. But because they do not agree in their Advice, I know not which to trust: And am inclin'd to suspect some for Cheats, and the Rest for Fools, as much at a Loss, if not more than my self.

Permit me to discourse with Freedom, my Dear *Gnes*, and let us unmask like Friends, What signifies all that the *Imagin* and *Mos-*

lads can say of *Paradise* and *Hell*, since none of em have been there to make an Experiment? Why should we suffer ourselves to be amus'd with Notions of Things, which for ought we know, have no other Existence, but in the *Harangues* of the *Preachers*, and the *Panishes* of the *Credulous*?

Think not that I am going to persuade thee to the *Herefy* of the *Muſerin*, who deny the *Being* of a *God*. I tell thee, I am no *Atheist*. From Every Thing I behold, my Thought soon flies up to a *First Cause*. And there is dash'd into a Thousand *Queries*. This may as a *Solid Foundation*, *All Things were not Always in the same State as they are Now*. (My Experience demonstrates to the *Contrary*.) But how much longer they have been otherwise, than my own Remembrance. I cannot be assur'd, but by the Confidence which I repose in People that are Older than myself, and the Faith I give to *Books*. Both which agree in this, That they are Guilty of *Contradictions* without Number.

Those that were born before me, and Liv'd in the Days of *Sultan Mahomet III.* tell me many Passages of his *Reign*, quite different from the Relations of others, who also Liv'd in those *Times*, and remark'd the *Transactions* of their *Age*.

A like Disagreement I find among *Authors*, who have committed to Writing, the *History* of *Former Times*. 'Tis difficult to encounter with Two Men of the same *Opinion*, even as to Matters of *Fact*. Some take a Pride

in disguizing the Truth: Whilst others have not Skill to take off the Mask. There are a Sort of Persons in the World, Men of supine and easie Judgments, Credulous, and not daring to call in Question what has been transmitted to them from the Authority of Such and Such a *Writer*. They Superstitiously revere as an *Oracle*, the *Manuscripts* of a Mortal Man like themselves, and Subject to as many Frailties and Mistakes. And all this, only because they have been taught to do so from their *Infancy*: So Forcible is the Influence of *Education*. Thus the *Hebrews* believe the *Records* of their Nation to be of *Divine* Original, though they want not *Verbal* Contradictions, and abound with *Logical* and *Philosophical* Inconsistencies. But that which is of Greatest Moment is, that neither they, nor any other Nation, no not even the *Affrican* & *Egyptian* Records, come near the Immense *Chronologies* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*. So that amidst such a Variety of Accounts, a Man knows not where to fix his Belief. But, Whether the *World* be only Five or Six Thousand Years Old, or of a more Indefinite Antiquity, this is a sure *Maxim*, That *Something is Eternal*. Even the *Jews* and *Christians*, who deny the *Eternity* of *Matter*, and assert the *Creation* of the *World* out of *Nothing*, in a Determin'd Period of Time, must of Necessity own, There was an *Eternal*, and *Infinite* *Emptiness* or *Vacuity*, which is the same as *Moses* calls by the Name of *Nothing*. Which will sound as harsh

in *Philosophy*, as the *Eternity* of *Matter* does in their *Divinity*. Nay, if I mistake not, tis of a worse Consequence, even in the *Doctrines* of *Religion*, to assert an *Infinite Privation*, or *Want of Existence*, to be *Coeternal* with the *Substantial God*, who is *Omnipotent*, *Living* and *Strong*; than to affirm *Matter* it self to be *Coeternal* with Him: Since This is an *Actual Substance*, and may with Reason be supposed, as a *Necessary Emanation* of his *Power* and *Goodness*. Whereas the *Other*, is a mere *Naked Potentiality*, a *Non-Entity*, as the *Western Philosophers* call it, and therefore cannot be conceived to flow from the *Divine Nature*, which is *Essential Life* and *Being*. Yet, in these Nice and Remote Speculations, I am *Timorous*, and dare not be *Positive*: lest I should profane the Honour of that *Sovereignly Good*, who is the *Breath* of our *Nostrils*. To speak the Truth, I am *Wavering* in All Things, but this, That there is an *Eternal Mind*, Every where *Present*, the *Root* and *Basis* of *All Things*, *Visible* and *Invisible*, whom we call *Alta*, the *Support* of *Infinite Ages*, the *Rock* and *Behy* of the *Universe*. O my Friend, Let thou and I, Dear Friend, persevere in Adoring that *Superlative Essence* of *Essences*, with *Internal* and *Profound Devotion*. Let our *Thoughts* be *Pure*, our *Words* *Few*, and those full of *Innocent* and *Grateful Praise*. For assuredly, *God* delights not in the *Rattling* of the *Tongue*. To As for the Rest, let us live according to our *Nature* and *Reason*, as we are *Mortals*. *God*

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we may believe, that the *Indulgent Father* of *All Things*, will accept us, if we square our *Actions* according to this *Rule*, without aiming at the *Perfection of Angels*.

In a Word, let us love all of *Human Race*, and shew Justice and Mercy to the *Brutes*. For in so doing, we shall not be Unkind to our selves.

Paris, 13th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1654.
according to the Christian Style.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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